BRITANNIA and EVE

Vol. 4 No. 4

APRIL
1932

MAY EDGINTON
HANNEN SWAFFER
BEATRICE GRIMSHAW
C. PATRICK THOMPSON
OWEN ARCHER
ARTHUR MILLS
"QUEER TALES OF LONG AGO" by F. MATANIA, R.I.

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With Autographed
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GRETA GARBO

THE SYMBOL OF SAFETY
GENASPRIN

FREE FROM HEADACHES NOW-

Whether your headache comes from nerves, stomach trouble, worry or overwork, Genasprin will relieve the pain *at once.* Two tablets are all you need—in a minute or two the pain is forgotten. And Genasprin leaves no bad after-effects—it is the *pure* aspirin, the *safe* brand of aspirin.

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Brings Quick and Certain Relief in

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Bottle of 35 PURE Tablets 2/- From all Chemists

Choose the perfect Vanishing Cream

To impart colour to pale cheeks, in exactly the degree required, Icilma Flesh-Tinted Cream is unequalled. Ask your chemist or hairdresser for a trial tube 6d.

The unique and beautifying Natural Spring Water from Algeria makes Icilma Cream unrivalled as a skin tonic. The exclusive process by which it is manufactured ensures a delicacy and airy lightness never yet equalled. Icilma Cream holds powder perfectly and is guaranteed not to grow hair.

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Vanishing Cream
6*d.*, 9*d.*, 1/3
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LUXURY, ECONOMY AND SUPREME COOKING EFFICIENCY.

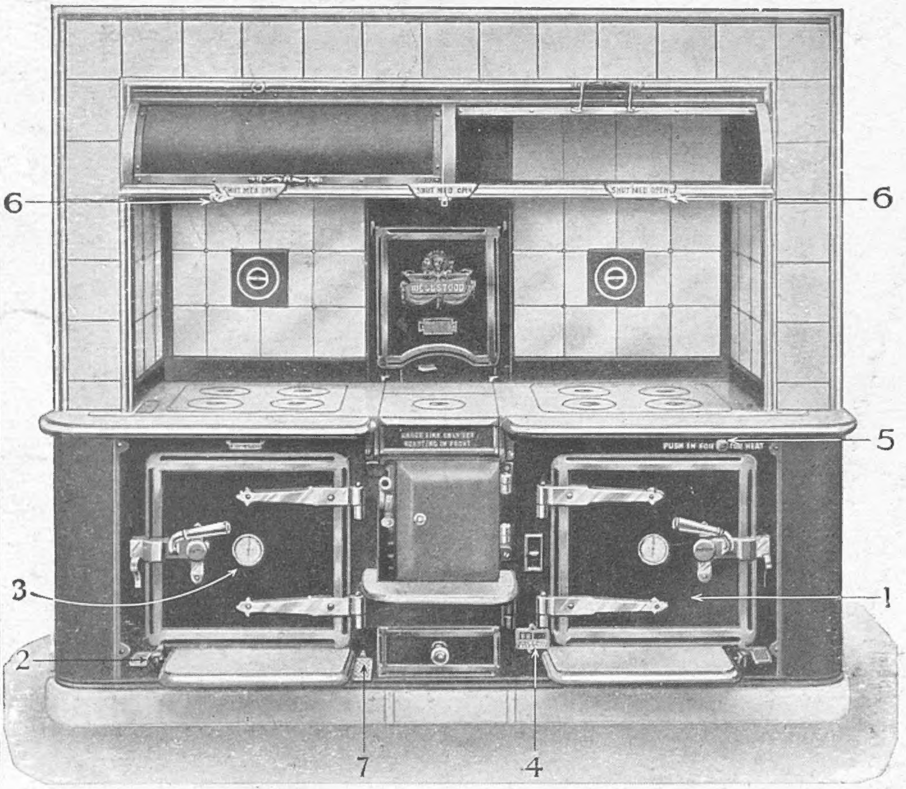

Illustration shows Style S.W.X. suitable for an opening 5 ft. 6 in. wide. Other styles in sizes from 4 ft. to 17 ft. wide are shown and priced in Catalogue No. W.K.23, which may be had on application to the Sole Manufacturers and Patentees.

ALSO SUPPLIED FOR USE WITH OIL FUEL

SUPREMACY POINTS

1. **Padded Doors,** enamel lined, keep oven hot and kitchen cool on half the quantity of fuel.
2. **Pedal Door Opener** allows free use of both hands for dishes. Stands roughest usage.
3. **Oven Heat Indicator**—another invaluable assistant to the cook.
4. **Hot Blast Oven Ventilator** drives off steam or vapour with superheated air, preserving the flavour of the most delicate dishes.
5. **Reversing Damper** directs heat to top or bottom of baking oven as required.
6. **Self-Indicating Flue Damper**—complete control of draught with a touch.
7. **Dust Extractor** in coal burning ranges, keeps dust from kitchen when fire is shaken or disturbed.

And the latest improvement—"Wellstood" Ranges can now be supplied in "Bonamel" porcelain coating—bright, washable, heat-retaining and durable—the perfect surface finish.

Fully detailed Catalogue from:—

Smith & Wellstood
Est. 1854. Limited.
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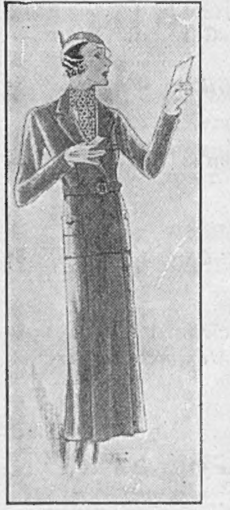
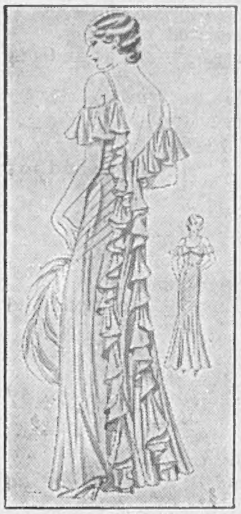
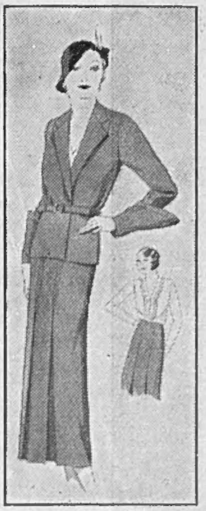
corot models by instalments



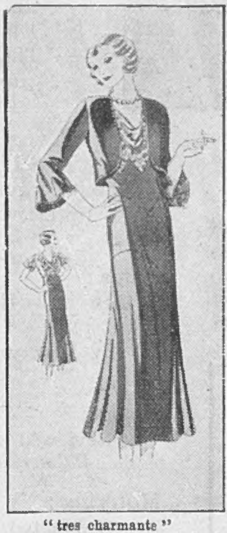
"sporting times."
model costume in brown herringbone suiting. the double-breasted coat—lined, of course—makes expert use of buttons to trim sleeves and pockets. the panel pleated front of the skirt is a departure from the usual lines.
cash 4 gns. **12/-** monthly



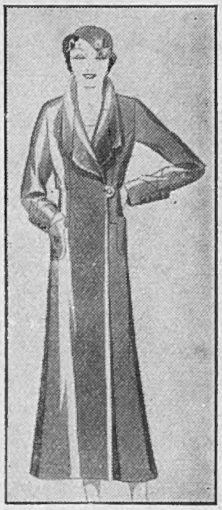
"waltz-time"
georgette frock shows the numerous tucks in front that confine the lines of the frock to the figure, but from just above the knee the skirt billows softly. the off-the-shoulder décolletage is emphasised by the frill which continues down the back in a delicate cascade. may be copied in several shades.
cash 6 gns. **18/-** monthly



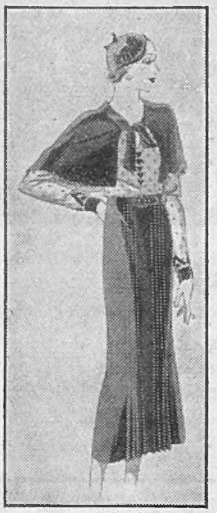
"we're off"
here is a suit that you will find suitable for many hours of the day. the coat and skirt—both noteworthy from the style point of view, for the former has gauntlet cuffs and an all-round belt and the latter shows flat pleats from the waist—are in a novelty woollen weave, while the completing sleeveless blouse is of suede crepe to contrast. choose from a wide range of new colours.
cash 3 gns. **9/-** monthly



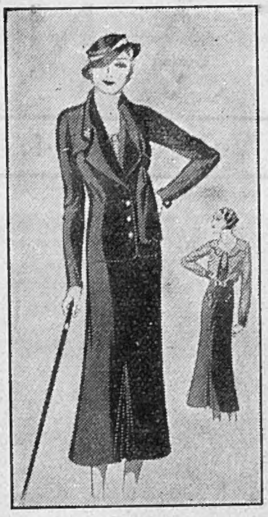
"tres charmante"
as a version of the afternoon frock that will really prove practical, this model has many outstanding points. the elbow-length sleeve of the loose jacket is new, and the printed crepe de chine bodice of the frock shows not only the becoming cowl collar but also the short cape sleeves. originally in black marocain, it may be chosen in other shades with contrasting print.
cash 5½ gns. **16/6** monthly



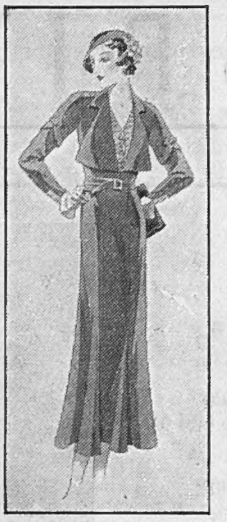
"good hunting"
of a fine woollen, in a diagonal weave, is this model. the long narrow collar extends down almost to the end of the round edged revers. the same skilful designing may be seen on the sleeves as on the back of the coat. lined throughout and may be chosen in any one of the season's smartest colours.
cash 6 gns. **18/-** monthly



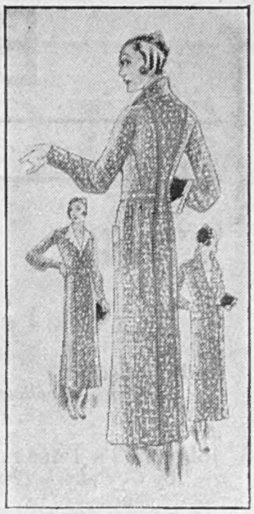
"high stakes"
youthfulness and simplicity of style go hand-in-hand in this colourful frock and cape. black is the basic colour, audaciously contrasted with tango. silk tricot is used for the bodice and the lining of the pert little cape. the black novelty woollen material of the skirt and cape has been artistically used for the cuffs. we can suggest several other colour combinations.
cash 7½ gns. **22/6** monthly



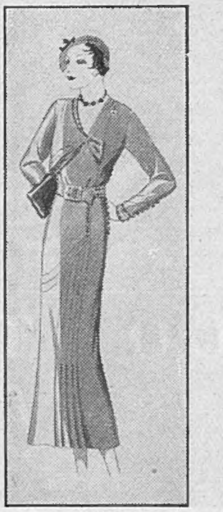
"odds-on"
scarf collar of this three-piece suit is lined with the print of which the blouse is made. the main features of the skirt are the godet pleat in front, the buckled belt and the small tabs lined with print. novelty lainage comprises the coat and skirt and may be chosen in several exclusive shades.
cash 8 gns. **24/-** monthly



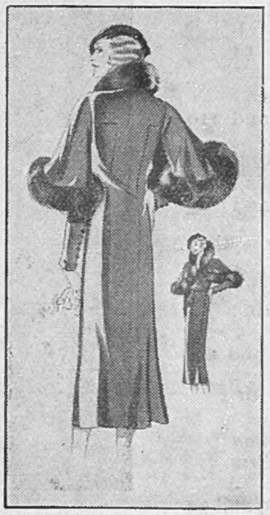
"chocolate soldier"
of fine wool mousse, revealing a vestee of basket weave in a contrasting colour and jauntily trimmed with metal buttons is this model frock. the belt is lined with and shows a piping of basket weave and is smartly fastened with a metal buckle. our original was made in chocolate brown, contrasted with tango but it can be copied in a few exclusive shades.
cash 4 gns. **12/-** monthly



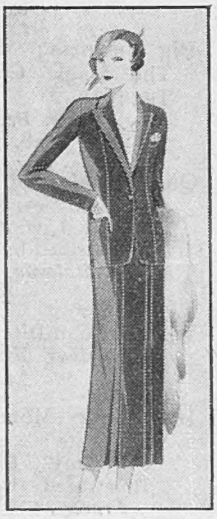
"en suite"
two-piece ensemble in novelty flecked tweed. the scalloped revers of the tailored frock are faced with a plain weave. the cunningly shaped sleeves of the frock duplicate those of the coat, which is satin lined and carries most interesting details at the back. several mixtures and shades.
cash 7 gns. **21/-** monthly



"le bon temps"
a perfectly tailored frock in a novelty lainage is relieved from any possible severity by the addition of unusual tri-colour braiding, and introduces a distinctive vest of crepe under the simulated bolero. tailored in any of the newest shades.
cash 6 gns. **18/-** monthly



"honours easy"
luxurious wool georgette coat with its slim line topped by cape sleeves. the foxaline banding the capelets extends up and around the neck in a caressing and becoming manner. lined throughout. a few exclusive colours, or the original black.
cash 8 gns. **24/-** monthly



"montclair"
modelled on the smartly severe lines of a man's suit and correct in every detail is this costume in fine suiting. witness, for instance, the notched collar, the slight cutaway, the three-button fastening. the double box pleat in front relieves the classic straightness of the skirt.
cash 6 gns. **18/-** monthly

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call at the delightful showrooms and inspect the wonderful collection of new ensembles, suits for town or country wear, street frocks, coats, tailor-mades, afternoon and evening gowns that may be copied to your measurements. or if that is not possible, post the coupon below for the latest corot fashion guide and full particulars of this instalment system.

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Special Values in Lingerie Silks Satins and Crepes

SILK LONGCLOTH. Of best Japanese Spun Silk in a most dependable quality for nightdresses and lingerie. Ivory, and a full range of pastel shades. 36 ins. wide. Per yard 4/11½

SCHAPPE CREPE. Excellently-wearing qualities in ivory, black, and fifteen shades, all perfectly fast to sunlight and washing. 36 to 38 ins. wide. Per yard 6/11 and 9/11

TRIPLE NINON. One of the loveliest of lingerie fabrics, made of pure silk, in a good heavy weight that wears to perfection. In ivory, black, and dainty shades. 38 ins. wide. Per yard 6/11 and 8/11

LINGERIE CREPE. Pure Silk Crepe-de-Chine, specially woven for lingerie, in a very wide range of pastel shades, all fast to sunlight and washing. Also in ivory and black. 38 ins. wide. Per yard 8/11

WOOL BACK SATIN. British-made, in a specially dependable quality, excellent in appearance and most reliable in wear. In ivory, black and forty deep and delicate shades. 40 in. wide. Per yard 3/11

CREPE-DE-CHINE. In specially selected qualities and a very wide range of beautiful colours. 38 ins. wide. Per yard 4/11½ to 19/11

ARTIFICIAL SILK MILANESE AND LOCKNITS. Thoroughly dependable qualities, in a splendidly wide range of the season's colours. 40-45 ins. wide Per yard 3/11½ to 12/9

PRINTED LINGERIE CREPES, SATINS AND NINONS. These silks are printed in the daintiest designs and the most exquisite colours, for beautiful lingerie. Embroidered designs are also available, in tiny flower and pin-dot patterns. 38 ins. wide. Per yard 9/11 to 12/9

The Newest Woollens for Smart Wear

HAND-WOVEN TWEED. A fine hand-woven British tweed of beautiful quality for coat-frocks, dresses and suits. In a splendid choice of soft colour-combinations. 56 ins. wide. Per yard 12/9

DIAGONAL CREPE. An all-wool British crepe in one of the very fine diagonal weaves which will be so much worn. In dress weight: stocked in all the season's shades. 54 ins. wide. Per yard 14/9

CREPE SAXONY. British-made in a delightfully soft quality—a medium weight for smart dresses and suits. Colours include the new blue, brown, hunter's green, red, nigger, navy, black, etc. 54 ins. wide. Per yard 9/11

CREPE SINGA. A very new British crepe that is being largely used by the leading model houses. Finely woven and light in weight; in a range of the latest colours. 54 ins. wide. Per yard 10/9

CHECK TWEEDS. Beautifully woven British tweeds in a weight suitable for coats, suits, skirts, etc. The checked effects are extremely smart, and are available in predominating tones of green, blue, red, rust, yellow, etc. on dark grounds. 54 ins. wide. Per yard 15/9

MARL MOUSSE. A very smart fabric at a very moderate price. All-wool mousse, soft and light in weight with an almost invisible white hair fleck. British-made, in black and ten good colours. 54 ins. wide. Per yard 6/11

WOOL LACE. One of the smartest fabrics of the season—a fine British wool lace in a new diagonal design. It is specially made to match the wool crepe quoted below. 56 ins. wide. Per yard 18/9

WOOL CREPE. A new lightweight crepe in hopsac weave, which matches perfectly the wool lace quoted above. In green, beige, nigger, a fine clear lacquer red, etc. 56 ins. wide. Per yard 11/9

Patterns will gladly be sent post free on request.
Please state makes and colourings preferred.

HARVEY NICHOLS & CO. LTD. **KNIGHTSBRIDGE, LONDON, S.W.1**

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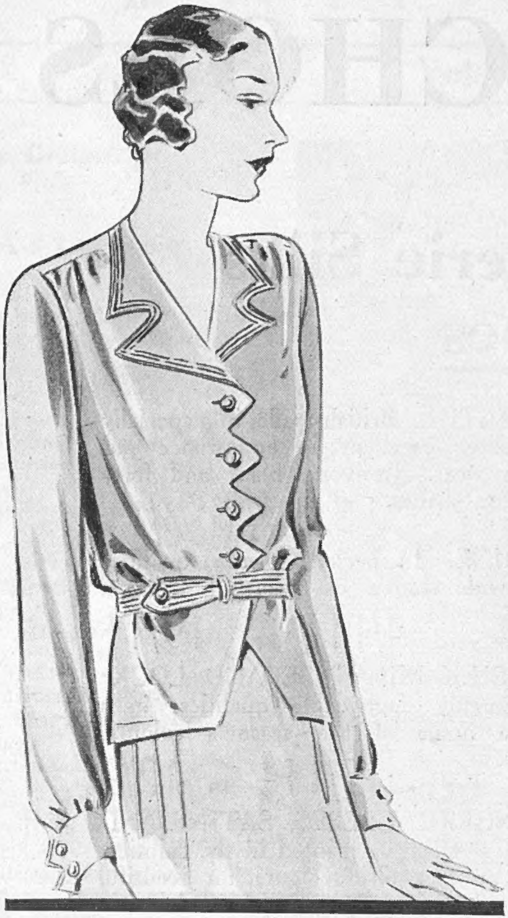
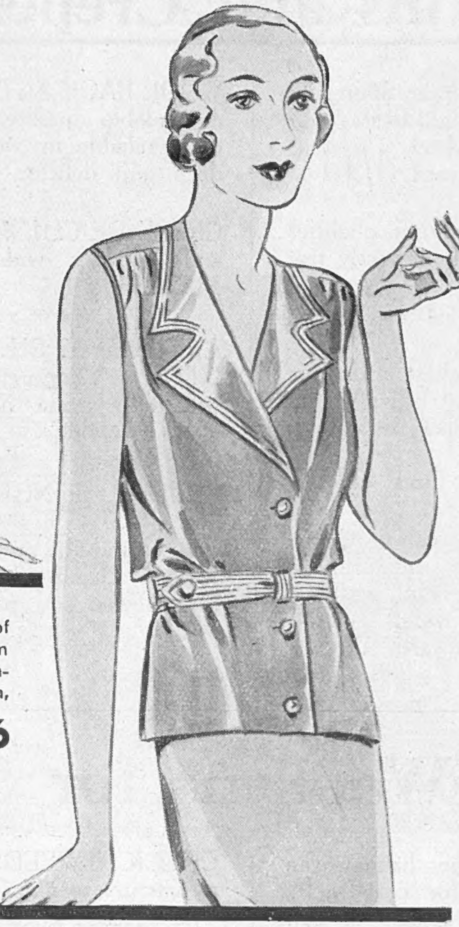
BLOUSES

FOR *high-waisted*

CHIC



New version of the basque blouse made of washing silk. Its front is stitched to form collar and revers. Finished with narrow high-placed belt. Colours: Ivory, Grass Green, Gold, Rust and Blue.
O.S. 4/- extra. Price **39/6**



Sleeveless Blouse of washing silk shirting. The collar and revers have rows of stitching and it fastens down front with bone buttons to tone. Finished with narrow high belt. Colours: Ivory, Blue, Green, Beige, Rust, Gold.
O.S. 4/- extra. Price **29/6**

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ON
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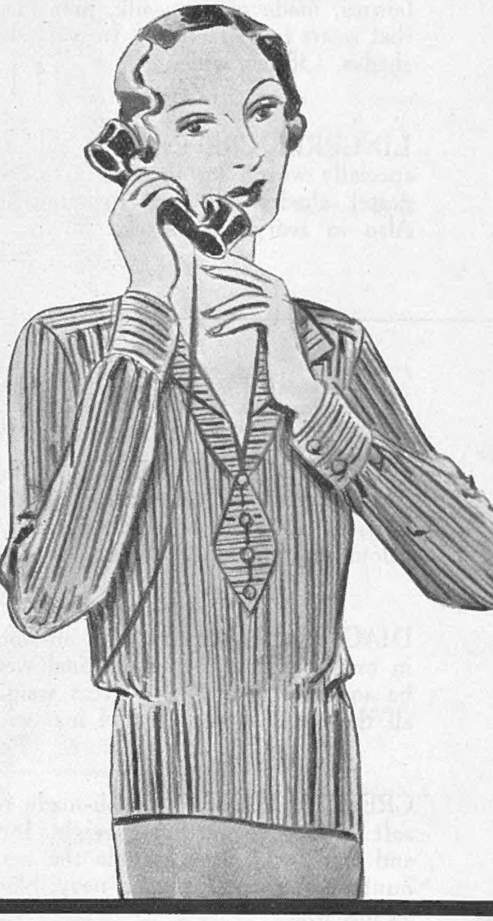

This sketch shows a tailored jumper of washing silk shirting which can be worn 'tucked in' if desired. In a variety of coloured stripes.
O.S. 4/- extra. Price **39/6**

Is the new waist-line on your mind? If not, it soon will be, for this youthful mode will be a prevalent feature in Spring Tailor-mades. So hurry and settle your Blouse problems at Marshall & Snelgrove's—for their Spring Selection is all there. Blouses for all occasions—in all materials and all bearing the inimitable Marshall's mark of individuality, cut and workmanship!

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Debenhams Ltd. *Telephone: Mayfair 6600*

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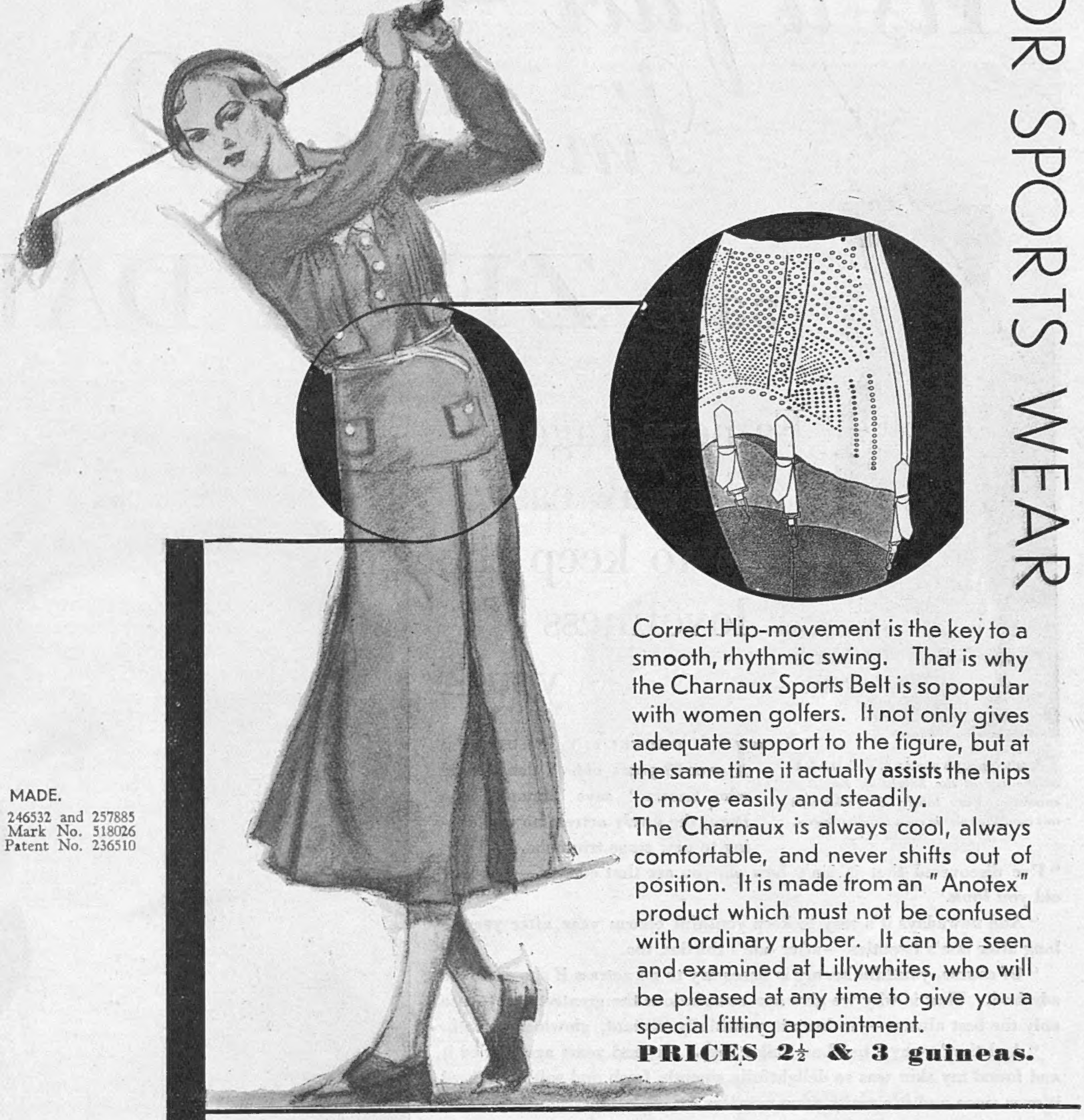

Correct Hip-movement is the key to a smooth, rhythmic swing. That is why the Charnaux Sports Belt is so popular with women golfers. It not only gives adequate support to the figure, but at the same time it actually assists the hips to move easily and steadily.
The Charnaux is always cool, always comfortable, and never shifts out of position. It is made from an "Anotex" product which must not be confused with ordinary rubber. It can be seen and examined at Lillywhites, who will be pleased at any time to give you a special fitting appointment.
PRICES 2½ & 3 guineas.

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"It's a fact — I'm over 39"

says ZENA DARE

This photograph shows MISS DARE as she was at the height of her first successes. Very lovely. But who will not own that she is even lovelier today.

Famous stage star tells how easy it is to keep the loveliness of youth

"IT'S PERFECTLY TRUE—I'm over 39 years old. I don't mind who knows," says famous Zena Dare, the lovely actress now returning to new stage triumphs.

"I've discovered that it isn't how old you are that counts — but how old you *look*.

"And nowadays it's easy to keep youthful charm year after year — long after one's twenties — after one's thirties, too.

"Of course, youthful beauty is necessary to an actress if she is to be admired. That is why we give our complexions the greatest care — use only the best always — to keep it youthfully radiant, glowing, smooth.

"And that's why I use Lux Toilet Soap. Several years ago I tried it and found my skin was so delightfully smooth, fresh and soft. I've used it ever since and it's really done wonders for my complexion."

Film and stage stars — almost every one — use Lux Toilet Soap

Practically every stage star in England and Hollywood is using this British soap because it is so good for the complexion. Actually 9 out of 10 film stars in America and England choose it — for use at home and in the studio. It is the official soap in theatre dressing-rooms and in all the great studios today.

Give your skin this care, too. It's a sure protection against the danger of hard water. Use it for your bath. Grocers, chemists and stores sell Lux Toilet Soap.

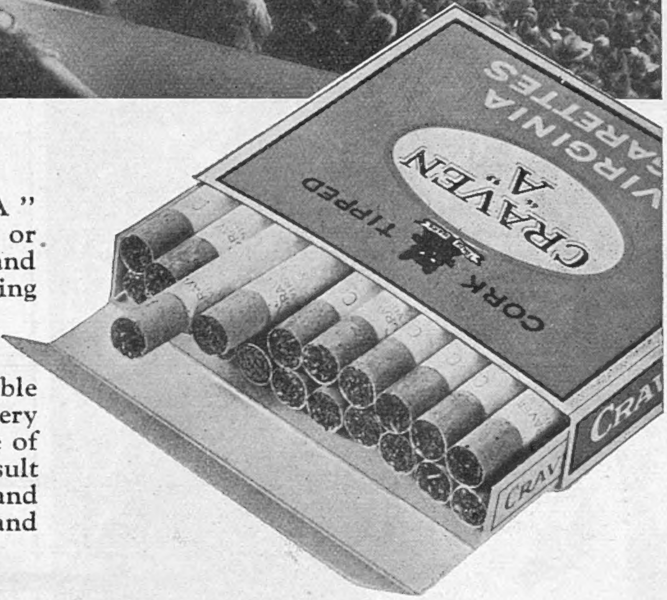
Refreshingly fragrant . . . rich, thick lather even in the hardest water

LUX Toilet SOAP ★ ★ 4D

A *LEVER* PRODUCT

TL 286-5-85

Lovely ZENA DARE *— in private life the Hon. Mrs. Maurice Brett — remembered for her triumphs in "The Catch of the Season" — "The Gay Gordons." Recently she delighted audiences with her performances as Mrs. Darling in "Peter Pan," and is at present touring the big Provincial towns starring in "Counsel's Opinion." This photograph shows how youthfully beautiful she is today.*



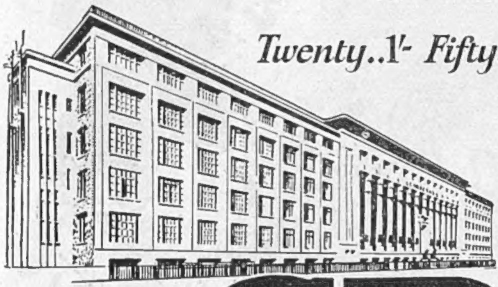
Wherever an Englishman Travels – whatever his pursuits — there you will find Craven "A".

The ever-growing popularity of Craven "A" among Cigarette smokers of all stations, at home or abroad, is a tribute to their unvarying smoothness and the definite result of quality of leaf, inspired blending and painstaking care in manufacture.

At Arcadia Works, Carreras add to their inimitable knowledge of mature and mellow tobacco crops, every development of scientific making and every scruple of Hygiene in the production of Cigarettes. As a result Craven "A" give *constant* smoking pleasure—and without risk of harm or irritation to delicate and sensitive throats.

The perfect condition of Craven "A" at packing time is protected against all variations of climate by the "Tru-Vac" hermetically sealed circular Tin and by the dry-proof, damp-proof, dust-proof "CELLOPHANE" wrapping around every Packet and flat Tin. Try Craven "A" and mark well the tone and flavour of these unfailingly FRESH cigarettes.

Twenty..1/- Fifty..2/6 Hundred..5/-



Arcadia Works (London), set the highest standard in both precept and practice of Cigarette making.

There are also
Craven Navy Cut Cigarettes:

— for smokers who want the equivalent of Craven "A" value and character but who prefer a "plain" cigarette to a cork-tipped one. Sold in green packings of the same type and at the same price as the red packings of Craven "A".

CRAVEN "A"

made specially to prevent sore throats

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Woodrow Hat

AGENTS FOR DEXTER COATS

Woodrow's Heavy Silk Scarves, in lovely mixed colours, from 12/6

Ladies' own Hats reblocked or remade and trimmed at moderate charges.

A selection of Hats by Post on receipt of London Trade Reference or an amount on deposit.

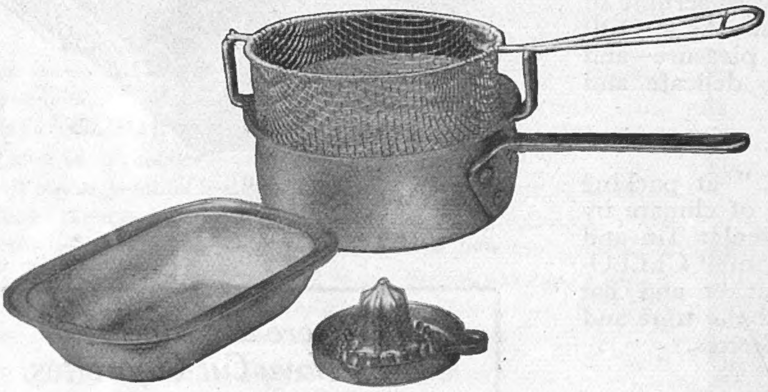
Woodrow Hat

803 E. **"The Tolcarne" Shady Hat,** suitable for beach and informal summer wear, in natural cream coarse rustic straw, finished with roll binding and ends of black light velvet **35/-**

This hat is featherweight, can be supplied any size in natural cream only, but any coloured velvet can be used.

818 E. **"The Rowan" Charming Lightweight Hat,** in berry red and soft Ramee and cellophane plaited straw, with the new sailor crown, finished with dainty trimmings of felt flowers in contrasting shades **35/-**

This hat can be supplied in all sizes in black, filbert, cornflower blue, brown, sunburnt or almond green.



"SOLAR" CAST ALUMINIUM WARE IS MADE IN SCOTLAND

BE up to date and do away with your old pots and pans because "SOLAR" pots and pans are necessary to ensure perfect cooking. They stand the heavy knocks of the kitchen, cannot crack, chip or wear away. These are only a few of the reasons why you should instal "SOLAR." They also make excellent wedding presents. Ask your store to show you a double-lipped milk saucepan.

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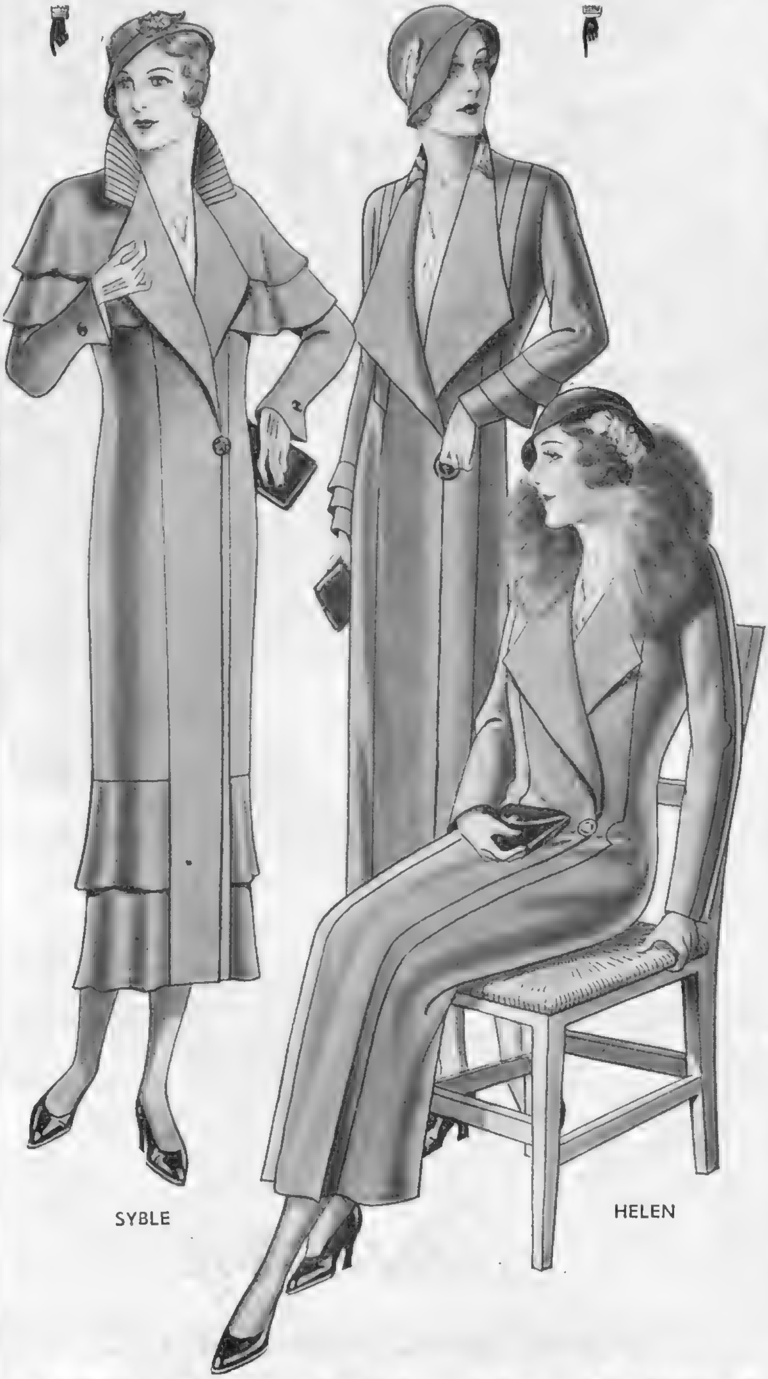
SYBLE

A dainty little epaulette Coat, fashioned in fine novelty cloth. The pretty stand collar is finely pintucked. Medium sizes, Black, Beige, Blue, or any colour to order. **8½ gns.**

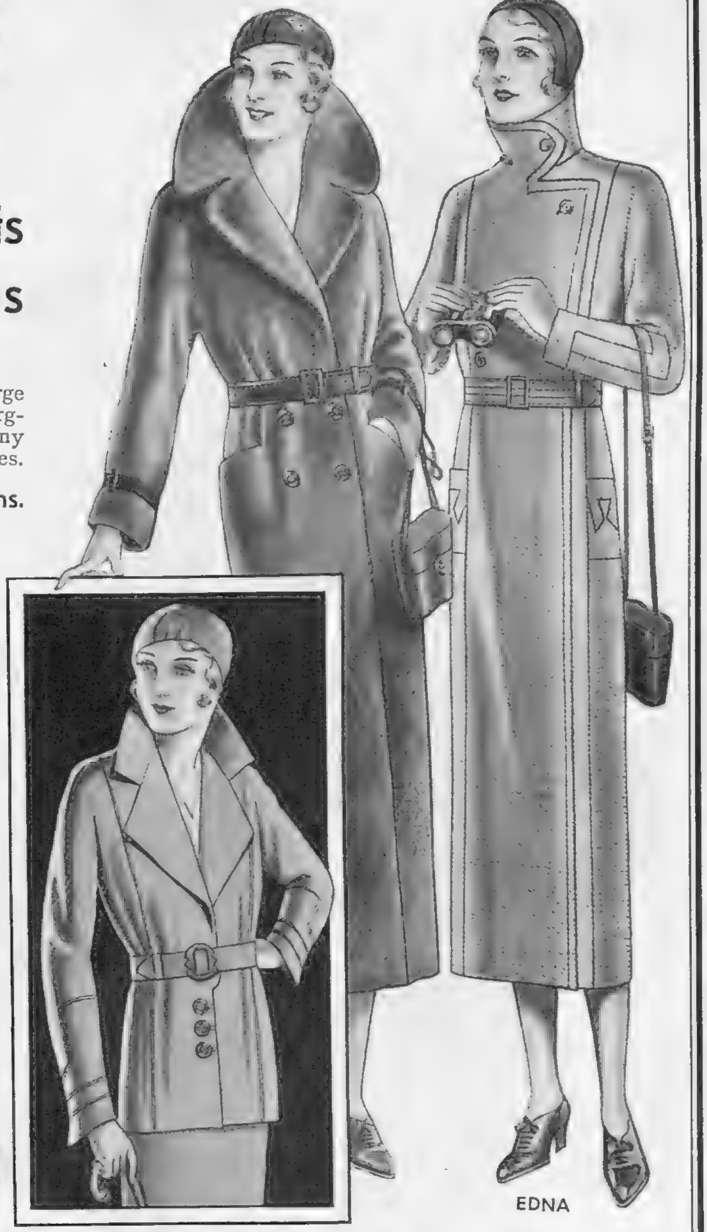
NITA

Perfectly cut for medium and large figures, tailored in fine wool georgette, the small stand collar is of Pony Cloth. Medium and Large sizes. Black, African Brown, Lido, Beige, Green. **4 gns.**



SYBLE

HELEN



PAT

EDNA

PAT

A trim little Coat in bright shades of fine nap cloth, to wear over sports or tennis frocks. In 3 sizes, also in Black and Beige. **45/-**

DIANA

A good Point-to-Point or travelling Coat, tailored in all-wool fleece, beautifully light and warm, and has the appearance of Nutria Fur. S.W., W. and O.S. **6½ gns.**

HELEN

For the more than average figure, this coat is correctly designed. Fashioned in the new Romainlayne, the large, becoming collar is of finest Sable Squirrel. W. and O.S. sizes. Black, Beige, Nut Brown, Blue. All these coats are of British Manufacture and lined throughout. **11½ gns.**

EDNA

A lovely soft, fleecy Coat of Camel Hair, in a sporting style, with all-round belt, pockets and storm collar, in natural shades only, and several sizes. **5 gns.**

WOOLLAND BROS., LTD., KNIGHTSBRIDGE, S.W.1. Sloane 4545

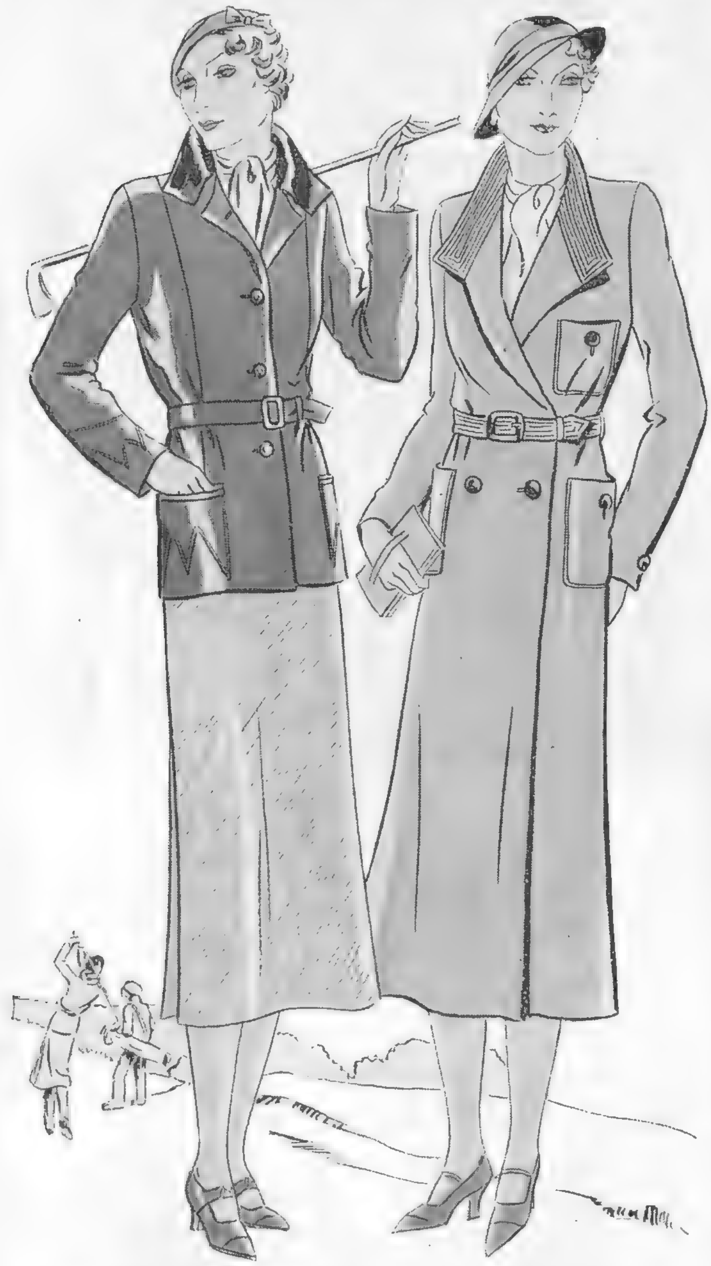
Gorringes

Inexpensive Short or Long

COATS

show new sporting lines

Clothes which are moderately priced yet in good taste and of excellent quality are consistently offered in Gorringe's fashion salons. These two examples are typical of the values to be seen in the "nicest shop in London."



SANDWICH.
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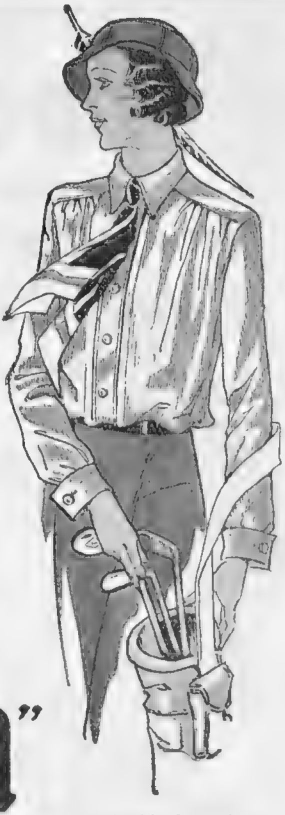

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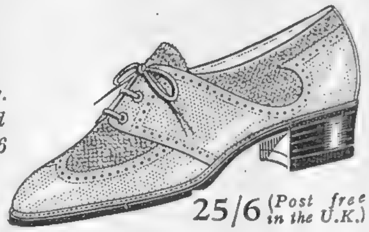

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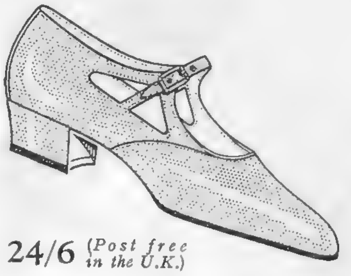

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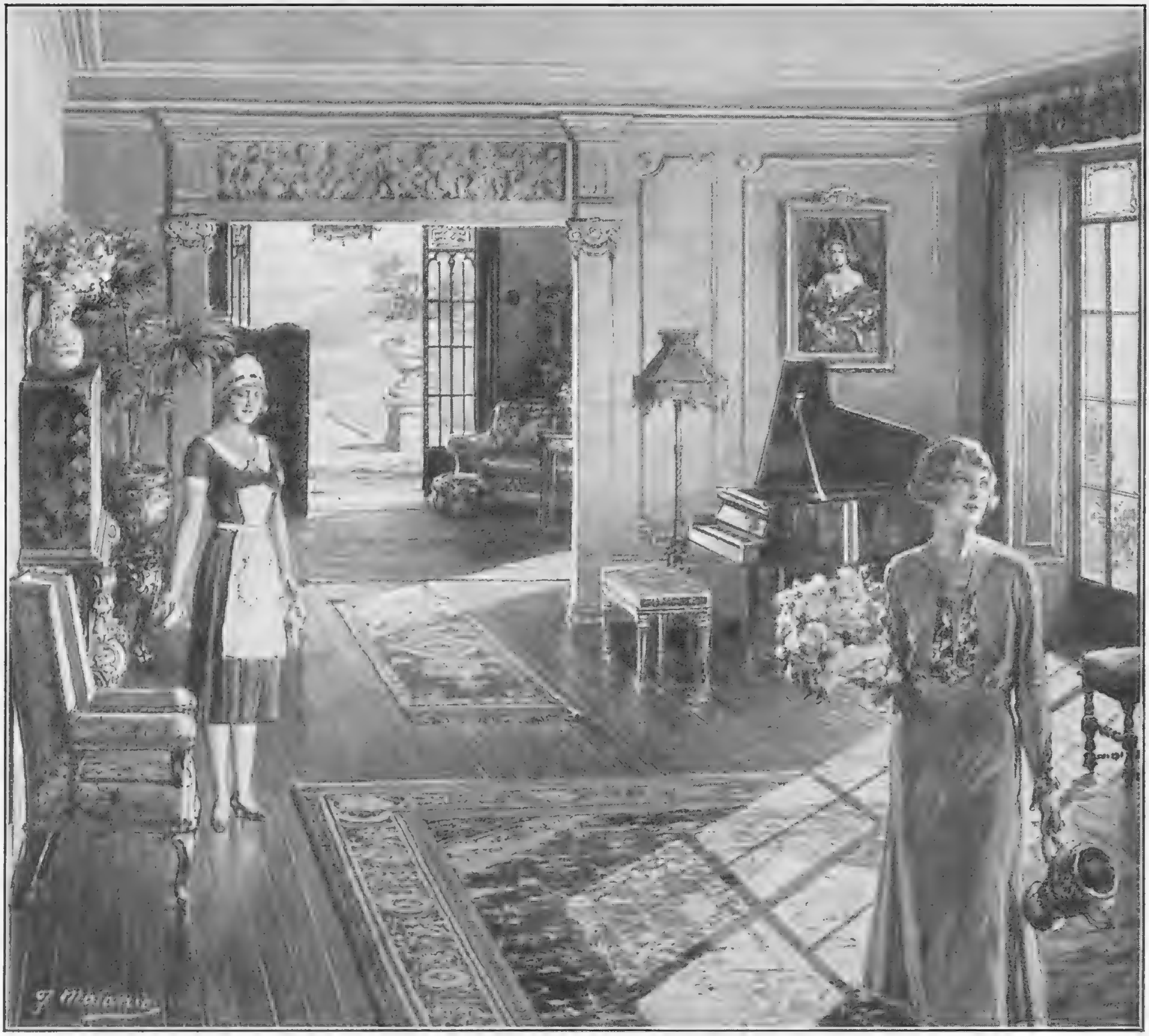

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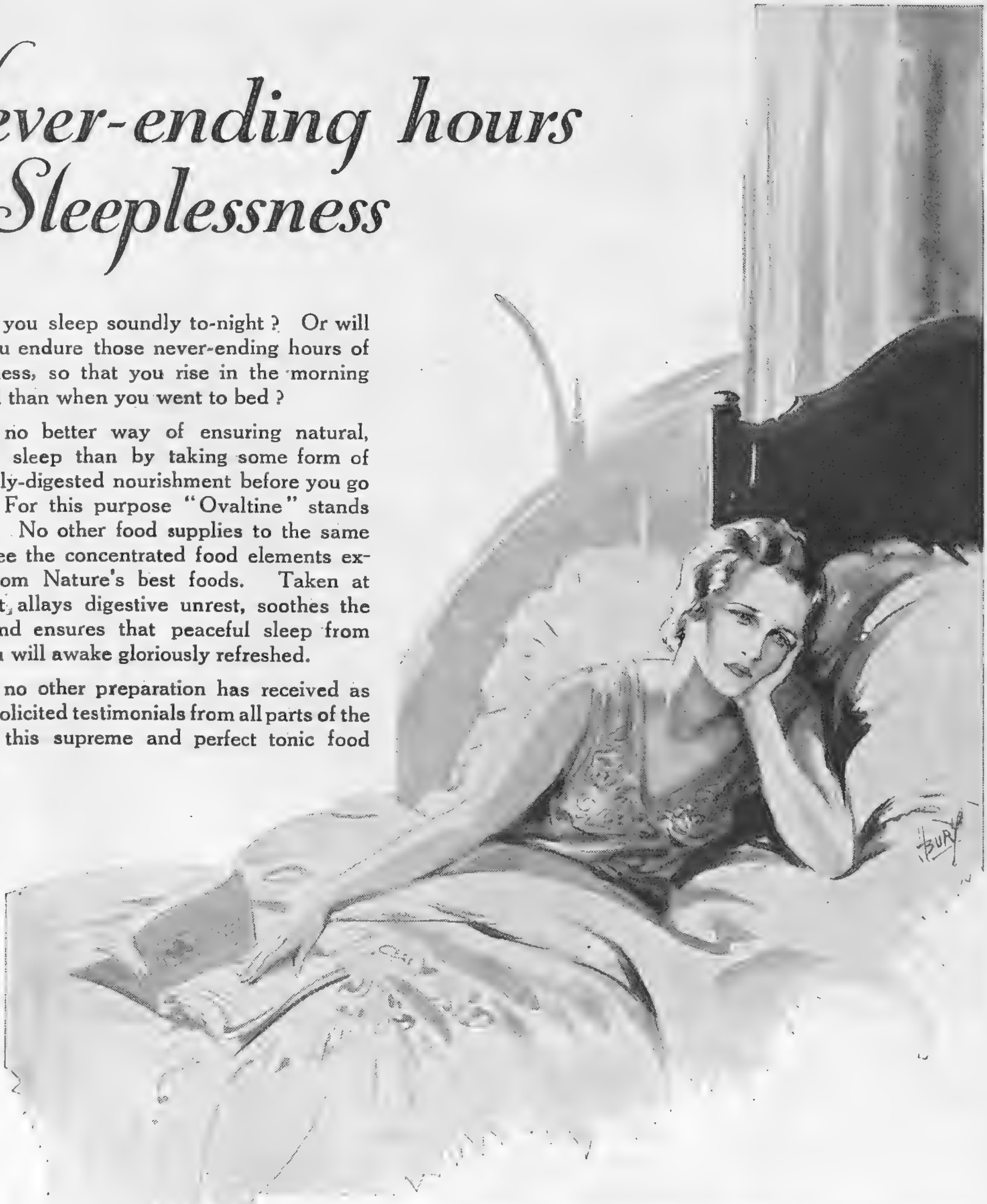

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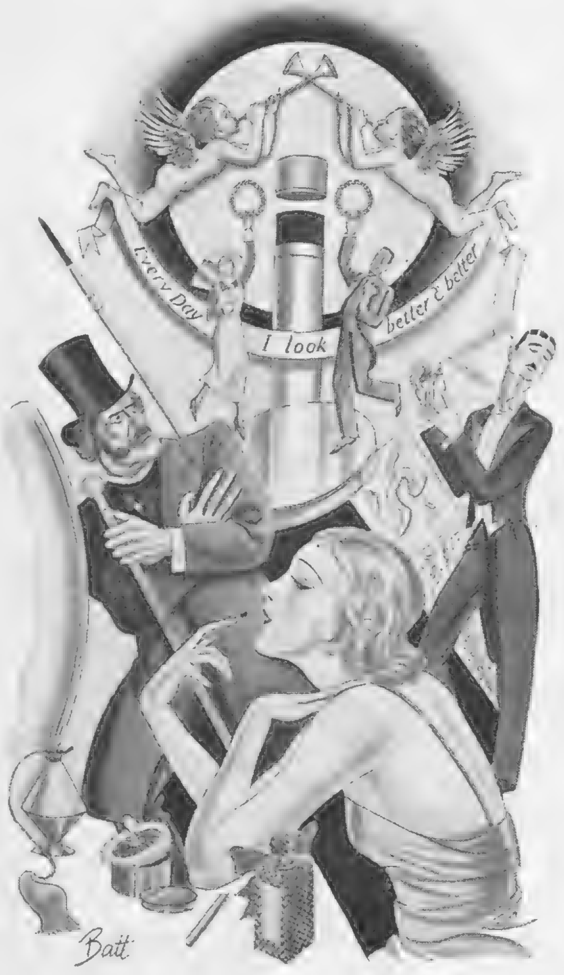
P.788

BRITANNIA and EVE

Vol. 4: No. 4 April, 1932

Editorial

A Defence of Cosmetics



TO make a virtue out of a necessity is a habit of humbugs, if of very human humbugs. Few of us have not sinned in this respect. To make a virtue out of a luxury is more novel—and more pleasant. And to this course are the women of England, and the men too, impelled by the Conference of Professional Nursing, Midwifery and Public Health. From such apparently austere a source comes the latest Defence of Cosmetics, and in the Mandarins of Midwifery does Mr. Max Beerbohm find staunch, if belated, allies.

What would the Victorians have said if doctors and health experts in solemn conclave had in their day declared rouge and the eye pencil, powder and perfume to be not only morally excusable but in accord with the laws of hygiene? A pæan in praise of painted cheeks has come from those who contrive not the damnation of the soul but the salvation of the body. And it is so simple. A woman is, we are asked to suppose, afflicted with a red nose or pallid cheeks as the result of some disorder of the digestive system. Dietetic and medicinal treatment takes time. But a dab of powder and a touch of red and—hey, presto!—the battle is won. There is nothing ostrich-like in the process; it is no mere question of concealing decay under gay colours, as a leaky tramp-steamer is given a coat of paint to hide her dangerous shortcomings. For the important factor is the effect on the mind of the patient. She looks better after the application. Therefore she feels better. Blessed be auto-suggestion—coupled with the names of Coty, Houbigant and Chanel.

Even the male is told that scent is both excusable and desirable, to be used not, as our non-bathing forefathers used it, to hide a multitude of deficiencies, but as a shield against germs, since scent has its antiseptic as well as its frivolous qualities. But here one hopes for due tact and a reliance on lavender water and verbena rather than on "the langu'rous pungency of Celia's bower."

Here, then, is cheering news to herald London's season. Good it is to know that woman's desire to appear beautiful has a biological basis and a sociological value. If something of the romance is taken from cosmetics by their election to the medicine chest, the corresponding gain is indeed vast. The lipstick has acquired a positive halo.

With this issue of "Britannia and Eve" we present to our readers an Autographed Presentation portrait of the world-famous Film Star, Greta Garbo. With next month's issue we shall present a similar signed portrait of Ronald Colman and, in following issues, Tallulah Bankhead, Clark Gable and other film celebrities.—Editor.

Kissing *the* Rod

The Unravelling *of a* Modern M*atrimonial* Tangle

By Owen Archer

Illustrated by Geo. D. Alexander

IN the small hours Wyndham's mind had seemed like a vault echoing to one thought. Vervain was to leave him and Byfallows that day, join Swinfen at his flat that afternoon and be with Swinfen in Paris the following morning.

But when Wyndham awoke, everything—from the pricking at the top of his big toe, where a nascent ingrowing nail spurred him on to see a chiropodist, to the dull ache in his head suggesting the advisability of one " spot " less overnight—seemed perfectly normal.

And then, without warning, a dam seemed to burst, the normal was obliterated, memory came in spate and he realised that after seven years of married life—some 2,500 days, he calculated—to-day was his last with Vervain.

Never again after to-day would he hear Mary knock at the door of the bedroom alongside; the scamper and scramble of the feathered feet of Chaka, black monarch of Cocker spaniels; Vervain's squeals, her protest, " Not on my divine quilt ! " and her weak-minded acquiescence, "Oh, very well then, but snuggle down and keep perfectly quiet " ; the swish of the curtain-rings as Mary drew the casements; the tinkle of Vervain's tea-cup on its saucer.

When Pratt, one of the new breed of man-chauffeur-factotum willing horses out of Hard Hit by Snowden, had brought tea and post and let in the daylight, Wyndham opened a dun from his wine-merchant, a " do " from a bucket-shop, an invitation to a shoot, sundry appeals and a note from Admiral Sir Lindsay Rowden-Rhodes, Vervain's uncle, once her guardian.

" Dear Wyndham,

" Kindly keep my having written a secret from V. and make it your business to meet me at the Senior Service at 11 o'clock sharp. I have some very urgent and terrible news for you. . . ."

So Blow-out (in the " Britannia " his appetite had earned the admiral the nickname) had somehow heard about Vervain and Swinfen !

Wyndham sat up in bed, astounded and dismayed.

How on earth could old Blow-out . . . ?

And what a prospect ! Imagine trying to make that ivied patriarch understand that no modern woman with a couple of thousand a year of her own ever confuses the phrase, " I pronounce that they be man and wife," with a life-sentence.

At breakfast, Vervain, who had not the slightest suspicion that Wyndham had heard a whisper of her plans, betrayed no sign of excitement or agitation except by being abnormally normal.

At 10 o'clock, Byfallows being an hour's run from London, Wyndham, ready for the road, opened the front door and glanced at Pratt, who was warming up the car's engine.

" Well, so long," he called back into the house.

Instead of carelessly crying " 'Bye ! " Vervain appeared at the door of the little sitting-room that she had long ago commandeered as her inviolable funk-hole, and asked unexpectedly :

" Off somewhere ? "

" London—on business," said he.

" Warm enough ? Better put on your nice shaggy coat," she suggested. " It's cold."

A mother will neglect her child till she kneels and weeps at its death-bed, thought Wyndham, but all he said was " Right you are," obediently changed and then said :

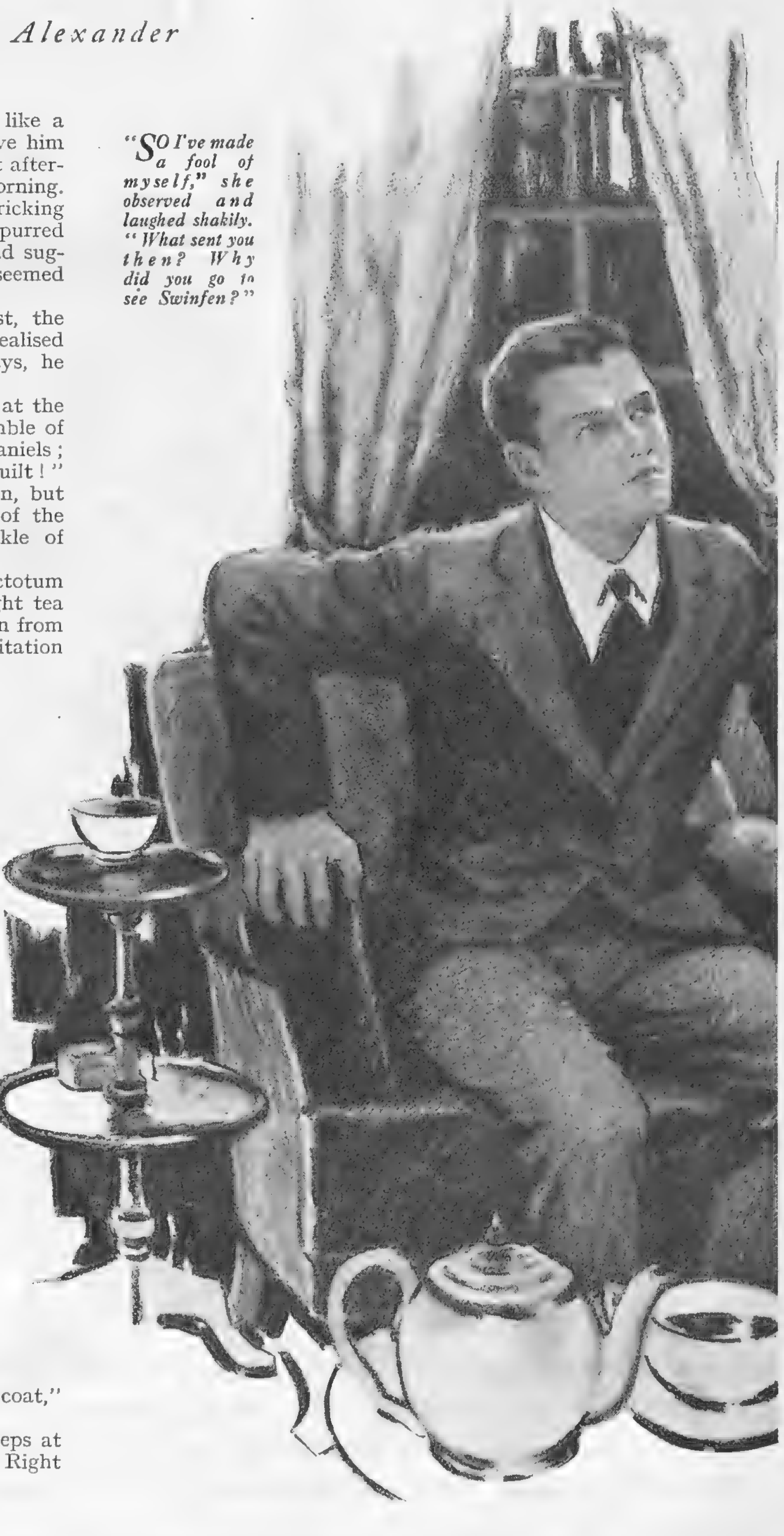
" Well—that's that. S'long again."

" Take care of yourself, old boy."

As she stood, very tall and slim, black hair moulded into shining symmetrical waves, dark eyes resting a shade wistfully on his, Wyndham did what sixty seconds ago he would have considered the acme of the impossible. He went to her, put both hands on her shoulders and bent down meaning to kiss her forehead. In surprise she glanced up and his lips very lightly and quite accidentally touched hers.

" Wyndham ! " she ejaculated.

" God bless you, old girl,"

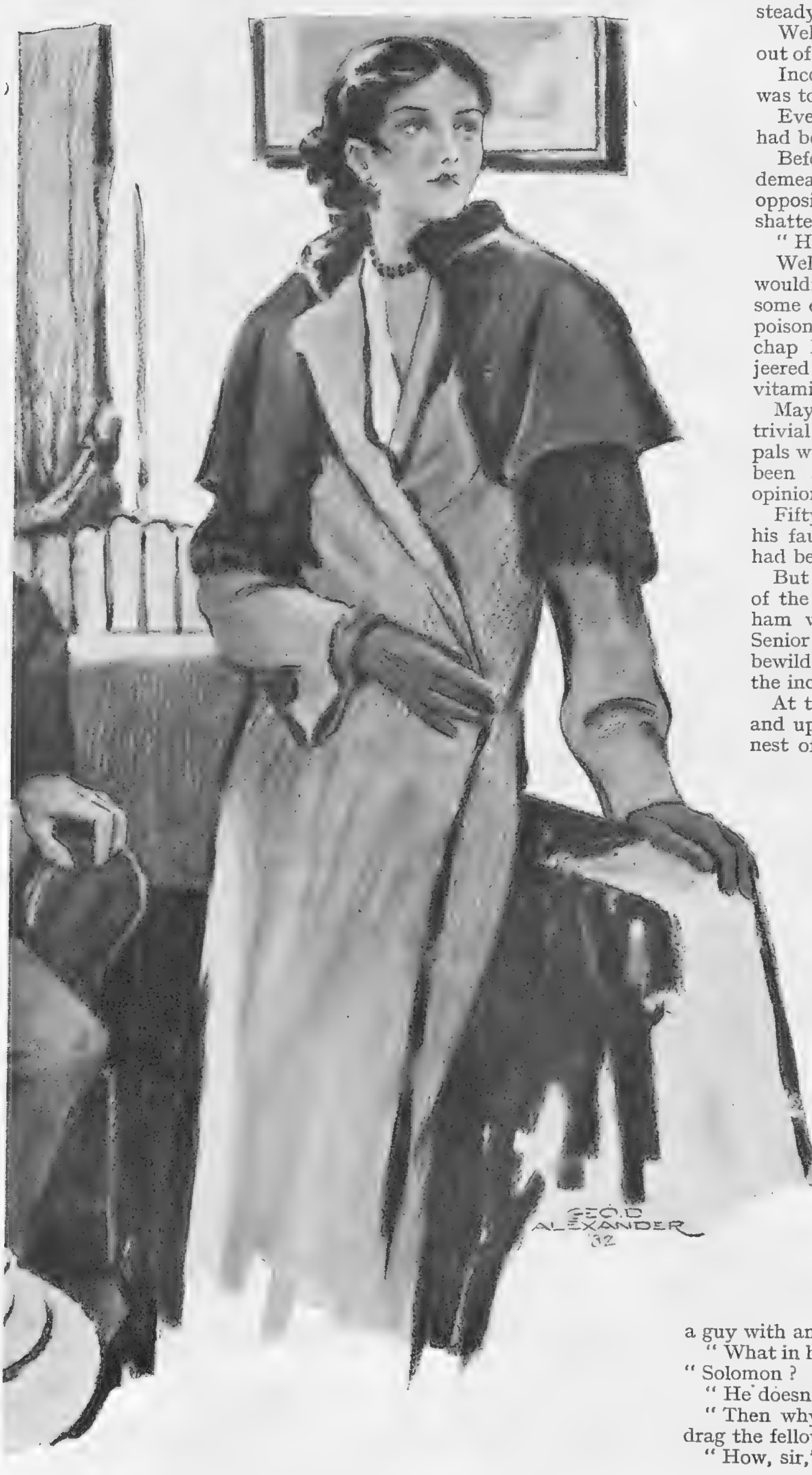


"SO I've made a fool of myself," she observed and laughed shakily. "What sent you then? Why did you go to see Swinfen?"

said he brusquely and made straight for the front door. Sentiment, he thought, as the car roared in swift acceleration up the short drive, is a weird thing. He ought to be furious with her (she was letting him down); he ought to hate her (she had never tried to make things easy); he ought to despise her (because, after all, there's still something a bit low about an affair that ends in divorce). But he had only felt sorry for her—and himself.

Had he and Vervain been citizens of Warsaw, Wyndham reflected, opening out on the London road, any tyro in the lore of magnetism would have prophesied disaster on their marriage —for like poles repel.

And they had been omitting obvious differences, so remarkably alike. Both were only children. Each possessed private means. Both were devoted to bridge, dancing, golf, hunting and tennis. Neither was over-burdened with conscience or the imagination that makes comfort incompatible with circumambient misery. Neither possessed the slightest urge to dominate the other or interfere. Each only wanted to go and let the other go his or her own way.



As he drove on, he tried to pierce the fog of the forgotten and put a finger on the causes of their matrimonial disaster.

Evenings apart in those early days that became absences for odd nights that in turn lengthened into week-ends, then to weeks. . . . Different friends in different circles with different interests. Gênes at meetings; silences; a mutual lack of interest. . . .

They *had* gone their own ways. Their two paths, he realised, had never really united. They had run parallel for a time and then forked at so slight an angle that it was only by comparing, say, a long ago January at Mürren with the following July spent at the Wattleworths' house near Goodwood, that the steady growth of their divergence became obvious.

Well, he thought, the two paths had long ago wound out of warm, intimate Eden into the cold and silent Arctic.

Incompatibility, he supposed. Just that. No one was to blame.

Even in thought he boggled at the lie. Of course she had been to blame. She. . . .

Before the leaves of the catalogue of Vervain's misdemeanours could flutter into view, his conscience, like opposing counsel, rapped out a startling question that shattered self-complacency.

"How about yourself?"

Well, of course, at times he irritated her. Only a robot wouldn't. And only a robot wouldn't have laughed at some of her appalling relations, been a bit cutting to her poisonous friend, Olivia; objected to a sporting little chap like Chaka being so damnably molly-coddled, or jeered at her myriad, transient fads—her ludicrous vitamine craving, for instance.

Maybe he did complain a little too emphatically about trivial things that went wrong. P'raps sometimes his pals were a bit noisy in the small hours. Possibly he had been a shade quick-tempered, contemptuous of her opinions, impatient, and so on and so forth. . . .

Fifty-fifty then, or, in impatient magnanimity, more his fault than hers, but the fact remained, the smash had been inevitable.

But the word "incompatibility"—any explanation of the kind—wouldn't satisfy Blow-out, thought Wyndham when, the car parked, he strolled round to the Senior Service. The old chap would glower in complete bewilderment and lose his temper as all old people do at the incomprehensible.

At the club, by a page and in lifts and along corridors and up staircases, Wyndham was conducted to a crow's-nest of a supernumerary smoking-room where he found the admiral alone and awaiting him.

"My dear lad," exclaimed Blow-out, gripping his visitor's hand as though, Wyndham subsequently complained, it were a marlinespike, "I can't tell you how sorry I am to have to be the bearer of such disastrous news. Sit down, me lad, and brace up and—take a pull at that B. and S. there."

The admiral sank into a huge leather chair, raised his glass, said mechanically "Here's to us," gulped down a mouthful and proceeded to ejaculate between sips:

"Ghastly shock." . . . "I know you'll keep a stiff upper lip." . . . "Wouldn't have had it happen for the world." . . . "God bless my soul, it's terribly hard," and "Poor little Vervain!"

Wyndham, thinking of Vervain gadding about Paris with Swinfen, repeated the three words in derision and dismay and added, "Dash it all, sir, how about *me*?"

"You? It doesn't matter a pin about you. You're a man. Besides, you've money of your own."

"So had Solomon," retorted Wyndham. "But I'll bet he'd have cut up pretty rough if even one of his 300 concubines had—done a guy with another fellow."

"What in hades are you driving at?" demanded the admiral. "Solomon? How the dickens does he come into it?"

"He doesn't. I merely——"

"Then why mention him?" stormed the admiral. "Why drag the fellow in?"

"How, sir," asked Wyndham, "did you hear about Vervain

—clearing out? It's been kept a close secret. I only happened to discover it by——"

"Clearing out? Vervain? What d'you mean?"

"Isn't that what you've got to tell me?"

"It is not. And what d'you mean by clearing out? Had a bust up? Is she —going to her mother, as we used to say?"

"Well, that's about it," astounded Wyndham managed to say.

"Then when you've heard me out," declared the admiral confidently, "you'll jump into your car, drive like Jehu to Wethered Gardens, run upstairs like a lamp-lighter, take her in your arms and give that poor little lass the longest dose of petting she's ever had. That's exactly what you'll do. I know you, Wyndham. A sterling lad—at bottom."

Then the admiral came to the point. Vervain's senior trustee—thank God, he himself had been released from the trust years ago when ordered to the China Station—was a damned land-shark.

"I say *was* advisedly," added the admiral. "He blew his brains out last night—shot himself clean through the stomach."

Wyndham noted the anatomical derangement but only gasped:

"Vervain's trustee! You mean——? Her money?"

"I do. Take a pull at your glass. Every ruddy sou, me lad. Bearer bonds deposited for cover in some mad-dog-backwards speculation. . . . Swept overboard. Clean gone."

Though the admiral insisted upon spending an hour trying to explain exactly how the disaster had happened and how things stood, Wyndham gathered little beyond the fact that Vervain was penniless.

"You'll go to her at once, me lad, won't you?" begged the admiral on the steps of the club.

"Well, I'll try to find her, sir."

"Do your damnedest. Poor little lass, I feel for her terribly."

WYNDHAM began a telephonic hunt for Vervain. Without expectation of success he rang up home. Pratt answered him. The mistress had had an unexpected summons to London and had caught the 10.3. From the porter at Vervain's club Wyndham could glean no information. Her mother at Wethered Gardens, having consulted her engagement-block, helpfully said she didn't expect to see Vervain till the 27th, when they were to lunch together. Jacqueline's, where what Vervain called her snipe for hats grew longer and longer, was drawn in vain. Vervain's dearest friend, the poisonous Olivia, professed to know nothing.

Having rung up half a dozen other people without result, Wyndham went to his club, twisted a chair to the window, ordered a bronx, lit a cigarette and told himself that he had done all he could.

Some time—to be exact three cocktails—later he was defending himself. No man could have done more. Ninety-nine per cent. would have done less—far less. He was the one in a hundred. Very well then. Only——

Well, he knew Swinfen. Swinfen was ornamental, quite amusing, almost indispensable as an ingredient of a house-party (even Essex wasn't flat with Swinfen ridiculously making mountains out of molehills), but he wasn't one of those hearts of oak. No. He was more of a creeper. During his mother's lifetime he had lived with and on her. So long as parboiled Daphne's infatuation lasted (and the roots of her affection must have been creosoted to keep the affair from falling flat long before it did), he had blossomed rampantly. He needed a post to support him—the post of being the lover of a woman with £2,000 a year.

Sitting there gazing out on the Piccadilly traffic and the passers-by, Wyndham pictured Swinfen and Vervain in Paris (because Paris is the wages of sin) when they heard of the disaster. Swinfen would clink the few francs change purloined when Vervain surreptitiously handed him a wad of notes and asked him to pay their way from Dover. He would be too flabbergasted to lie or even to repeat the clichés that any ordinary man would feel bound to bleat—"It doesn't matter" and "It's you I love."

Stunned at her loss, Vervain, who had never been able to see through the veneer that conceals the cheap stuff of which Swinfens are made, would turn to him for help and comfort and find—what was Poe's description?—Oh, yes!—she would find "a nearly liquid mass of loathsome—of detestable putridity."

And then what?

Swinfen would be too anxious to slip his collar to conceal the fact. Vervain would fly out at him—as only Vervain could. Swinfen would seize the chance and scoot. Vervain would be marooned—utterly at a loose end.

Wyndham seemed to see her in some wretched Parisian hotel, tragically alone, cornered, despairing. She would rather die than let him guess the truth: she would be too brave to S.O.S. to a single soul. He could see those slim shoulders, so often turned on him in refusal, rebuke, disdain or anger, quivering . . .

And if, now, Swinfen were told of the loss of her money nothing of the kind would happen. Swinfen would turn the whole project up without hesitation or qualm and Vervain would come home that evening and carry on as though everything were perfectly normal.

Did he want that? Certainly not. He was utterly fed with the old footing of friction, frustration, keeping down impulses and keeping up appearances. He was to be free. He was to have another chance to make something of his life, to forget Vervain and the hopes that had made long ago nights black sleepless hours of torment.

So long had he expected something of the kind, so rigorously schooled himself to accept the inevitable, that an end—any end—was welcome.

So he'd be damned if he'd seek Swinfen out and save the swine! It was all the most turgid sentiment—utter—out-and-out tosh!

Only those shoulders . . . .

VERVAIN and Swinfen were to meet at 1 o'clock at Swinfen's flat in Museum Terrace. Wyndham knew he had only to saunter to the Circus, stroll up Shaftesbury Avenue to Bury Street to see her and break the news and break Swinfen, too, break him into contemptible dust.

Those shoulders!

It was exactly 1 o'clock when Wyndham stood up. As he walked Circuswards he thought of that quiet, unromantic discussion with Vervain that had preceded their engagement. . . . . .

They had agreed that neither was to be called upon to surrender independence. Their two kingdoms weren't to merge but simply become a happy commonwealth. Neither was to butt in. Each was to be free to express his or her individuality. If either tired, the other was to respect and abide by that change of feeling. There were to be no galling bonds, and, especially, no reproaches or scenes.

Well, he had played the game. He hadn't butted in. He had never meant to. He only butted in now for Vervain's sake. . . .

It would be queer leaving the flat with her after the deflation of Swinfen. . . . Would she come back home? No. Anyhow, most certainly not at once. Go to her mother's p'raps. They'd have to concoct some story. Oh, well, it was all in the game—in playing the marriage game.

Swinfen himself opened the door at Wyndham's ring. He looked so startled, disappointed and embarrassed that Wyndham said:

"Sorry! Hasn't she fetched up yet?"

"Dear old boy, but this is delightful! Only I can't possibly ask you in. I'm in a stupendous hurry. In fact, I was just dashing out."

"Not you!" said Wyndham. "What's the time? Twenty past one! Vervain's late."

"Vervain? Your wife? She's coming here?"

"Well, isn't she?"

"News to me. But good news. How sweet of her! Only, as I said, I'm afraid I——

"You're the glibbest liar I know," observed Wyndham. "But it's wasted. Let me tell you why. Yesterday afternoon you motored down and played golf with Vervain. At the fifth in the drizzle and dusk you very skilfully sliced your drive and pitched in the rough near that little dell with the pond at the bottom and the shack on its bank. Isn't that so?"

"Oh, quite—but why skilfully?"

"It gave you two a pretext to go into—the shack."

"Piffle. The rain was the cause. You call it a drizzle. I tell you it was pelting."

"The shower excuses you," said Wyndham, stepping into the flat. "Shut the door, please. But it wasn't raining inside the shack, so even a deluge wouldn't have excused your kissing Vervain."

"P'raps," said Swinfen very calmly, "that's why I didn't do it."

"It doesn't," Wyndham went on, "excuse you sitting down on a locker and pulling her down on your knee and —bursting into song."

"But all this is simply stop-press to me."

"Why d'you think I'm here if I hadn't had your conversation reported to me? Vervain was to leave her suit-case at Victoria and be here by 1."

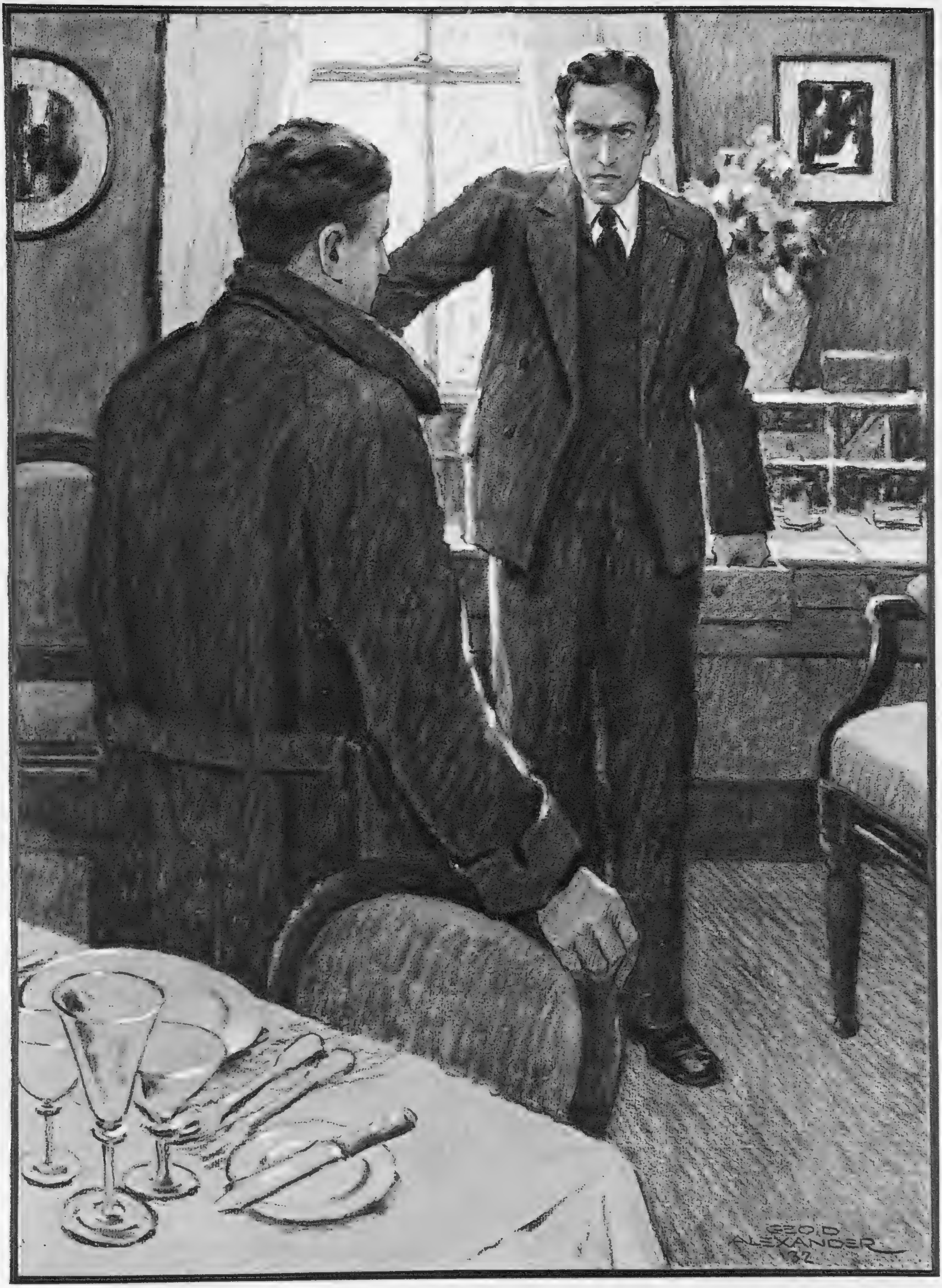
With his foot Wyndham opened a door that stood ajar.

"A jolly little lunch for two!" he ejaculated, staring into Swinfen's sitting-room. "Bubbly! Poor Vervain. She was even to be called upon to pay for the ice!"

"Look here," exclaimed Swinfen, "I've stood just about as much as——"

"Bilge," broke in Wyndham. "I'm

(*Continued on page* 100)


GEO. D. ALEXANDER '32

WYNDHAM smiled as Swinfen hastily made for his writing-table, half-opened a drawer and, with his hand almost hidden inside, faced round

Lady Lags

By Joan Woollcombe

PERHAPS the most intimidating of the Lady Lags are to be found in that most difficult of all types of prison, that which caters for the short-sentence offender; a sentence which allows of no time at all for a cure! Take the woman of some twenty-five or thirty years who, after many falls, merits and gets a short sentence; or the hardened old reprobate who spends half her days in gaol. Any sentence up to two years will see either of these arriving in a modernised "Black Maria" at Holloway Gaol, which serves the southern counties. It is, of course, the usual vast, tomb-like building that anyone can see from the outside as they explore beyond Camden Town. Tiers of cells radiating from the central hall, and landings netted over to prevent suicides; a dismal enough place, except that it is peopled by kindly officials and an increasingly efficient Infirmary service, and that it has a *woman* Deputy-Governor under the Governor, Doctor Morton.

In for a few months for larceny, embezzlement or assault, these "criminals" can be exceedingly difficult; but the modern régime makes a fine shot at salvaging bodies as well as souls.

Formidable enough to the "innocent" visitor armed with a courteously accorded Home Office pass, it must be doubly an ordeal to drive up in the prison van and enter the reception office; there the prisoner strips and bathes, and has to pass the Doctor, appearing again in prison clothes. A cell is not so much a sordid as a dull little room, almost surgically clean! Few of us realise, however, that, in addition to Second and Third Division prisoners, there is a First Division for certain types, who may, if they wish, have their food from outside and furnish their cells; whose only punishment is the loss of their liberty.

The prisoner, on one of the wire mattresses in a Second or Third Division cell, does not sleep too badly; there is the usual religious book and the weekly library book, as well as the permission to arrange three or four photographs of relatives.

THE eight-hour working day is spent in airy workshops or the kitchen or laundry; go round with the Deputy-Governor and you will see flowers everywhere, especially if there be a prisoner "in" whose friends can afford to be lavish! There is an idea that prisoners are kept in silence and ground down to dull, unprofitable labour. This is not so; they can talk, provided they do not interfere with their work, and the same standard is expected as that enforced in outside workshops. Since they are prevented from earning in competition with the market, as things are, they are confined to making clothes and other necessaries for themselves and Government officials; and such things as upholstery for the prison, and so forth.

Glance from any one of the windows and watch them taking that one hour of exercise the law prescribes. The exercise yard at Holloway is not inspiring, though they have planted it as best they can, and all possible latitude is allowed the exercising women. It is a sad and drab procession, and the "there-but-for-the Grace-of-God" feeling descends strongly on the visitor, however innocent!

Meals are taken in their cells by prisoners, except those of the Second Division, who are allowed theirs outside in association. The few Young Prisoners (girls from sixteen to twenty-one, under the law as it is at present) are kept carefully from the rest, but they work together. Impressions remain vivid with the visitor who, like the rest of us, remembers certain sensational trials, and often stops dead on a particularly lovely day to wonder what So-and-So, given eighteen months in the Second Division, is actually doing inside those grim walls. . . .

There are amazing stories told by those who try and salve the drunks and other wrecks of humanity when these come to Holloway for a matter, perhaps, of only a few days or a few weeks.

One Medical Officer tells of a prisoner in a short-sentence prison who received just enough "time" to enable him to treat—

HERE you see Lilian Barker, C.B.E., the only woman Prison Governor in Britain, as she is leaving Buckingham Palace after an Investiture

Top:

EXERCISING in a German prison yard. A simplified edition of the rather grim yard at Holloway

Humanity *behind* the scenes *in the* "Big Houses" *run* in *the* British manner—and *with* women officers

but not entirely to cure—a bad ulcer on her leg. When the time came for the lady to emerge to the joys of freedom once more, the M.O., realising that her work (of the charring variety) would be hindered by an ulcerated leg, and that her means (non-existent) would not permit of a cure otherwise, suggested, in all good faith, that he should secure her immediate admittance into the near-by Infirmary, where treatment might continue and she might be spared the painful recurrence of the trouble which entirely handicapped her.

Would she go to the Infirmary! *She would NOT*: she, a Lady Lag, had her pride, and rebelled as a freeborn woman against the stigma of "the House"—where, she explained, not only did you have to consort with all sorts of queer fish, *but you did not even have a nice room to yourself*! So, regretfully, the M.O. saw her depart and, with amazement, saw her speedily return! When the Van disgorged its contents he realised that he had Mrs. D——— under his care again for exactly the two months needed for the cure of that leg.

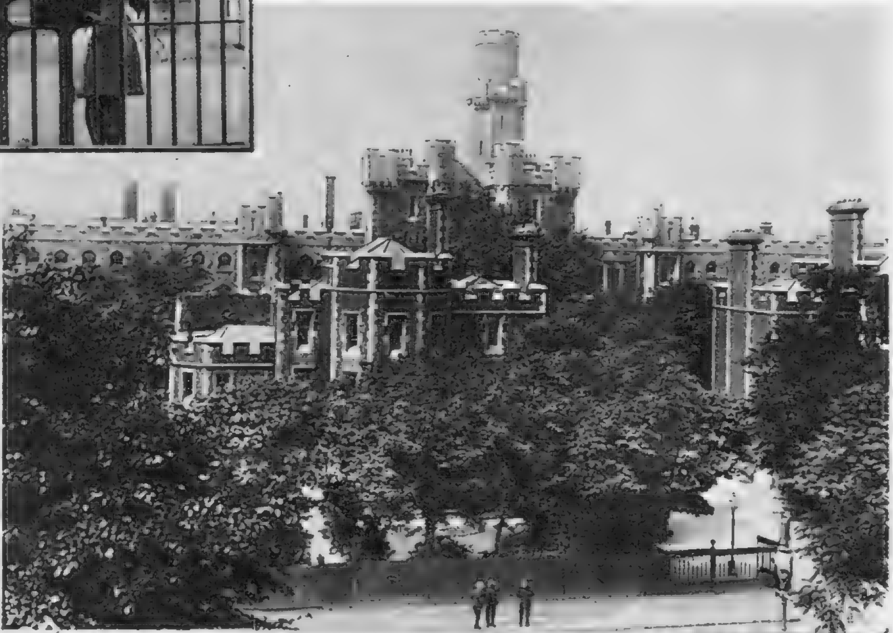
To his reproachful questions she replied with some triumph: had he not said two months for the cure of that bad leg? Very well. She had gone immediately on her release and had pinched from the nearest shop efficiently and obviously—so blatantly, in fact, that the puzzled constable on "point" had no alternative but to arrest her; and so, with as short a delay as possible, she found herself in possession of the necessary two months (and a room of her own) for a cure. To prison she went; with no sacrifice either of privacy or pride.

Should an expectant mother be committed to Holloway Gaol she will find little to intimidate her—the Prison (*Con. on page* 91)

MISS BARKER and one of her girls at a Sports Prize-Giving at the Aylesbury Institution—a very happy-looking occasion for all concerned

Left:

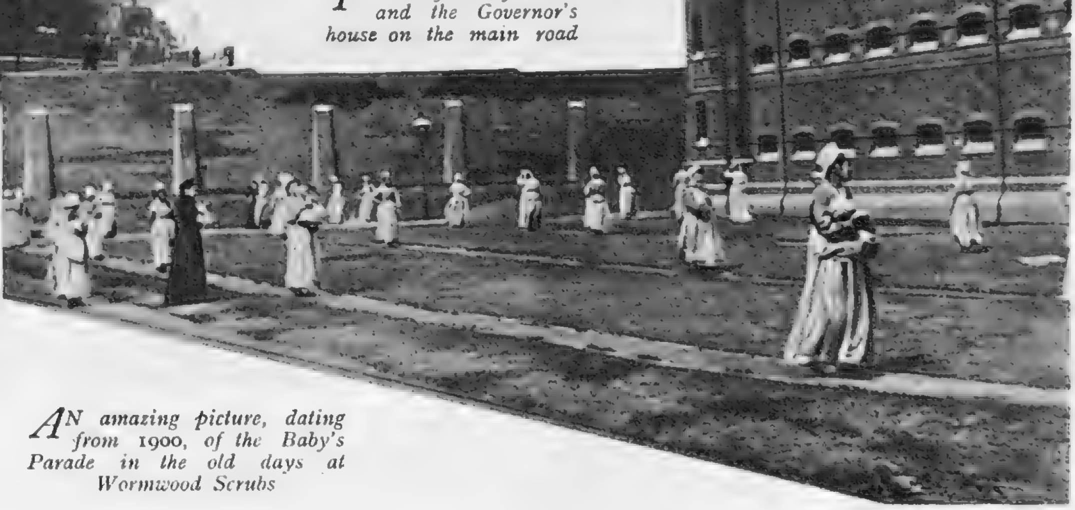
SMILING from behind the bars: a Borstal girl looks out on life! This is the entrance of the Aylesbury Gaol



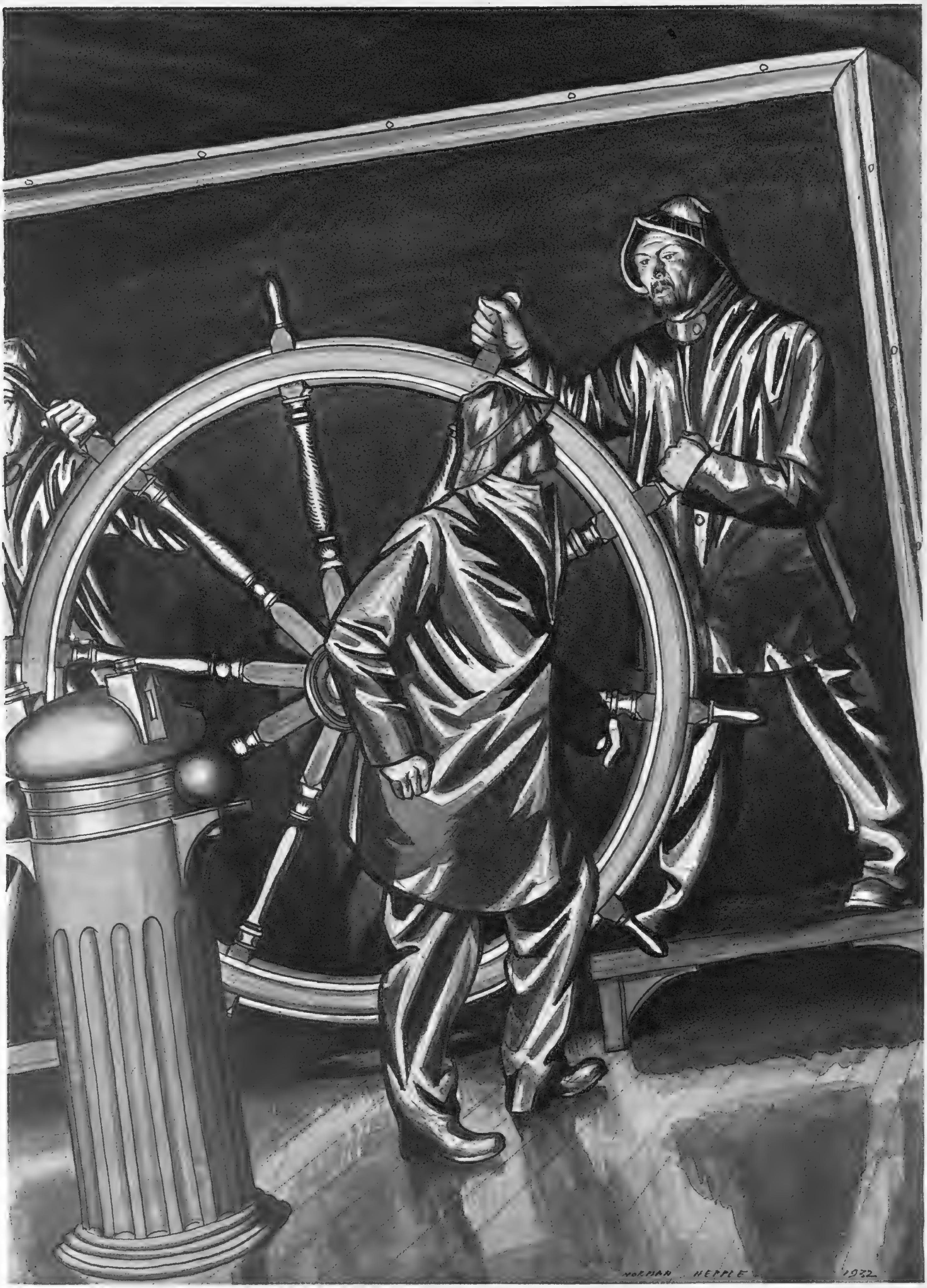
HOLLOWAY GAOL, where "Lady Lags," of the Southern Counties sentenced to anything up to two years serve their time. It has a woman Deputy-Governor under the Governor, Dr. Morton

Left

THE Aylesbury Gaol and the Governor's house on the main road

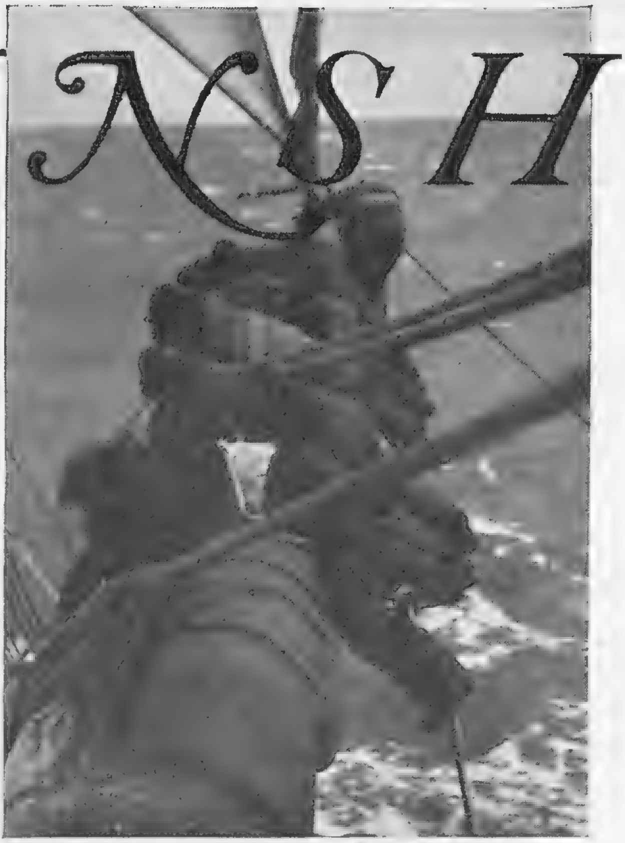


AN amazing picture, dating from 1900, of the Baby's Parade in the old days at Wormwood Scrubs


NORMAN HEPPLE
1932

"ARMS getting a bit stiff, Sir—been here over five hours," Ben gasped hoarsely. Porteus heard none of it. All he saw was that flickering smile . . .

KINSHIP



Storm *and* Strife *at* sea, and, *in* the clash *of* two Men, *the* steadying P*atience* of a Q*ueer* Gratitude

By Captain Dingle

Illustrated by Norman Hepple

WHITE heat of sun and the throat catching reek of guano. Bleached, worn decks, scarred and rusted iron, and forlorn gear all shrieking the requiem of sail. Here and there among the scanty crew a youngster foolish enough to believe in romance; chiefly, the sweepings of the West Coast, preferring the problematical security of a windjammer bound home around Cape Stiff to the certainty of a West Coast prison. Under an awning aft, threadbare and sun dried but white scrubbed, and taut as a clipper's bowlines on a wind, Ben Jollif fidgeted on uneasy feet, his cap in his twisting fingers, trying not to seem eager while waiting at the chartroom door for his mail. It was the last mailbag expected before the *Forfar* sailed for home. Aft, beside the wheel, two mates read letters. They were relics of a bygone day, like the ship. They read their letters stolidly, as became relics. Captain Porteus stepped out, ignoring Ben, looking forward, a letter in his hand.

"Shall I take it, sir?" offered old Ben brightly. Old Ben was expecting a letter with all the strings of his soul stretched to cracking; it was long coming; he dared not ask the captain if he might possibly have overlooked it. Perhaps the address was not very clear. He licked his dry lips, and winced when Porteus said with quite unnecessary brutality: "Get to hell for'ard! You're too anxious to handle other men's letters." And turning aft, called to the mate: "Can you not find work for this old sojer? What's he hanging about here for?"

Ben Jollif climbed aloft with a slush pot. His bones creaked with rheumatism, and his gnarled fingers had knobby knuckles which often threatened to refuse to support him up there on the dizzy heights where younger men should be. Ben never grumbled. The mates were easier on him than the skipper; but even the indifferent hands in the forecastle noticed that he was put upon—one shrewd rascal, who had known Ben years ago, perhaps hit upon the truth when he said that Captain Porteus hated to have a seaman under him who had been mate of a crack clipper when Porteus was still swinging on a gate in short pants. From fore truck to topmast head, then from main truck, and from mizzen truck, Ben greased all the topgallant and royal masts, and when he clambered stiffly down the sun was almost gone, the men had all but finished their supper. Ben didn't care much about that. He was too weary to feel hungry, and West Coast sailing ship grub was never very appetising. He was tired and disappointed: old, and susceptible to disappointments. He broke biscuit, dipping it in his nearly cold, bitter tea. It was all tasteless to him. Why was there no letter?

The second mate came to the forecastle door.

"Where's Jollif? Still eating? Proper old sojer you are; sleep and eat. Here's a letter for you."

Ben knocked against the stanchion table in his eagerness, upsetting the tea kettle. He'd have to clean up that mess. The men laughed at him. So did the second mate, who was not quite as harsh towards old Ben as his language sometimes suggested. He knew a sailorman when he saw one, and in his heart believed the skipper unfair towards Ben.

"I found it on the chartroom table, after the captain went ashore," he remarked.

BEN crouched under the smoky lamp for hours after the other men were asleep. He read his precious letter, and read it again, and when he at length rolled himself in his tattered grey cotton blanket he fell asleep with a smile of utter peace on his worn old face; the letter lay against his breast, pinned to his shirt for safety. Not once did he permit himself to blame Captain Porteus for causing him those unnecessary hours of dejection.

The ship got her anchor in the early morning. Ben was sprightly and cheerful. The anchor had taken a good trip, after holding on against a couple of hard gales. The *Forfar* boasted no steam windlass.

"Come on, me sons! We'll sing it loose!" yelled Ben, and himself doing the work of two men led the rousing shanty:

O fare you well, we're homeward bound,
Good-bye, fare you well, good-bye, fare you well;
We're homeward bound for Liverpool Town,
Hooraw, my boys, we're homeward bound!"

"What's bitten you?" growled the mate. "The old woman taken in another lodger?" Ben grinned, though a moment of pain stabbed his eyes.

"I haven't had an old woman for ten years, sir," he answered, then sprung his weight on his handspike again. "Give it lip, boys!"

"He's tryin' to get in good with the orficers!" muttered Rufe Sayers, who kept looking shorewards as he tramped around the capstan, searching every floating moving boat for anything that looked like a police uniform.

When the ship roared foaming south, and the sun lost heat and the winds took on a bite, misery lived forward. The *Forfar* was a hard ship in her best days. She was bitter now. Sailing ship profits allowed for no such luxury as coal for a forecastle stove. The deck leaked; the ports leaked; in the eyes of her, where the bowsprit jutted out, the caulking had loosened, and every time she stuck her sharp stem into a green sea cold jets of water spurted in and drenched the bunks. The youngsters began to show their greenery. None of them were adequately clothed. Few possessed bedding or blankets. Ben came forward after a prolonged turn at the wheel, shivering.

"I'd see 'is neck as long as my sanguinary arm 'fore I'd let 'im keep me at the wheel double turns!" stated Rufe Sayers.

"You don't know everything about a shipmaster's worries, my son," said Ben gently.

"Ain't 'e paid for 'em?" retorted Rufe, and went up on look-out, his thieving body clad against the cold with a stolen blanket wrapped under his oilskin jacket. Ben cut up a tiny bit of tobacco, enough to give him half a dozen draws at his black cutty clay. He could afford no more. Times were hard; had been hard for a long time. He rummaged in his damp, comfortless bunk, relishing to the full each strong whiff of black tobacco. A youngster entered, unable longer to endure the bone-chilling cold outside. His teeth chattered. The lad was blue.

"You ain't finding much romance in it, eh, laddie?" smiled Ben.

"If it wasn't so cold——" the lad chattered. "I thought we could buy clothes from a slopchest or something."

"That was when ships were ships and masters had no worry," said Ben sagely. "Nowadays you have to help yourself. Come here, and I'll give you a tip."

From his own insufficient store of hoarded newspapers Ben took half. He showed the shivering youngster how to put homeward bound stitches into the job, lining his jacket and trousers with paper.

"You got to be careful, my son. Paper ain't canvas," said Ben. "Handle 'em easy, and they'll keep you warm as long as they hold together." When the lad went out again to face the blowy sleet, Ben stitched the rest of the papers into his own clothing.

In a blinding flurry of snow that began towards evening of a day when Cape Horn should be sighted, Captain Porteus called Ben back to the wheel after he had done a full watch already.

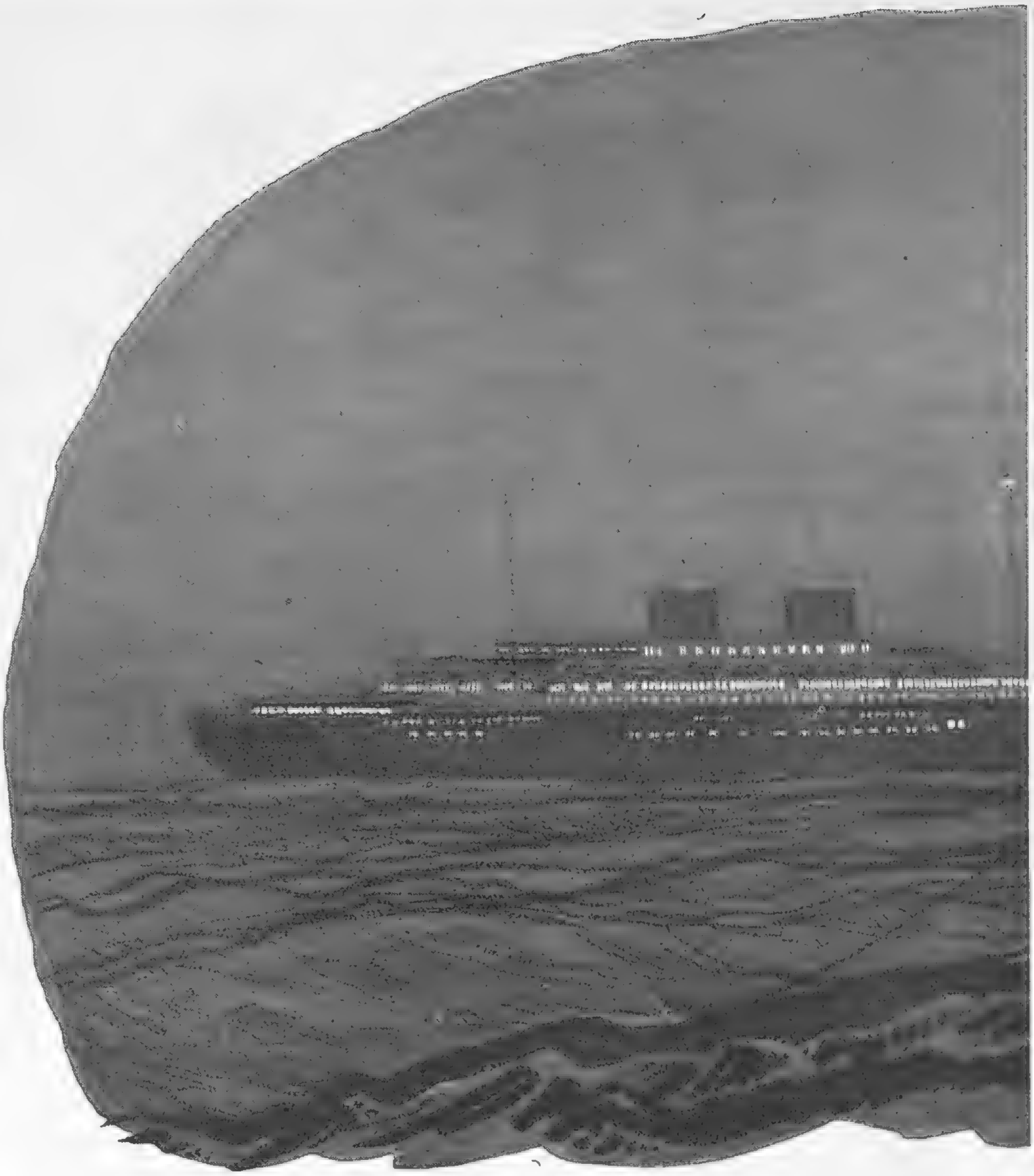
"He's done two turns, sir," protested the second mate. "His eyes are getting old, like he is."

"He can see the compass! Fetch him aft," returned Porteus.

"Can't he get his smoke, sir? It's his watch below," persisted the decent second mate.

"Are you telling me my business?" Porteus glared and his face was heavy with angry blood. The second mate watched his chance and ran forward. There was no accounting for the Old Man lately. He was not drinking. Something weighed like lead upon him. It was hell for all, fore and aft. Presently the second mate reappeared.

"He was turned in, sir. I turned him out," he said curtly, and walked as far away from the master as the area of the short poop would allow. He watched the light fade, the snow thicken, the grey seas roll steeper. Ben appeared, shutting the forecastle door behind him with the care of a good seamen. He stood in the dusk for a moment, watching his chance; and when a ton or two of freezing sea had rolled out through the washports he made his shambling, rheumatic run for the poop ladder. And a sea caught him under the boat skids. It filled the maindeck rail high, lifting Ben up like a yellow cork, and smashed him cruelly against the ironwork of the gallows. It rolled him and hurled him and left him bruised and drenched to the skin and sobbing midway up the ladder he had been aiming for. His priceless newspapers were pulp. He had no more. He dragged himself on to the poop, and went to the wheel, Porteus apparently oblivious to his mishap or his appearance. The second mate swore. He wanted to grab a coat from inside the chartroom and throw it to Ben; but that would never do. That would violate the code of good second mates in sail.



"SHOUT, lads!" barked Porteus. long after the swift liner

THE captain spared himself no more than he spared others. He stood four-square to the blinding gale, sniffing for the land, gripping the rail until his hands were all but frozen to it. Now and then he walked to the binnacle, watched the card, watched the drive of the sea and the lift of the swollen sails, watched the grim old seaman steering. Ben's clothes were solid ice. His deeply weathered face was grey; from his soul-and-body lashings to his feet he was shapeless with ice, and only his ceaseless effort to control the fighting helm kept his upper part mobile. His eyes shone out from under frosted brows with the fiery light of stubborn courage undimmed by any resentment. Porteus entered the chartroom, and remained there awhile. Presently the steward stumbled out on deck, cringing in the sudden appalling cold, and ran to the wheel.

"The Old Man sent this. Go on, get it down! Gawd! I'm froze!" he said, and shoved at Ben a mug of hot grog. The second mate stared as if he suddenly saw an iceberg hanging over the mastheads. Ben coughed as the scalding, powerful liquor trickled through him. He handed back the mug, and met the second mate's eye as the steward darted back to shelter.

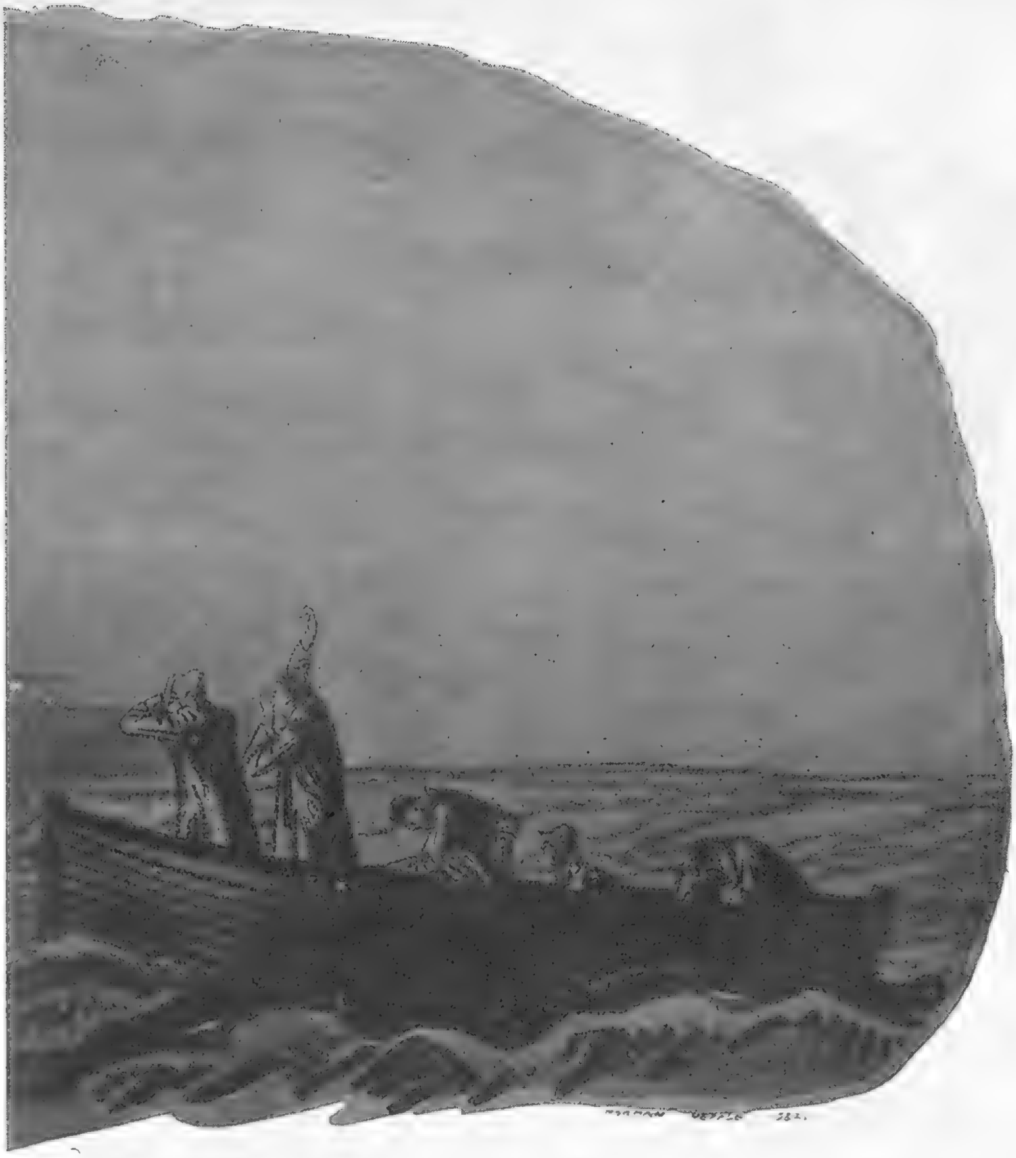
"Captain Porteus is very kind, sir," grinned Ben happily.

"Kind! My lad, you're due for another double trick!" growled the second mate, who knew what he knew. He was a bit resentful, too. Hot grog! Not bad, but why half freeze a man before offering it? He drifted over to the chartroom. Any watch officer was permitted to look at the chart. Besides, when Porteus gave a seaman grog it was odds on his having some himself. It wasn't likely that he'd offer some to a deck officer on watch; but if one might catch him indulging, one might hold—

The second mate was but human. He hoped to catch the Old Man soaking it up. He stepped inside the dark room, where only a reflected oil lamp shone on the chart table; and Porteus was indeed taking a hot drink. Rum in it, too. Porteus swayed at the chart table, his eyes puckered, peering downwards. One hand gripped the table edge; the other waggled a half empty mug from which rich steam arose. He looked up as the officer entered, and his expression changed abruptly. The mug was banged down, slopping the contents over the chart. He swept up from the chart a letter, thrusting it into his pocket, and his eyes were fierce with anger.

"What the hell are you doing, leaving the deck?" he yelled, and burst past the second mate like a black squall, to stamp and roar and curse mate and helmsman and weather together.

"Thank you, sir, for the rum," smiled



They shouted. They shouted vanished into the night

Ben, when the noise ceased. Porteus glared at him. Ben's smile died, though he still felt warmly grateful inside. The second mate said something about the weather, and Porteus told him things which no self-respecting second mate hears and forgets. Eight bells were struck, and the watches changed, and still Ben Jollif stayed at the wheel. The mate had him relieved, and the Old Man called Ben back. It was too much. Even the mate spoke of it. True, the captain himself remained on deck all that time, but it was his own responsibility. Ben was a seaman, and entitled to his due of rest. Ben was dropping with fatigue when the mate fetched him.

"I be damned if I'd turn out! You're bein' worked up!" said Rufe Sayers boldly. "I wouldn't, not if both the bloody mates was to come after me!" Rufe rolled into his comfortless bunk, defiant of the mate's scowling rage.

"Come on, my lad," said the mate, handling Ben.

"You're a mule. You ought to be druv," muttered Rufe.

"Hold on, sir. I don't need dragging," said Ben cheerfully, but firmly. "Got to find some new soul-and-body lashings. I got properly wet last watch." He rummaged in a tangle of small stuff. "I'll be with you in a minute, sir."

"Aye, you will!" grumbled the mate. "Looking for more hot rum, you are!"

"Rum?" gasped Rufe, jerking his head forward. The mate stepped out, and Ben stumbled after him. Rufe never slept a wink that watch. He woke other men to tell them what he had heard. They cursed him for breaking their rest. In the end Tom Portugee had to blacken his eyes to make him understand that visionary rum and certain sleep didn't share the same bunk in a windjammer.

At the wheel Ben Jollif stood on sturdy legs, holding the ship to her course, his breath hissing between set teeth, chilled below the waist and sweating above. A lifetime of hard training enabled his body to stand to duty when every fibre in his being screamed for rest. He peered ahead, listened, shook his head. Ben had been chief mate of better ships than this—years ago. It was his misfortune that steam supplanted sail at a time when he had lost the ambition and the ability to study for the change. He had never got a master's ticket; when sailing ships had all but vanished, those few remaining were carefully nursed by the men who already commanded them; other masters were glad to go mates of them; for those fine seamen who were no more than mates, little remained but the forecastle. In the *Forfar* both mates had been masters. Ben could not complain at his lot. He was satisfied to keep in a bare job. But he knew ships, knew the sea, and even in the bleak situation of a good helmsman, imposed upon through his sheer ability, he never lost that mysterious sea sense which transcends all book learning. He steered, never grumbled, and listened, sniffed, and peered through the blinding blizzard that enveloped the ship.

Said the mate to his junior, who was older than he: "Hot rum! That's nursing an old sojer if you like! Just because that cunning old has-been was mate of the *Seahorse* half a lifetime ago—it's rank favouritism!"

Said the second mate: "I don't see it that way, Mister. Any sailorman who's kept at the wheel a full watch, then dragged out again without a smoke, just because there isn't another full man in both watches, earns all the rum he gets, hot or cold. If you ask me, the Old Man's working Jollif up out of jealousy. He's done it all the voyage. Look how he held out that letter last day in port. The old chap just aching to get a line from home, and told there was no letter when it was lying on the chart table all the time and Porteus knew it. Small, I call it, Mister."

"Better not let the Old Man hear it, then," growled the mate.

IN the chartroom Captain Porteus drank scalding black coffee, whipping his tired nerves to remain awake. He regarded the barometer gloomily. Now and then he strode to the chart table, and pored over it. Trouble rode him like a black dog. But when he returned to the settee, and took out and read for the twentieth time a long letter in a schoolgirl scrawl, the trouble would leave him for a moment—until he came to that part which he had been reading when Ben Jollif came enquiring for letters many weeks ago. Then not only the black dog of trouble climbed back upon him, but a hyæna of fury too.

". . and, Daddy, I've made friends with a splendid girl here. Bertha Jollif, her name is. Her daddy is in your ship, she says, and we are pals . . ."

"The upstart!" snarled Captain Porteus, crumpling the letter and shoving it into his inside pocket. He swallowed the rest of his coffee and buttoned up his oilskins. After sweating blood to put his girl to a fine, select school, where she would meet the daughters of fine, select people, she must go through all the crowd and make a chum of the pauper brat of a broken mate, put and kept at the school by benevolent friends of old Ben Jollif's palmier days! And that withered old fool, her father, never missed a chance to look at him with an eye which said plainly, "My brat's a pal of your daughter's, sir! Isn't that fine?"

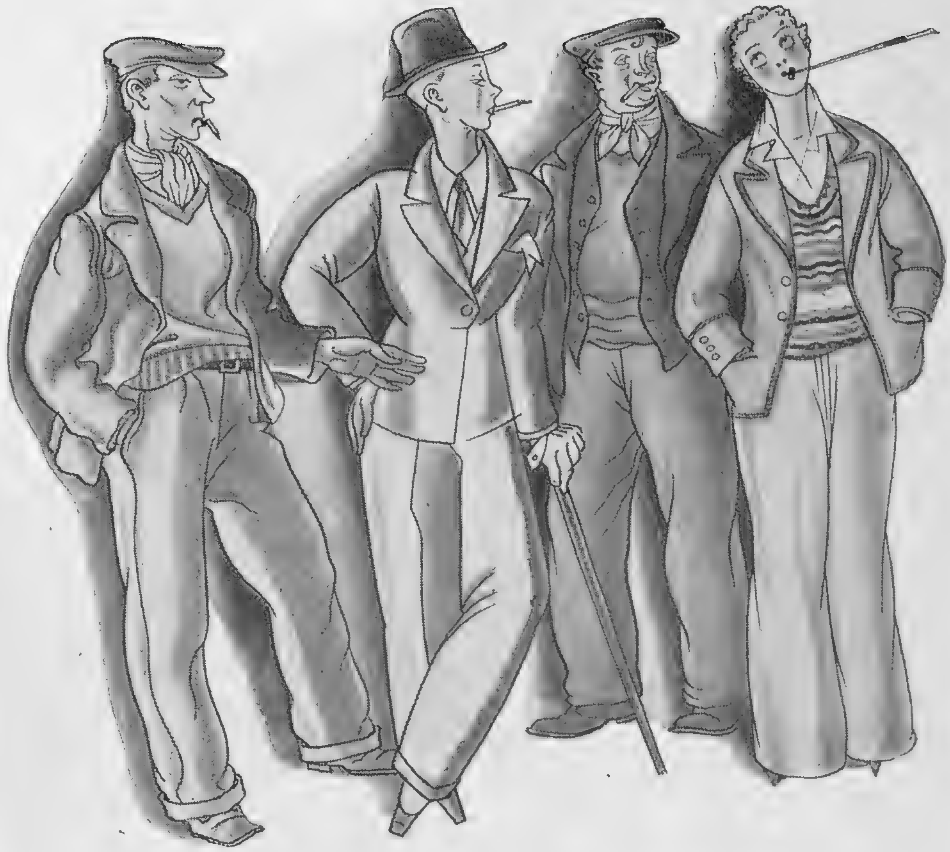
Porteus lurched out on deck and was forced to duck his head to the freezing squall that met him. He tried to face the wind, but could not. He sidled along to the wheel.

"What are you doing with the ship? Trying to roll her over?" he screamed. Ben glanced up at him, shaking his head. Ben's face was greyer, the iced brows almost blinded him, his lips quivered from sheer dropping fatigue; but a ghost of a smile struggled into life through all the weariness.

"Arms getting a bit stiff, sir—been here over five hours——" Ben gasped hoarsely. Porteus heard none of it. All he saw was that flickering smile—the smile that said boastfully: "Our girls are chums, sir! Isn't that fine?"

"Don't you (*Continued on page* 94)

Illustrated by John Austen



JOHN BULL'S

"YOUNG men," said the old man of the tribe. "Pah! Not what they were, not what they were." I might have retorted that the old gang also left much to be desired. But it was his club, I was his luncheon guest; and, anyway, I felt some sympathy for him. He had his cause for grouching. His grand-daughter was marrying a well-connected young man who, in grand-dad's view, ought to be in the Guards or doing some sound job of work. The youngster preferred, however, to live the life of a young blood about town on a small maternal allowance. "Don't know how he gets along," said the old man. I knew. Keen nose for a sharp deal, and no more compunction about skinning a pigeon at bridge than his remoter ancestors had in roasting a Jew. A young man of charm, but one to avoid in business dealings. "She'll regret it," grunted the elder. "These young fellers! Don't know what we're coming to. . . ."

I have been made aware for some considerable time that many serious-minded persons, without this elder's particular cause for personal perturbation, take his view. They think about the young, and the future, with disquiet. I have met men in the thirties who shake their heads, and men in the forties, like Noel Curtis-Bennett and Captain Herbert Buckmaster, who interest themselves energetically in boys' clubs and playing fields and the like, because they feel that somebody ought to do something. . . .

The women I meet do not seem to be so disturbed. "The poor darlings," is their usual comment on the sort of young men whom the male elders characterise by a hard, harsh term. Conceivably this female complacency largely explains the prevalence among youth of slackness, sloppiness, lack of enterprise, viciousness, lawlessness, recklessness of the wrong sort, softness, laziness, don't-care-ism and won't-work-ism, and a me-for-a-soft-time complex. Women have been coddling the young. They have been marrying the won't-works, encouraging the parasites, rewarding with smiles, money, favours and patronage the Borzoi-men, so pleasing to mammas and young women, so annoying to industrious fathers and employers. But that is by the way.

YOUTH phenomena has, of course, been worrying other countries besides this little island in the North Atlantic. In India (as in Ireland just after the war) youth has been pulling a gun. In China students destroyed two foreign ministers and finally pulled down Chiang-Kai-shek's government. It was a student demonstration ending in a clash with government troops in the Plaza de Mayo which precipitated the revolt against President Irogoyen in the Argentine. Peru and Chili have provided similar display of youthful ebullition. In Germany restless and disgruntled youth has found a rallying point in the Nazi movement, and provides Hitler with his storm battalions. Mussolini's march on Rome was only made possible by the enthusiasm of his youthful followers for the new Fascist creed, and the astute Duce sees to it that the most vigorous of the younger generation have an outlet for their energies in the *ballila* and the young Fascist military organisations. In Russia youth is being brought up in the new religion of communism, which may yet exercise a marked influence upon the whole world and modify men's ideas of the ideal state, as the French Revolution leavened white civilisation with the ideals of democracy.

England has been without such rallying points and such opportunities for its youth to find a vent for their animal spirits and energies. There have been attempts to form youth branches of the political parties—Young Tories, Young Liberals, Young Socialists. All have been a joke. The Mosley attempt to capture youth was the biggest joke of all. (Very expensive it must have proved for poor Sir Oswald, too.)

The English powers-that-be do not now fear that youth will seek to take political matters into its own hands, but rather that youth needs to be stimulated and encouraged to a bolder and more energetic course of individual action. They apprehend that youth is not shaping up as well as might be expected. They also feel that in the new world that is rolling from the cosmic foundry British youth will have to pull its socks up if it is going to hold on to the heritage accumulated at the expense of so much toil, blood and treasure by its forefathers.

The dole scandals during the Socialist régime showed that tens of thousands of English youths would rather draw the dole than work. At the other end of the social scale you find an equal proportion of young men who want to live like gentlemen of leisure on an allowance or on their patrimony.

Sweeping statements, which it may be as well to disentangle somewhat and examine in more detail. We will descend first into the social valleys and take note that the leaders in the Dartmoor prison riot were all ex-Borstal boys. This surprised most people. It did not, however, astonish those aware of the volume of crime among the young.

Adult crime has fallen heavily and is now well below pre-war level. The daily average of prisoners has dropped from 14,352 in 1913 to 7,938, and over the last 20 years 27 prisons have been closed as redundant; leaving only 29 of the original 56. On the other hand, juvenile crime has risen.

THE Home Office experts say that the bulk of the crimes of adventurousness and lawlessness are committed now by young criminals under 30—without doubt, the residuum of the thousands of juvenile offenders who in the war period ran wild and carried juvenile crime to its peak. The criminologists are not worrying about the mature, brutalised, dangerous recidivist, who, like the sex-murderer, is always with us. Reforming the young criminal is now the major problem occupying their energies. They are afraid of the gradual development of a gangster class here, recruited from the young. The last figures available show 546 delinquents under 16 sent to reformatories and 446 to industrial schools, while half of a total of 11,000 were placed under supervision. If the reformatory cases turn out like the young Dartmoor criminals we shall see England going Chicago within the next decade.

JOHN AUSTEN

"PUPS" . . . YOUTH UNDER THE MICROSCOPE

By C. Patrick Thompson

A MEASURE was lately introduced into Parliament to deal with this grave problem. Seven Cabinet Ministers backed it. Among other things, it prohibits juvenile courts being held in police courts or stations, provides for a panel of justices especially selected for their qualifications for dealing with juvenile cases, abolishes the power of courts to punish children by whipping, gives a parent or guardian the right to elect that a child shall get a jury trial, switches children under 10 from industrial schools to foster-parents, and allows a court to commit to a "fit person" instead of to a home a child or young person requiring care or protection.

The whole aim is to keep the boy from bad influences. The bad twist in boyhood or early youth is the cause of all the trouble. Criminologists disbelieve in original sin. They blame the slum street, the criminal contact, the bad influence in formative years.

As one rises in the social scale, one perceives that all men are brothers under their skin. The slum boy runs wild without discipline or good example, and he goes wrong, and often stays wrong. The country-house or Mayfair-mansion boy is coddled, effeminized, spoiled, and he develops into a waster of his patrimony, a remittance man, a slacker, a loose-liver, a clock-watcher, or another recruit for the enormous and growing class of young men who eke out a small income in card clubs, or live through or on women (who may be mothers, wives, platonic friends, or mistresses).

Most students of this phenomenon explain it by reference to the war. The Home Office criminologists say of the young gangsters and motor bandits: "As these young men were in 1915 of ages 7 to 16 they no doubt represent in part a residuum of the thousands of juveniles who in 1917 carried juvenile crime to its peak point, so that the problem represented by their continuance in crime may be regarded as a legacy of the war." The young men of the higher social classes—they run up to a *blasé* thirty—are likewise pups of the war litter. They were boys and youths in 1915–18, and most of them were spoiled by women whose maternity complex had been overstimulated by anxiety or the grief of losing elder sons. After 1918 they emerged into a world singularly bereft of virile young men. They were spoiled then by hostesses and by girls in those dance-mad, pleasure-crazy years. A girl would have to ring a dozen men sometimes before she could find an escort for a dance. Hostesses fought for the available young men like women scrambling for bargains at a remnant sale. Men who had done well out of the war wooed well-educated, presentable young men; they were a social asset at parties and about one's house.

Further, this young generation differed from other generations in that it had no elder brothers to set an example, keep it in its place, lick it into shape, tell it roughly not to be a fool. A million men England lost in four years of war, the flower of her manhood—and the bulk of them were young. The cream went in the early phase. They were the volunteer material of '14 and '15. The gap between youth and age was surprising in the social life of England after 1918.

AN investigator went down to Oxford at term opening this year and got a verdict on 1932 undergraduates from a composite jury of dons, tailors, restaurateurs, college porters and university officials. The consensus of opinion was that compared with his predecessors of the last ten years the new undergraduate has more brains, less money, more concentration, fewer women friends, and takes fewer drinks. The implication is that over the thirteen years since the war, students have had either more or less of the aforesaid things than was healthy.

Social investigators, contemplating distressful symptoms in the young of the higher and more fortunately situated classes, have in many cases blamed our much-praised public schools. There has lately been, in fact, a broad and sustained assault upon them. This assault is not confined now to young authors who as boys had a thin time at their schools, and subsequently, finding themselves beyond reach of the master's birch and the prefect's cricket stump, have written a nasty book to get their own back.

It was no less a personage than the Rev. Dr. Nairn, for 25 years head master of the famous Merchant Taylors' School, who recently described our great public schools as "strongholds of social exclusiveness and nurseries of snobbery." Shades of "Cavalcade"!

The Reverend Doctor points out that originally the public schools were founded to facilitate a mingling of all ranks for the purpose of education. Eton was founded to educate 25 poor grammar scholars; Harrow was founded by a wealthy tradesman to educate 30 poor boys of the parish; Winchester was founded to provide a humane education to 70 scholars, preferably poor. But those old purposes and ideals began to decay in the Victorian era, when social differences were accepted as part of an unchanging order. To-day a public school education is regarded more as a hallmark of gentility than as a testimonial of mental and moral preparedness for the battle of life.

Some of the upholders of the public school system, obliged to admit that something is wrong, blame the excessive cult of sport for the relative failure of public school boys to make good in the post-war world.

(*Continued on page 112*)

Smugglers Ahoy!

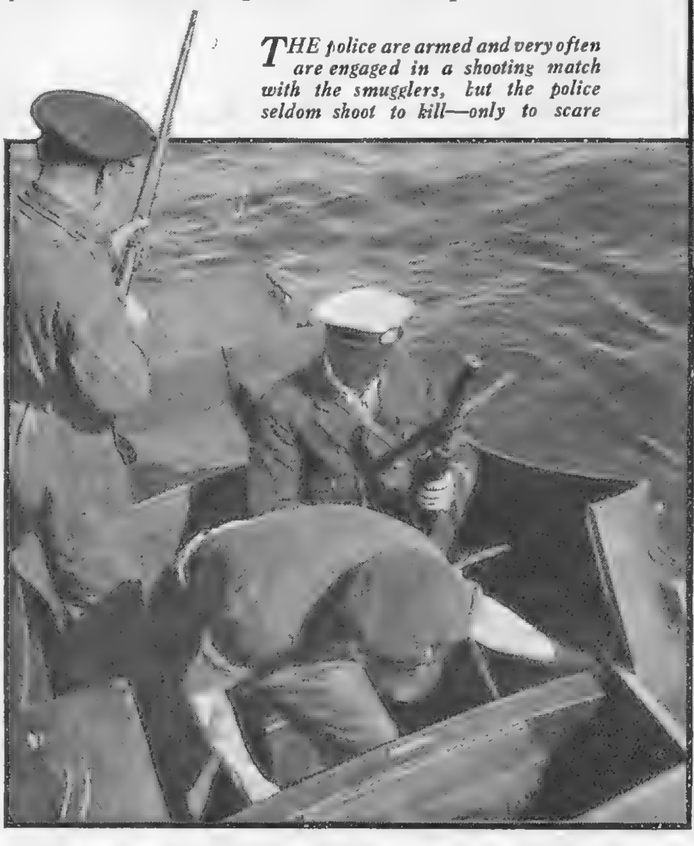
IN the opinion of those best qualified to judge, the existing economic and financial situation in Europe, and in the world generally, offers the prospect of a closer return to the golden age of smuggling which preceded, ran through, and succeeded the Napoleonic Wars, than any phase that has gone between, in the past hundred years. A vast secret drama is being enacted all about us at the present time.

The higher tariff walls go, the more will be "doing" in the smuggling line. Our own history tells us that off pat. Indeed, as Britain is certain to be a magnet to the smuggler in the immediate future, it may be as well, first of all, to cast back a moment, gaining perspective in our own connection——

Our earliest recorded smugglers, flourishing from after the Conquest well into the eighteenth century, were the "Owlers"—because of their midnight habits. Until about 1700, they concentrated almost entirely on wool—"stealing wool out of the country" in the near-Irish English which came to be fastened upon them. Why such a bulky commodity as wool? Because the export of raw wool to the Continent was forbidden in order to encourage native manufacture. Excellent for the weavers; the reverse for the growers, who could only sell a small portion of their product, at prices fixed by the manufacturers, and who sometimes had several years' accumulation of wool on their hands. And there were France and Holland simply aching for the stuff, just across the Channel! Romney Marsh was wool-smuggling headquarters on this side; Calais (ours into the fifteenth century) on the other. Death was the penalty, but the "Owlers" did not worry.

By 1750 the wool-runners had disappeared, to be succeeded by a much more formidable occult army engaged in smuggling tea, tobacco, brandy, silks and linens, and other commodities, chiefly necessities as distinct from "dispensables," into England. This famous business arose through heavy protective duties being imposed, not to shield industry but to pay for the wars of Marlborough and others of his glorious if expensive kin. Profits were great. The smugglers bought, for example, tea in Holland for 7d. a lb. and sold the same in England at from three to five shillings. French brandy was obtainable at £1 a four-gallon tub, which fetched five times the amount in England—and a lugger of well under forty tons could carry eighty tubs across channel in a few hours, to be met off the creeks by many-oared landing boats.

The smugglers were quite popular, especially with the poorer class, which went out of its way to aid "the gentlemen" on their way up through Norfolk, Surrey, Kent, Sussex, Hampshire, Cornwall, Devon. And it is interesting to remember that we speak here of disordered times, perhaps the nearest in texture to our own: unemployment, want, discontent, a freely disbanded upper class, the Continent upside down. Time for adventure, time for adventurers. However, in course of time, growing bloated and gloated, the smugglers began to terrorise the countryside, which gradually grew so hostile that "the gentlemen" forbade people even to look at them.



THE police are armed and very often are engaged in a shooting match with the smugglers, but the police seldom shoot to kill—only to scare

WITH the community as well as the coastguards and dragoons against them, "the gentlemen" did not last long and went either to Execution Dock or to the broad highway, for a new style, "humane" smuggler to succeed them. This was the jolly, guernsey-clad, bearded and pipe-puffing seaman with which legend has made us so familiar. He was "humane" and popular, and thrived until almost exactly a century ago—1833—but he was also the cause of greater damage to the British Treasury than any of his predecessors. For his was the golden age, above cited. He had a walk-over. At his advent, in Nelson's day, not fewer than 1,425 articles of import were subject to high duties on entering this country. Practically every blessed thing was barred. England wanted for everything, and it is related that "half the population consumed, used or wore some smuggled article." The expense of combating the traffic, in 1811, was £150,000 per annum (then a great sum), or 10 per cent. of the value of the import duties collected. It remained for the first fruits of Free Trade to reduce and finally to cut smuggling into this country down and down to a relative trifle. The process went on all through the nineteenth century, starting in 1832. Only brandy seems to have held on good and strong after that date (in one month alone, in 1833, 6,000 gallons were run in just from the Breton port of Roscoff).

THE police boats of the motor boats, which chase Hauling aboard one of the

Well, so much for our past picture, scarcely redundant, do we elect to weigh things then and now. To-day we have duties coming on apace, with the 10 per cent. tariff, with Mr. Runciman's "Abnormal Imports" free hand, with the steadily growing list of commodities subject to an impost of anything up to 100 per cent. We may soon be back to those 1,425 articles which were subject to duty during the Continental System. But it is necessary, in 1932, to scan further afield than tariffs. There are two other causes operating currently in favour of twentieth-century smugglers: Prohibition (or as good as) and the crazy exchange. These giraffe-like tariff walls that are mounting all about us almost as we sleep are, one understands, principally designed to their skyscraping, prohibitive dimensions that they may

Tariff walls, prohibition, high taxes on spirits, and rates of exchange, all tend to make the smuggler's life a happy one

By Ferdinand Tuohy

SEARCHING for tanks of spirits which the smugglers have sunk when pursuit by the police has become too hot

Baltic carry aboard several fast
any suspicious looking craft.
boats after a fruitless search

come down again after satisfactory bargaining with foreigners. But they are also there as an effort to try to give more home employment. In either case the result is freely one of virtual prohibition—the popular camouflage being "quota." France is now dug in behind so many "quotas" that it's as difficult as may be to get anything into the country. Parallelly, we British have such prohibitive taxes on domestic spirits that the brandy-running days of yore are well on the way again. The point I would make is that we have gone beyond tariffs and are definitely moving in that smugglers' dreamland of Prohibition. Some of us bolt and bar the door in search of revenue or in order to produce employment; others, in pursuit of a moral principle; it's all one to the smuggler. And, oddly, when I write "moral principle" I am not thinking of overwritten Rum-runners' Row, but of somewhere nearer home. How many know that a drama quite as thrilling as that of the U.S. bootleggers, if on a smaller scale, is being enacted nightly in the Baltic Sea? Finland latterly voted away Prohibition, yet the drama of smuggling alcohol into that country continues because it still pays. It also prospers in regard to Sweden and Norway, each of which rations spirits, but Finland is the big draw partly because the Finns push the crude, fierce stuff over into the neighbouring U.S.S.R. Finland, with a thousand miles of coastline flanked by islands, offers an ideal illicit import ground, and ourselves and the Germans are closely concerned. Four main syndicates now operate off Finland's Alcohol Row, their vessels lying just outside the 12-mile limit. These ships, with Greek and Persian names and home ports extending from Reval, Danzig and Kiel, round to Lerwick in the Shetlands (whence the smuggling vessel tragically wrecked off Bergen emanated), number over thirty, and there are four well-known directing kings of the game living ashore at Helsingfors, operating under other names and each "working" a certain number of the contraband vessels. Method of landing the stuff is simple enough. Fishermen worm their way in motor-craft through unfrequented channels, sidle up to the ship with which they have rendezvous, and attach a torpedo to their stern—and away shorewards again, in a twinkling. In the torpedo are anything from 24 to 48 two-gallon cans in a long double row; and if things come to the worst the fisherman cuts the tow line and appears as an innocent man to the pursuing revenue craft, clipping along at 33 knots to the smuggler's abject 12 or 15. Nor has he lost his torpedo, either, in the majority of cases. Each torpedo is fitted with a cork float which comes to the surface after six hours' immersion. In theory, the smuggler waits until the coast is clear and then returns, connects up again with his torpedo, and tows it ashore to a lorry waiting in the snow. But it doesn't always work out so, the sea bottom imprisoning the torpedo on occasion, while the revenue chasers also sometimes spot the float first. This swells the Government's capture of 200,000 gallons (last year). But it is estimated that in all a million gallons are run in. About 100,000 gallons are sunk for ever, leaving profits to be illicitly earned on 700,000 gallons. How these profits mount up may be gleaned from the fact that what the smuggling syndicates acquire wholesale at a few pence a quart, fetches five times the amount from the paying-on-the-waters fishermen.

It still goes on, with Prohibition voted out. That is, perhaps, what some of us should bear in mind; that all an organised smuggling industry requires is liquor taxation high enough to be undersold at a profit.

SO far, then, we have observed the obvious chances offered to the smuggler by exceptional tariffs and by prohibition, whether openly advertised as such or not. We now come to the topsy-turveydom of the exchange, making things dear in one country and possibly dirt cheap in a neighbouring land. World prices for commodities have vanished. There are countries anchored to gold (and not only these) where this and that cost the very deuce, while next door—just over yonder frontier—the same commodities are available for half the money or even less. This is happening all round Europe to-day.

Life in Germany is twice and thrice as hard for the housewife as in Holland and Belgium. For instance, sugar costs 2d. a pound in Holland and more than double that in the Reich, while the ratio in regard to

(*Continued on page* 106)

A POLICE patrol motor-launch keeping watch on a rum-runner in the Baltic, to prevent smugglers from visiting the vessel and bringing off the contraband cargo

PAYMENT...

Louis Gallot
Cutie Casson

Decline and Fall: David Sterling—"Jacques Stollin"

CRIME PASSIONEL

A Drama of Decline and Fall, Father and Son, Murder and... Atonement

By

MARK CHANNING

Illustrated with photographs by

Peter North

WHAT was once David Neville Sterling, M.A.Cantab., and now called itself "Jacques Stollin," came every night to Père Baillou's dive, in the cellars of the ninth house on the left as you enter the Rue Maboule. The *Sûreté* call it "The Devil's Waiting Room."

"Papa Jacques" played Baillou's jangly piano when Louis Gallot—the best knife-thrower in the underworld—sang certain scandalous songs which the old reprobate composed for him.

Stollin finished mixing his tenth absinthe with the meticulous care of a connoisseur, and raising red-rimmed eyes, looked at his companion.

"To our approaching retirement, my dear Louis!" he said in a low, hoarse voice.

Gallot looked at him loweringly. This round-shouldered, shabby travesty of Father Christmas seemed to be drunker than usual.

"What the devil do you mean?" he queried.

"Precisely what I said, my young friend!" mumbled Stollin, wiping a bearded mouth with the back of his hand. "To-night we give up burglary once and for all!" He spoke patiently, scratching a shock of dirty grey hair. "My scheme is a perfect inspiration—and also it is time we stroked the cat's back for a bit! . . . Chief-Inspector Brunot was inquiring after you this morning. Did you know that?"

His companion tugged viciously at his neckerchief.

"I know you're the biggest liar *le Bon Dieu* ever created, you old sponge! . . . But this also I tell you! If ever we do get a big slice of luck, I'm going to eat mine by myself! I've often thought I'd get on better without you."

He blew a cloud of Caporal smoke at the lamp overhead, and spat contemptuously.

Stollin's shallow blue eyes puckered, as if with pain.

"We've been poor together," he said gloomily, fingering his glass. "Why separate when we are rich? Here's to our success together!"

Their partnership had begun the day the youngster left the semi-military orphanage which had dragged him up. The two had collided outside the big gates . . . with the usual Gallic apologies. . . . Did he want a job? Stollin had asked. Père Baillou happened to need a pot-boy. . . .

That was nine years ago. Since that day, a master-mind had taught the young apache English, house-breaking and the tonic-sol-fa, the first of these accomplishments being germane to a flourishing side-line in tourists' pocket-books.

This suggestion of a separation frightened Stollin. He was getting too old to fight life alone, he felt. And the boy's next remark made matters worse.

"You're getting too old for your job! Drink has finished you, you old camel!" He flicked the empty bottle with a horny finger-nail.

The thing that was Sterling shrugged its shoulders. It felt injured.

"That's the way you dirty French show your gratitude!" he snarled.

Gallot let the remark pass. Any other man would have been knifed for it.

"Some people who boast about the English cocks in their farm-yard aren't too polite themselves!" he retorted sombrely.

Stollin was staring into vacancy. With him, clear thinking and sobriety were things invariably in inverse ratio to one another. When he was sober he couldn't think at all, and when he was very drunk he thought too much.

With an effort he pulled himself together.

"English blood is the best blood in

the world—young idiot that you are! It breeds what we call 'sportsmen.' But let it go wrong, and I'll admit it's the most hellish handicap on God's earth! You can't tell me anything about that!"

Gallot nodded. He had understood the first remark. English blood—it was good. The English were champions at football, and, before Carpentier came along, the finest boxers in the world. When the Orphanage authorities had once told him he was the illegitimate son of a gunner sergeant in the B.E.F., he had felt thrilled. . . . They'd said nothing about his mother, though. They seldom mentioned mothers in there, the war had made those *petites mères* so numerous—so numerous. . . .

"Listen, Louis!" said Stollin gravely. "Before we become rich I want to tell you something: Keep clear of women! They ruined me. . . . And I suppose I ruined more than one or two of them . . . . but what else are they for? . . . All the same, I tell you, here and now, that no woman is going to ruin your life, if old Papa Jacques can help it! No, by God!—ungrateful though you are."

He wept a little. He had dropped a *sou*.

"Women are all right if you know how to treat them!" snickered Gallot. "Give me a pretty woman to sing to, every time!"

The shallow blue eyes hardened, and again stared into the void. Women! . . . With every living man it was the same thing. *Women!* There had been many in his own smashed-up life, though—of all nationalities. . . . He'd never missed taking his fun where he found it. . . . The last but one of them had been a red-headed chorus girl who had ruined him in the old, time-dishonoured way—piling on to the roaring bonfire she made of his respectability a music lectureship at Cambridge, and a comfortable fortune.

Whenever he thought of it all (which wasn't often) he was glad he was the last of his line. . . .

"Well—what about this new gold-mine scheme of yours, you old fool?" queried Gallot impatiently.

Unanswered, he started to pick his teeth, sucking in the air between them with a sharp hissing sound after each jab of the tooth-pick.

"For God's sake stop making that noise!" exploded Stollin, angrily. "How many times have I told you that it is only men who have no real interest in life who pick their teeth audibly? You never hear me do it."

Snatching up a newspaper, he wrestled with it angrily. "Listen to this:

"'. . . *Miss Cutie Casson, the famous English music-hall star, who is fulfilling her first engagement in Paris, is spending the week-end in Le Touquet.*' . . .

"Doesn't that give you an idea? It ought to."

"It gives me one about you!" said Gallot sarcastically, pushing his cap to the back of his head. He was bored. He was always bored when the *vieux* Jacques was knocked-out by the "Green Devil."

"It'll be nice to be rich, Louis!" gritted Stollin through clenched teeth, as he tried to tear out the paragraph about Miss Cutie Casson without halving the lady's face in the process.

Gallot sneered.

"So I'm to buy a couple of first class tickets, pack your gold-mounted dressing-case, and drive down to the station in our new limousine. Is that it? Pah! You old madman!"

"*La Casson* wears a wheelbarrow-load of jewellery," supplemented Stollin, loose-mouthed. "They're what I'm after!"

Gallot threw away the tooth-pick.

"That's better! Where does she hang out?"

"Number 203, rue Jean Goujon," said Stollin dourly, hammering the table.

SNATCHING up a newspaper, he wrestled with it angrily. "Listen to this: 'Miss Cutie Casson, the famous English music-hall star, who is fulfilling her first engagement in Paris, is spending the week-end in Le Touquet'"

His companion seized his wrist. He knew the ways of absinthe with a man.

"No, you don't!" he exclaimed sharply. "We've got an appointment to keep, now! Up you get!"

THE window of No. 203, rue Jean Goujon had presented no difficulties.

Stealthily, and by slow inches, they edged along a softly-carpeted passage and opened a door. A tiny click. The electric torch had gone wrong.

"Tss!" breathed Stollin. "Someone's here!"

The next second the room was flooded with light.

A handsome, red-haired woman was sitting up in a big four-poster bed.

Cutie Casson!

There was no mistaking that poster-famous flaming head of hair.

Resting on her drawn-up knees was the barrel of a business-like automatic.

"Well?" she said, fixing Stollin with a pair of hot brown eyes, "so you thought I was at Le Touquet! You damned old swine!"

For the second time in his life Jacques Stollin felt his reason rocking. Like a hunted rat jabbing its nose into a rubbish heap in search of a hiding-place, his mind sought to evade a sharp-toothed memory—a memory which shouted at him that Cutie Casson and the chorus-girl of Cambridge days were one and the same person.

Pale to the lips, he looked at Gallot. The youngster was staring at her fascinatedly. . . . Animal desire, naked and unashamed . . . in both of them.

"Speak up!" said the occupant of the bed sharply to Stollin, her eyes on the junior partner's face. "What have you to say, you old goat? *What d'you want to drag a kid like that into your dirty work for?*"

Something was stirring in Jacques Stollin. Something that was a little good and greatly evil. It was linked with respectability, and the fear of other men's eyes. . . . What if she were to recognise him?

"Hélas, Madame!" he said in purposely broken English. "Hélas! that you should be right! . . . But believe me, the reason for this visit is one that a *grande artiste* like you will surely appreciate. . . . We, also, are *artistes*—we have *chansons*—songs—that would make us famous, if all *directeurs* weren't *canaille*."

"I've never seen *you* before," she cut in, as if she had not heard him. "But the boy—I have seen him somewhere, surely? Haven't I?"

Her look was still riveted on Gallot's flushed face.

Stollin's brain was working feverishly. He saw possibilities in the situation.

"Madame!" he said loudly, his imagination spurred on to unbelievable audacity by this intimate proximity to a woman he had once worshipped. "My young *ami*, he adores you! He is crazy about you! . . . He is but an *enfant*, Madame! He is romantic. . . . Young people have a right to desires that are 'daring,' I think you say in Engleesh, no? He could not meet you, therefore I have brought him to see you!"

He wondered if she would swallow it. She had seemed to listen attentively, now and then shrugging a white shoulder in an effort to make a ridiculously narrow blue satin ribbon stay on—or slip off—a certain polished curve.

Her silence disquieted Stollin.

". . . *C'est tout!*" he said suddenly. It was half-reminder—half-peroration.

At that the red-haired lady laughed stagily.

"Poppycock!" she snapped. "Speak English."

Twenty years on the stage in England and America had made Cutie Casson's knowledge of men unpleasingly complete. She knew that neither of these men would harm her. The old one with the hock-bottle shoulders was afraid of her. As for the handsome youngster, built like a Greek god—she and he understood one another.

By now the ridiculous ribbon had slipped, and Gallot, seeing several polished curves, moved slightly. Stollin's throat was dry with fear. Why had she said "Speak English"? There was no recognition in her eyes. His arms were beginning to ache from holding them up so long.

Gallot was looking at a filmy something of silk and lace that lay over the back of a ridiculous white-enamelled chair near the long mirror.

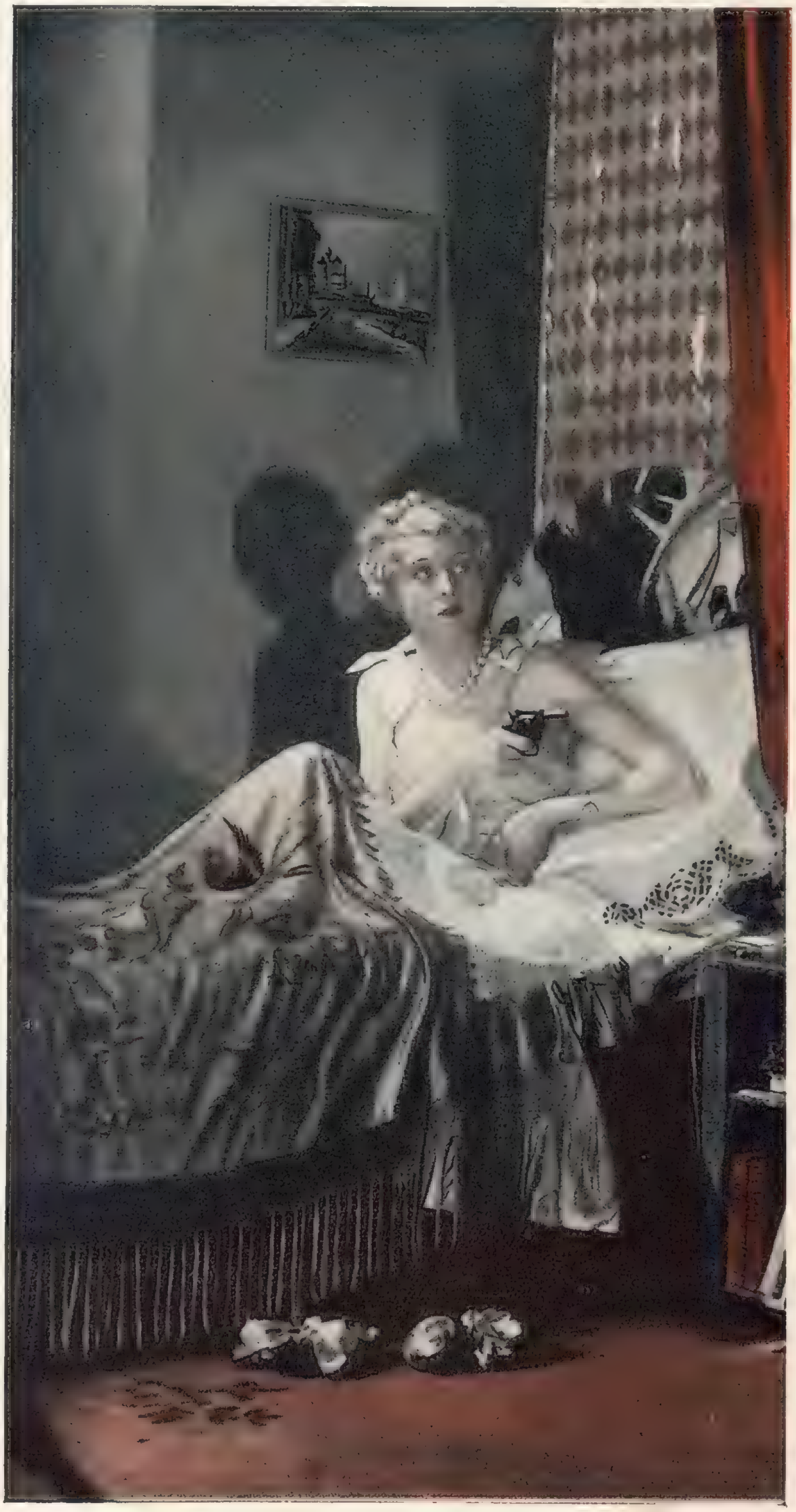
Swiftly a pair of long, shapely legs were swung out of the tumbled bed and stretched nakedly towards a pair of diminutive feathered slippers.

"Put down your hands, and go into the next room—both of you! . . . I'm going to trust you—because I've got something to say to you. . . . The drinks and eats 'll be along in a minute, boy friend!"

Her last remark was for Gallot's benefit.

Stollin would have jumped at an invitation to walk naked into a pool packed tight with man-eating alligators, if by doing so he could have escaped from what he felt sure was going to happen. But there was nothing to be done. The way she jabbed the bell-push before they turned said as plainly as if she had spoken the words: "Beware of trifling with me!"

Also, the business-like automatic was still in her hand.



"He could not meet you,

"THE way of a man with a maid" is generally accepted to be one apogee of human mystification. But the way of this woman with two thieves had it beaten to a frazzle.

After the third bottle of champagne, an amorous and uproariously hilarious Miss Casson announced to her guests—one of whom was equally hilarious and even more amorous, and the other tigerishly watchful—her decision to take Louis Gallot as her partner on the Paris halls.

The sum she mentioned as salary made even Stollin's tense mind reel when he heard it.

As he ambled home alone in the dawn, he intoned the first of the twelve songs he was going to write for them so loudly that he had an awkward five minutes with a couple of policemen.

It was about a tramp who decided to have a bath.

CUTIE CASSON'S "adoption" of Gallot desolated Stollin. Every day his hatred and distrust of this woman deepened. He did not see her often. "Go and eat yourself!" she would say to him, impolitely enough. He was useful—yes; for he wrote the songs which made Paris tolerate her. In her eyes, however, he was a kind of dependable, unpleasant-looking, working ant.

One day he received an invitation from her to a *tête-à-tête* dinner. And it was not surprise which caused him to take just over four hours to dress for it.

Going to her as he was going seemed like being invited to stand by a spattered and begrimed window to look out upon a rain-swept flower garden which he knew he could never enter, and would never see again.

On his way to her flat he reviewed the situation. So far, she had not recognised him. It was not surprising. An illness had changed his voice into a hoarse croak; he had grown a beard; gone grey; and his once florid face was now thin, lined, and sallow. . . . He knew she didn't like him. Therefore, she could only have sent for him to make use of him—as usual. Well, let her make use of him. But not of Gallot. The youngster had gone raving mad about her. And that opened up dangerous possibilities. He knew Louis—his middle name was "Murder." If this woman didn't give him a square deal, the things that were likely to happen in consequence were conspicuously stencilled with the outline of a life-sized guillotine.

Over the dessert she told him the reason for the invitation.

Married for the third time, she hated her husband and wanted to get rid of him. Failing that, she wanted him stopped from spying on her—which he was doing with uncommendable thoroughness, it seemed.

"To-morrow the little rat comes to Paris, Monsieur Stollin," she said, flashing white teeth at him. "What am I to do? Now, you are clever! You must think of a plan. You must put an end to it for me—somehow." There was a faint line between her darkened eyes as she looked at him. "Louis doesn't know I'm married. And I don't want him to know—yet! He's so hellishly hot-tempered — and I hate domestic scenes! They don't help an artiste's publicity one little bit, if the man isn't somebody else's jealous husband!"

"Why not make Monsieur divorce you?" said Stollin, tilting his wineglass dangerously. "It should be *facile*—that!"

He croaked—his nearest approach to a laugh.

She glanced over her shoulder as if afraid of being overheard.

"It is not easy! He has sworn he will never free me. He's useful to me in some ways. . . . But I wish you knew how jealous he is!

therefore I have brought him to see you"

"Did anyone see you come in?" he asked, turning to Gallot

If I were to tell Louis half the things he says he'll do to me, the boy would kill him. And do you know, Monsieur Stollin," she continued, impaling a *marron glacé* on the tip of a tiny gilt fork and conveying it to her mouth, "it would break my heart if anything were to happen to Louis. . . I know you're fond of him. . . Oh, he has told me!" she said archly, helped by her eyebrows. "So you will be helping us both, you see."

Pouring out a half-tumblerful of Napoleon brandy, Stollin drank it off.

"I have a solution," he announced solemnly.

"You'll kill him?"

The glitter in her eyes made him wince.

"Perhaps," he said, still more solemnly. "Would you marry Louis—if you were free?"

He was watching her intently.

"Me, marry Louis! Hell, but you're funny!" she exclaimed, pushing back her chair. "You'll make me swear in a minute. I've just told you my opinion of marriage, haven't I? Get your fuddled brain to work. You know as well as I do that the day an artiste ties a husband round her neck she kicks her market value down the foyer staircase with her dainty little 'threes'! . . . Besides, I'm off to New York next week. And I've a very good-looking young partner waiting for me. . . It saves travelling expenses—and complications—that arrangement. . . No, young Louis will have to paddle his own canoe. I'll be glad enough to see him again, of course—when I come back."

The twist of her scarlet mouth and the quick underlook she gave him might have meant many things. Her eyes were curiously secret now. She was flicking the water in her finger-bowl with over-reddened nails. To Stollin they looked like drops of blood.

A white-hot fury was creeping through his veins. This woman was once more playing with a man's love as a cat plays with a mouse it has maimed.

"I think I could get him a small contract for the provinces," he said smoothly. "Perhaps before it is terminated something might have . . . happened . . . to your husband."

"Something might much more likely happen to me, you damned old fool! I might have known you'd be no use. Get out! Go and eat yourself!" she shouted at him. And bursting into tears, she rang for her maid.

THE following day Stollin bought a pocket Browning.

His mind was made up. He was going to kill her.

When he sounded young Louis about giving her up, the boy had very nearly struck him. He would, he said, kill anyone who tried to come between them. So that worked out what *his* role would be, if it came to trouble.

Clearly what had to be done it was up to "Papa Jacques" to do.

A savage purposefulness—the grim determination of the Rugger forward on a soggy ground—had taken possession of Jacques Stollin. He saw quite clearly that she intended to do to Louis just what she had done to a man named David Neville Sterling years before. She was going, coolly and deliberately, to throw this lad over to those ravenous wolves, Regret and Despair.

He turned the eyes of his mind away from what he saw as the result of it all.

He was going to kill her to-night. It was her own fault. She'd chosen to give him a double wrong to avenge, and avenged they should both be. He had sent Gallot to Lyons on a lying pretext about a possible provincial contract. He wished it was all over and done with.

As he was about to slip the skeleton key into the lock of the flat he heard footsteps on the inside. Someone was in a hurry.

He flattened himself against the wall just as the door opened.

On the threshold, haggard and dishevelled, stood Gallot. Stollin went up to him.

"What's happened, Louis?" he asked hoarsely.

The lad's face was as white as his shirt front.

"I've killed her husband!" he gasped, without looking at him.

"We've got to get away from here—immediately! Did you pass anybody as you came up?"

"I didn't 'come up'—I came 'through,'" whispered Stollin, glancing at the window at the end of the corridor.

Pushing him back into the hall, he closed the door.

"Pull yourself together, and tell me exactly what happened," he said sternly.

Gallot ran a finger round the inside of his collar.

"She 'phoned me he was coming. He was with her when I arrived, and mad with jealousy. He'd beaten her, and when I came in he was threatening to kill her. So I knifed him. She wants me to leave her and get away. I was going for a taxi. . . But she's got to come with me, I tell you. I'll carry her down if she won't come."

Stollin's brain, thanks to three-quarters of a bottle of absinthe, was working at racing speed. Gallot was suffering badly from nerves. Well, that was going to help matters—for already the senior partner had made up his mind what was to happen.

"Can't you *make* her come with me?" said Gallot seizing him by the lapels.

"Why should I?" demanded Stollin, gently disengaging himself. "She doesn't love you. I know her—type."

"I tell you I can't live without her," cut in Gallot. "If she won't come, I'll give myself up."

For a minute Stollin stood motionless. The world had turned upside down.

"Good!" he said abruptly. "Go back to her. I will follow."

With a certain stateliness, "Papa Jacques" entered the drawing-room. By the fireplace stood the woman. Her face was like death. She was blazing with jewels. In her eyes was something he had never seen there before—an agonised pleading.

"Thank God you've come. You'll save Louis!" she cried, stretching out beringed hands. "I love him. I didn't realise what he meant to me. He didn't know. I should have told him. It is all my fault. For God's sake do something to help him!"

Sombrely Stollin contemplated the woman and the boy.

These two were the only beings for whom he had ever felt something which uncomfortably resembled that (as he called it) "displeasing illusion called 'Love.'"

They were both speaking the truth. He sensed that definitely. Well, since they loved one another they held the winning cards.

"*Where is he?*" The usually grating voice was curiously quiet.

Her eyes answered him.

He walked to the curtains in front of the bedroom door, and as he let them fall together again he shuddered.

The handle of the knife sticking out between the dead man's shoulder-blades was the one he had given to Gallot.

"We're lost! We'll be caught—Louis and I! Oh, my God! Why did he do it?" She spoke in a high-pitched whisper.

"Calm yourself, madame"—Stollin's voice was like deep, icy water. "I am going to save you both—if you will do what I tell you. Louis, you and this lady must go away from here at once, and stay away until . . . to-morrow. Leave everything to me. I will arrange——"

Once more he looked from one to the other of them, as a man condemned to death might look at his judges.

"Did anyone see you come in?" he asked, turning to Gallot.

They shook their heads.

"Have you telephoned since you came in?"

Once more, negation.

"Put on your cloak, madame," he commanded, indicating a sable wrap on the back of the chair beside her. "There is not a moment to lose."

Mechanically she reached for it, her other hand groping for Gallot's. She was staring at Stollin with a strange intentness.

"When did it happen?" he questioned, at the same time avoiding her eyes. The agony in them, and something else besides, appalled him.

(*Continued on page 91*)

FILM stars in their hundreds flock to the Puppet Theatre—El Teatro Torito—to see themselves as marionettes. Here is a puppet of that popular star, Ruth Chatterton

SEVEN MIRACLES

A Story about some of the most interesting things in Hollywood

By MARGARET CHUTE

MOVIELAND begins where the long trains pull into the sprawling Santa Fé railway station of Los Angeles. There is the vast gasometer, with its staring announcement —"L. A. Gas Supply." There is the City Hall, raising its thirteen graceful stories towards the marine-blue sky. There are the great hotels; the stores, as big, as busy as any in London's West End; the markets, with their teeming package-laden crowds. It is there that Movieland begins, right in the heart of the City of the Angels.

The core of Los Angeles is the old-world Plaza, in the centre of the Chinese and Japanese quarter, with Mexico stroking the fringe of oriental garments. The Plaza, with its ancient Court House and Mission, marks the beginning of one of the largest cities in the world. Once upon a time that Mission, with its clanging bell, that Court House, with its courtyard and its welcome shade, were all that could be called "Los Angeles." Round this simple beginning the vicious, hard-working city of to-day has struggled into difficult birth; and with it Movieland has taken its place among the things that count.

A few steps from the Plaza may be found one of the many miracles of present-day Movieland. Although on the map Hollywood is eight or nine miles from Los Angeles and its sleepy Plaza, in reality the two cities are one. Movies, and the making thereof, scatter their seeds all over the town; here, in the shape of half a dozen lorries, laden with cameras and tripods; there, with a bunch of actors holding up traffic at some busy corner, or driving at a frantic pace through the crowded streets. And again, in the cool restaurants of the famous Spanish Street, just off the Plaza: the street where movie stars stroll in the evening, eating Enchilladas fresh from queer iron stoves, buying bags of candied melon or orange or cactus.

HARRY BURNETT, who runs El Teatro Torito, situated in the Spanish Street in Los Angeles, with some of his puppets of famous film stars

A GROUP taken on the son of Mr. Ramsay the Hollywood Breakfast de Mond (President of the Virginia Bruce, Alastair

The Spanish Street sings "Romance" in every inch of its cobbled roadway, down which no wheeled traffic may pass. The lazy beauty of Spain and Mexico lurks behind vivid blankets flung across balconies, smiles from the eyes of Spanish and Mexican girls who sway over the cobble stones, arm-in-arm, singing to the guitars of tall youths who stride behind them.

IT is old, this queer street — perhaps a hundred and twenty years, perhaps more. After the crude modernity of Los Angeles it feels like stepping back into a past century to park a car, and walk by the stone cross that guards the entrance to Olvera Street, which is never spoken of as anything but "The Spanish Street." Along each side of the narrow road are stalls, with gay merchandise spilling itself over the stones. Pottery, rough but exquisitely coloured; painted gourds; stacks of candied fruits; rugs, blankets, curios; odd Mexican straw horses, each with his still more odd straw man, mounted precariously on a sloping back.

All the sales-folk are Mexican or

# of MOVIELAND

The Puppet Theatre — The Breakfast Club — The Hollywood Bowl — The Chinese Theatre — Beverly Hills — The Beaches—The Assistance League

HOLLYWOOD BOWL, a natural amphitheatre in the heart of the hills to the north of Hollywood, that seats 25,000 people. During the summer months concerts are given, varied by operas and ballet. On Easter Sunday a Sunrise Service is held

morning when Alastair MacDonald, MacDonald, was guest of honour at Club. Reading left to right: Maurice club), Vivian Duncan, Thelma Todd, MacDonald and Rosetta Duncan

Spanish. Tamales, Chili con Carne, Enchilladas, are all being made by sloe-eyed women at funny iron stoves standing on counters. Half-way down the street, on the right, is the old Abode House—the oldest house in Filmland. It has been preserved, intact, as it was when the pilgrims and the priests marched from San Diego to San Francisco, founding missions as they went. To-day the old house with its walls of mud bricks, dun-coloured, is used as a museum. Across the road is the Puppet Theatre—*El Teatro Torito*—hidden inside a flagged courtyard, flanked by shops selling books and curios.

It is a tiny theatre; and there three young men give puppet shows, nearly all the year round, to crowded audiences. Film stars go there in their hundreds, partly to see themselves as marionettes, partly to enjoy a marvellously artistic show. The men who run this theatre make all their own puppets, write all their own revues and sketches, play the piano, sing, and work the marionettes. They always start with presentations of various screen celebrities; they show—in puppet form—such stars as Ruth Chatterton, Marie Dressler, George Arliss, Gary Cooper, Charlie Chaplin, Greta Garbo.

On the red walls of the miniature theatre signatures are scrawled in white chalk; they are the names of every celebrity in Hollywood to-day, with others, representing music, literature, art, from many countries. Next to the Puppet Theatre is a famous Spanish restaurant, decorated with scarlet and pink geraniums cascading from flower pots painted every hue of the rainbow. In this restaurant it is possible to eat Spanish food, while on a platform in one corner Spanish girls in trailing dresses stamp their heels and click their castanets to the throbbing music of Spain.

Between the Spanish Street and Hollywood itself it is possible to pause awhile at another miracle of Movieland. This is the Breakfast Club, close to Griffith Park—the club that is unique and not to be forgotten. Inside the Pavilion of Friendship—which is the Clubhouse—about eight hundred men and women have breakfast together at 8 o'clock every Wednesday morning. The thing started as a small Riding Club; a group of film actors and business men met at Griffith Park for a morning ride, before seeking studios and offices for the day's labour. They developed the habit of calling at a small cottage for ham, eggs, and coffee after their ride; and from that the Breakfast Club, with several thousand members, came into existence.

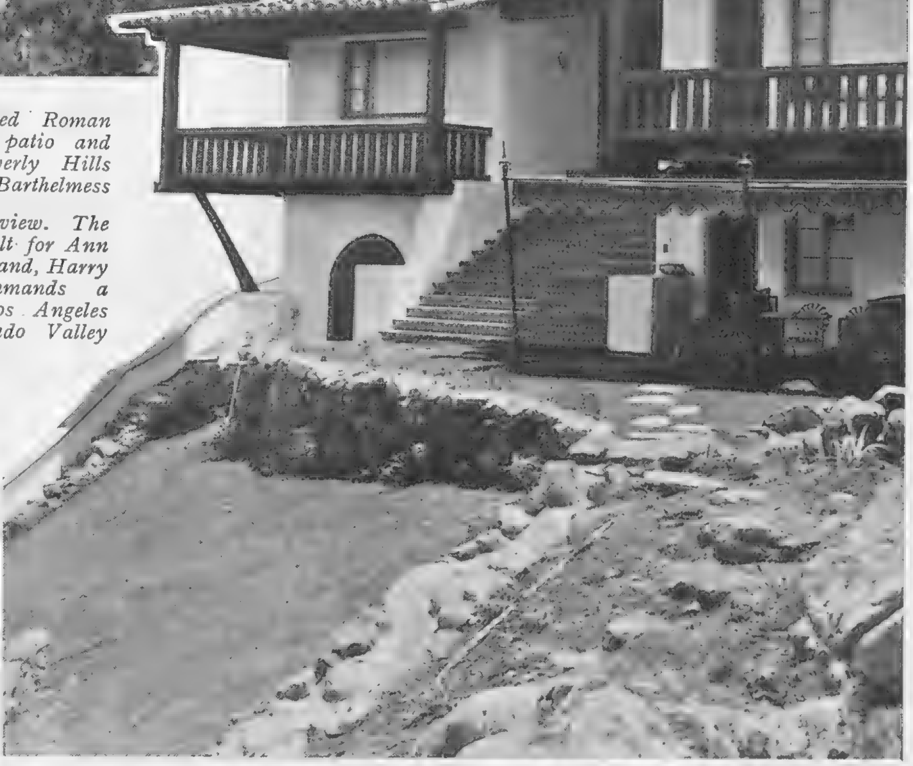
The only trouble about this club is the fact that going there entails an early morning start. Hollywood is five miles away, and it is necessary to get to the

A VIEW taken from the stage of the famous Chinese Theatre in Hollywood Boulevard. The cement flagstones in the forecourt of this theatre bear imprints of the hands, feet and signatures of many famous film stars club a trifle before eight o'clock if you wish to see things from the start, find a decent seat, and join in the singing of the Ballad of Ham and Eggs, with which proceedings open every week. There is a high platform at one end of the huge hall; an orchestra is installed there, to play bright music while the Breakfast Clubbers and their guests assemble.

There is a microphone facing the president's seat at the high table; loudspeakers project from every pillar right down the hall, and are found in the patio beyond, where overflow tables are put up nearly every week. Guests of honour attend, make speeches, get photographs taken, and go away feeling they have seen something unlike any other thing of its kind in the world.

On the morning ex-President Coolidge and Mrs. Coolidge breakfasted at the club over five thousand breakfasts were served. I have heard famous authors, famous singers, famous actors, famous physicians, famous politicians, famous clergymen, talk into that microphone in front of the high table. I have listened to concerts, following breakfast and speeches, that could not have been bought for any kind of cheque. To be asked to entertain at Hollywood's Breakfast Club is an honour that is appreciated by celebrities in every walk of life who find themselves, at some time or other, in the place where films are made. When the last white-jacketed waiter, with his smiling dark face and crinkly hair, has deposited the last plate of ham and eggs before its prospective customer, when the last song has been sung, the last speech applauded and the simple creed of the club spoken by the president, there is a quick departure to the patio for photographs. And then the crowd disperses, to office, studio, ranch, or orange grove, fitter and better prepared for the day and what it may bring.

BRIGHTLY coloured Roman tiles enhance the patio and stairway of the Beverly Hills home of Richard Barthelmess



A HOUSE with a view. The new home just built for Ann Harding and her husband, Harry Bannister. It commands a sweeping view of Los Angeles and the San Fernando Valley

IN the heart of the hills to the north of Hollywood there is a natural amphitheatre so large that it seats 25,000 people. It is known as the Hollywood Bowl; and there, during the summer months, it is possible to attend a series of "Concerts under the Stars." Sometimes the concerts will be varied by an opera, a ballet, an open-air play. Week by week conductors whose names are familiar in every music-loving land step out to the desk in front of the shell-backed platform to conduct a magnificent orchestra.

A Concert under the Stars is something worth hearing. My first summer in Hollywood found me attending one such concert, on the recommendation of Ronald Colman. His advice took me right to the top of the amphitheatre, where the seats come to an end and the grass grows long. A rug spread wide, the blue-black sky above with its twinkling stars; and music flung into the air by invisible fingers, stealing up and up, mystic, miraculous. That is the way to listen to the concerts this Bowl provides. Never to look at programme or players; just to be still, in the warm darkness, and listen.

EVERY Easter Sunday there is a Sunrise Service in the Bowl. I have been there twice for this service, and it has moments of real greatness. During the night, armed with rugs and flasks of hot coffee, twenty-five thousand people find their way to the Bowl, by car, train and tram. As dawn rises behind the grey hills trumpeters, far away, sound Reveille. It is uncanny, in the cold, clear light; the sound swings round the hushed, crowded Bowl, is caught by the silent hills and thrown back again. The sun, rose-red, rises high behind the crumpled panorama; and twenty-five thousand men and women stand, singing, in the radiance of the morning.

Along Hollywood Boule-

THE swimming pool in the beautiful garden of Buster Keaton's house in Beverly Hills. The house in which this film star lives is a Californian version of some Doge's palace vard, almost opposite the popular twelve-story Roosevelt Hotel, is the Chinese Theatre. This extraordinary building—so bizarre that it is hard to believe it is real—has been in existence since 1927. I was present at the opening night, when four thousand celebrities fought and pushed to get inside, sat for three hours listening to speeches and watching *The King of Kings*, and then battled their way out again, under the glare of dozens of searchlights and the turning of movie cameras.

The Chinese Theatre is oriental, from the pagoda-like top of its curious roof to the costumes worn by the girls who show patrons to their seats and the boys who call cars after the show. The chief point of interest, to my mind, is the forecourt, across which some of the most famous feet in the world have walked during the past five years. This is decorated with immense pillars of scarlet lacquer each side of the main entrance to the theatre; it boasts several graceful palms, in gargantuan tubs; and its cement flagstones bear imprints of the hands, feet and signatures of many famous film stars. The ceremony of fixing these indelible records has, on every occasion, been attended by a vast concourse of film fans, photographers and newspaper reporters.

Inside, the Chinese Theatre is a chunk of modern China, in tones of red and gold. The lighting is excellent; the stalls are upholstered in scarlet velvet; there is always a fine variety show or prologue, preceding the showing of the newest and most up-to-date film churned out by the neighbouring studios. But from information I receive from my Hollywood friends I fear that the fickle Hollywood public is tiring already of this one-time new toy. Five years is a long time for anybody to remain constant in the city of films!

A swiftly moving car takes about fifteen minutes from the door of the Chinese Theatre to the foothills that represent Beverly Hills, with the white, pink and apricot-tinted Spanish villas that decorate shady avenues, and perch themselves precariously right on the edge of some lofty peak.

These Palaces of Pictureland, as represented by the luxury homes of film stars, are so complete, so over-decorated, over-furnished, over-designed, that they become almost embarrassing. I have seen so many of them, and have never had the slightest wish to live in one of them! It would feel rather like living in one of the largest, most ostentatious buildings in some exhibition.

The house that does not possess a swimming pool is scarcely worth considering. These pools are tiled in green or blue; the water is tinted blue; there are arc lamps of blinding strength at each corner and hidden in convenient palm trees as well; there are luxuriously furnished dressing cabins, close to the pool, and the last gasp in elaborate wicker furniture spread negligently along the terrace that borders each pool. There is without doubt a hard tennis court lurking somewhere near at hand. There is Spanish furniture, or Italian curtains, or Mexican tiles, in profusion. There is a garden in which oranges, grape fruit, figs, peaches, lemons, grow in brazen splendour.

It is all a grand show, which does not end even inside one's front door. A mad parade, with every participant striving to go one better than someone ahead or behind. Harold Lloyd has an Italian garden, two tennis courts, a private golf course, an orangery and a ballroom at the side of Hollywood's largest swimming pool. Will Rogers has a ranch, near the sea, so vast that he can lose himself with ease. Buster Keaton lives in a Californian version of some Doge's palace; John Gilbert has a Spanish villa at the top of Tower Road, with the finest view imaginable.

THE beaches, with their clustering homes, are as remarkable as Beverly Hills. There is Santa Monica, where such celebrities as Norma Shearer, Norma Talmadge, Bébé Daniels, George Bancroft, Marion Davies, and Joan Crawford have houses that back on a narrow road and face the Pacific Ocean, which comes right to the edge of the private railed-in beach allotted to each householder.

There are Beach Clubs galore, from the aristocratic Casa Del Mar to the original Beach Club, which has practically every film player of note on its list of members. Passing these clubs and the large houses, the road travels north for another twelve miles or so, past collections of weird shacks, costing a few pounds to build and as fragile as paper. To drive along that road on Sunday, during the summer, means crawling at five miles an hour, pulling up every few yards. The cars stretch like an elastic caterpillar for mile upon mile; to get to the beach for a day of swimming and sun means starting before nine in the morning.

Leaving the inexpensive little shacks to their crowded hours of (*Continued on page* 96)

FILM LOCATION
BUREAU

THE Assistance League tea room. The waitresses are mainly film stars who give their services

ROSITA MORENO, the Spanish film actress, selling jams and candies at the Assistance League shop

TAKING light refreshment at the Assistance League tea room. Left to right: John Wayne, Fifi Dorsay, Victor McLaglen, Mrs. William K. Howard, Claire Luce and Edmund Lowe

BIG

THE pavilion in which the firm of Lyons embarked on the venture of catering, in 1887, at the Newcastle Exhibition

PICCADILLY Circus about 1880. On the extreme right of the picture, just by the gas lamp standard, is the site of the first Lyons' teashop, built in 1894

Continuing a New Series of the Romance of Great Enterprises, and the Men behind them

THIS is the tale of a magic cup of tea; of how it first came to be made; and of the tens of thousands of people all over the world who work night and day to keep it filled.

And the tale begins in the upholstered privacy of a first-class carriage on a London-bound express forty-five years ago.

Two cigar merchants were discussing various Victorian discomforts, and how they might be improved with profit to the improvers.

"It seems funny," said one, "that with all the exhibitions that open every year in this country, no one ever seems to assume that the visitors want to eat or drink anything but beer and sandwiches."

A reminiscent look came into the eyes of the other man.

"Sixpence for a cup of lukewarm water is certainly exorbitant," he admitted.

Then the conversation drifted into other channels, while the train puffed its way into Euston. But the next morning the two men met again.

Said the elder of them: "I've been thinking over that remark of yours about exhibitions. You know, if we could get a contract for the catering at an exhibition next year, it might give us an idea of how the public would respond to better treatment. The difficulty is, of course, that we cannot use our own names; it wouldn't be good policy for a tobacco company to start a catering business."

THAT day the two cigar merchants deposited £5,000 with Coutts, and the search for a third partner was started. They became, from almost the start, particularly attracted by a young man who was, by profession, a scenic artist and portrait painter.

But in periods of economic depression this poetic young Jew attended exhibitions throughout the country, selling cheap gadgets from a small stall. When the two men first heard of the artist-with-a-business he was selling a combination cloth tester, microscope, opera-glass and telescope—at a bob a time.

They knew him only by name, so they went to Liverpool, and watched him at work. He was a good salesman; his selling talk was full of ideas; so the two merchants invited him to discuss their proposition. The outcome of their talk was an agreement, jotted down on a spare sheet of notepaper.

Within half an hour the three men had become equal partners in a business which was to become the greatest organisation of its kind in the world, with a capital of nearly £10,000,000.

For the two men were Montague Gluckstein and Alfred Salmon; and the third, the young man with ideas, was Joseph Lyons. . . .

THE newly constituted firm—taking the name of Joseph Lyons—started work by securing the catering contract for the Newcastle Jubilee Exhibition of 1887. At this exhibition they put up a smart kiosk—it still stands at Blagdon today—and served good tea at twopence *a pot,* instead of threepence a cup, which was the normal charge at that time.

Montague Gluckstein's fertile brain conceived a novel idea for this Newcastle Exhibition. He engaged a Hungarian orchestra, under the direction of the famous Barcza, who was paid at the then unprecedented salary of £150 a week.

GLORIA SWANSON, surrounded by some of her guests, on the occasion of her tea party to "Nippys," at Lyons' Corner House

THE Lyons girls' rowing crew, which won an International Trophy for Great Britain on Lake Lucerne

BUSINESS: No. 3: Magic Cups of Tea

THE "Nippy" of to-day and yesterday. Waitresses dressed in uniforms worn in 1894-1897 and 1924

By Gordon Beckles

A GOOD pull and a long pull. Sixteen "Nippys," of a total weight of 144 stone, training for the Departmental Tug-of-War

MAJOR ISIDORE SALMON, C.B.E., M.P., Chairman of Messrs. J. Lyons & Co., Ltd.

Below:

LYONS' tea factory on their plantation at Lujeri, in the Mlanje district of Nyasaland, Africa

His bold move proved to be a stroke of genius, although all the caterers of the old school prophesied failure as the sequel to such unnecessary extravagance.

Yet the four pioneers—they had then been joined by Mr. Isidore Gluckstein—made their Newcastle venture pay, mostly out of tea and bread and butter, sold at a reasonable price. (Nowadays, by the way, the firm spends £150,000 a year on music and entertainment for its customers!)

A further catering experiment was then undertaken at the Glasgow Exhibition, where the waitresses in the Bishop's Palace tea-rooms were dressed, by the artistic Mr. Lyons, in costumes of the Mary Stuart period.

The partners next turned their attention to the great task of catering for London, and their first step was turned towards the Barnum and Bailey Circus, then visiting Olympia. There was another circus showing that winter at Covent Garden, the proprietor having covered the London hoardings with posters depicting a horse carrying a lion on its back. George R. Sims chaffed Barnum, and asked if he were going to allow himself to be beaten in this way. "Certainly not," said Barnum, "I'm going to arrange for my refreshments caterer to ride round the ring, and shall advertise him as 'Lyons on horseback'!'" That was the first of a thousand similar jokes that brought profit to "Joe," just as Ford jokes aided the motor manufacturer.

The firm's first London teashop—which still exists—was opened in September, 1894, at No. 213, Piccadilly, a white-and-gold affair in a drably brown and grey West End.

It was the forerunner of all those familiar white-and-gold shops that are now as definitely a British institution as the lions of Trafalgar Square or the crimson pillar-boxes on street corners.

Two other teashops were opened that year, with a further dozen during the ensuing twelve months; during which time J. Lyons and Co. was converted from a private concern into a public limited liability company with a capital of £120,000.

The charges were the same in all teashops, irrespective of locality. This was—and is—one of

(*Continued on page 110*)

Queer Tales of Long Ago:

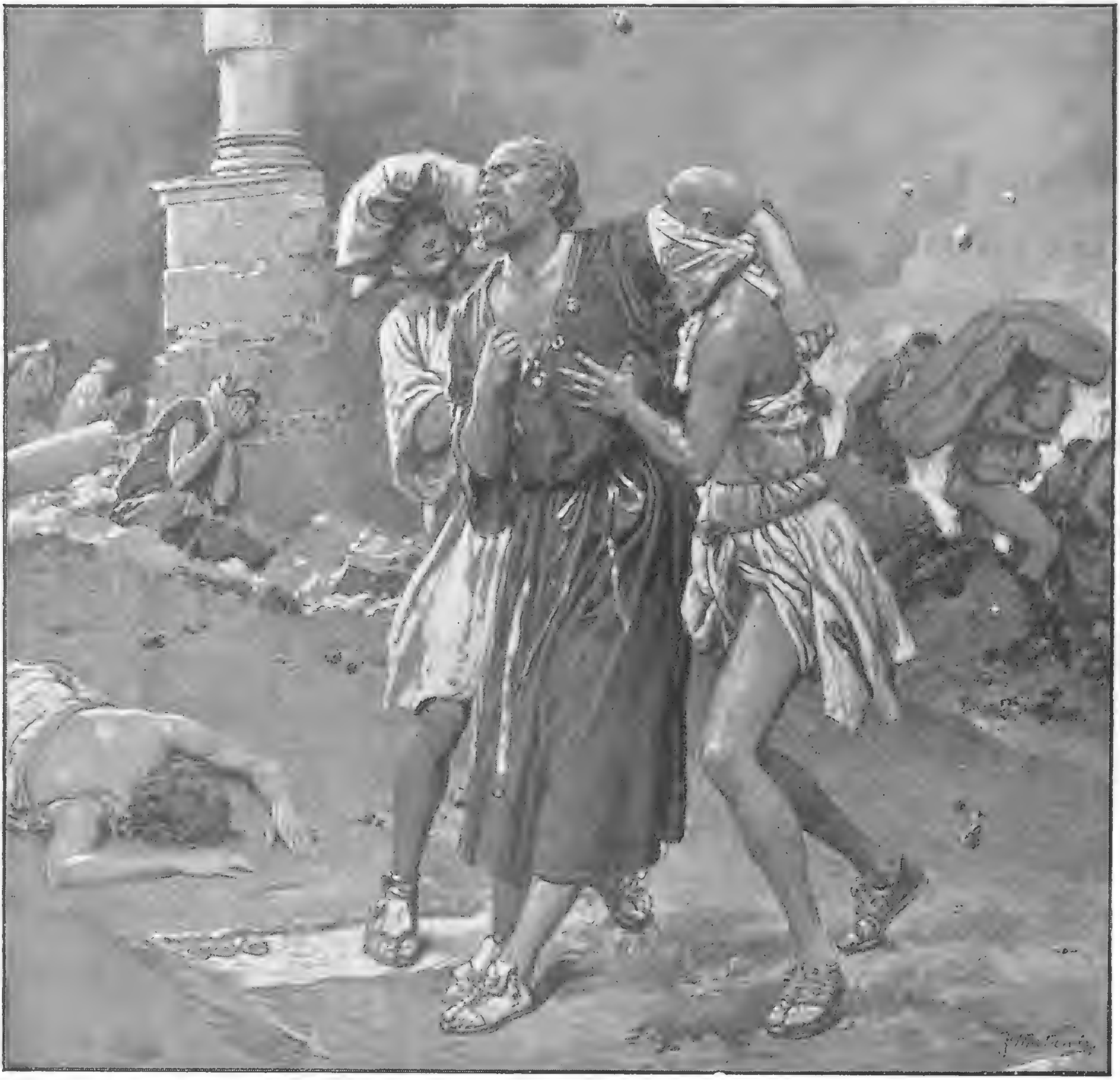
Grim, Curious and Romantic Facets of Adventurous Days and Legend's lavish Lore

Collected, Painted and Described
by
F. MATANIA, R.I.

No. 11. The Sacrifice of Pliny: A Classical Martyr to Science

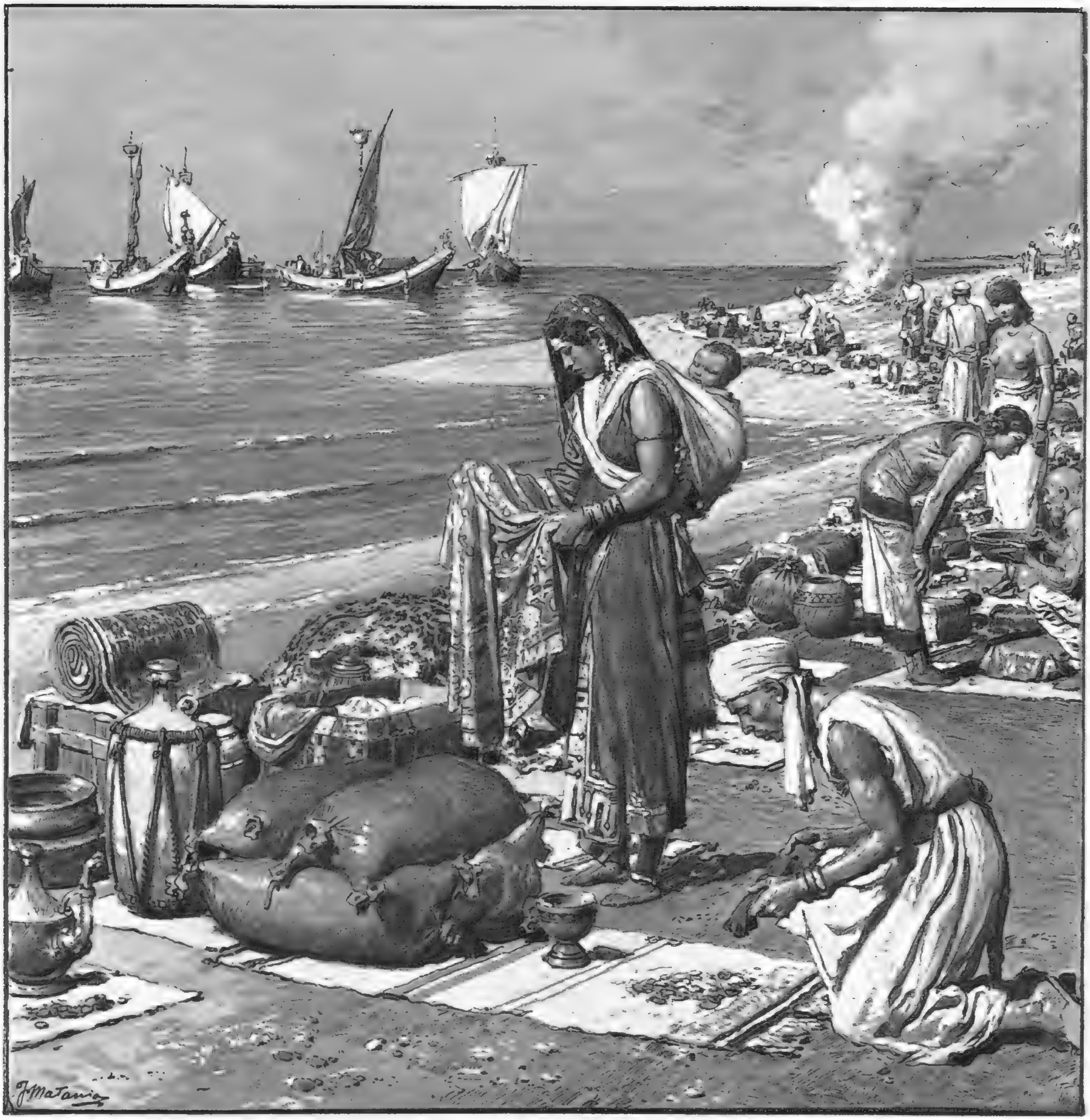
THE most hideous eruption of Vesuvius—that which obliterated Pompeii beneath an inundation of molten rock—formed the setting for one of the most remarkable examples of scientific devotion the history of the world can present. While by chariot, by cart, by ship, and on foot, all those who were able fled from the stricken city, Pliny the Elder, who was in command of the Roman fleet, threaded through the crowded lines of shipping and made his way *towards* the holocaust. Attended by only one scribe, the admiral, who lives to-day as a naturalist, landed at Stabiæ. He ploughed his way through the surging throng flying headlong before the fiery scourge that

(continued on page 42)



No 11. The Sacrifice of Pliny

No. 12. A Silent Auction on the Punic Coast



ONLY MONEY TALKED TO THE CARTHAGINIAN COMMERCIAL TRAVELLERS

No. 12. A Silent Auction on the Punic Coast

THE manner in which the Carthaginians carried on their immense trade—Carthage was the mercantile centre of the world five centuries before our era, a fact which contributed as much to her fall as to her rise—presents a superb example of the innate honesty of humanity to confound the cynics of all time, and to give one furiously to think when it is so facilely said that we have progressed extensively since those early days. The system of mutual trust is incredible in the face of present restrictions, when every transaction in a store is hedged about with checks and counter-checks, filings in triplicate, and numberless other precautions against fraud.

The trade was sea-borne, and to outlying settlements along the coast the Punic boats would ply, anchoring off the shore and despatching a selection of their wares to be displayed on the beach. When these were arranged to their best advantage, piles of damp straw were lit as a smoke signal that the market was open—a signal capable of being seen by the denizens of remote inland villages. Once the fire was well started, the merchants returned to their ships and waited, while the natives flocked to the shore to inspect the goods. The practice was to lay a sum in gold or silver beside the object or objects selected and then retreat, leaving both on the shore.

When the beach was void of prospective purchasers, the merchants rowed back and examined each offer. Should this have proved satisfactory, the merchants bore away the bullion, leaving the article for the purchaser to collect at his leisure; should it have been insufficient, the merchant would again retire to his ship, leaving both money and wares to afford a purchaser an opportunity to increase his bid.

This procedure (*Continued on page* 43)

The Sacrifice of Pliny

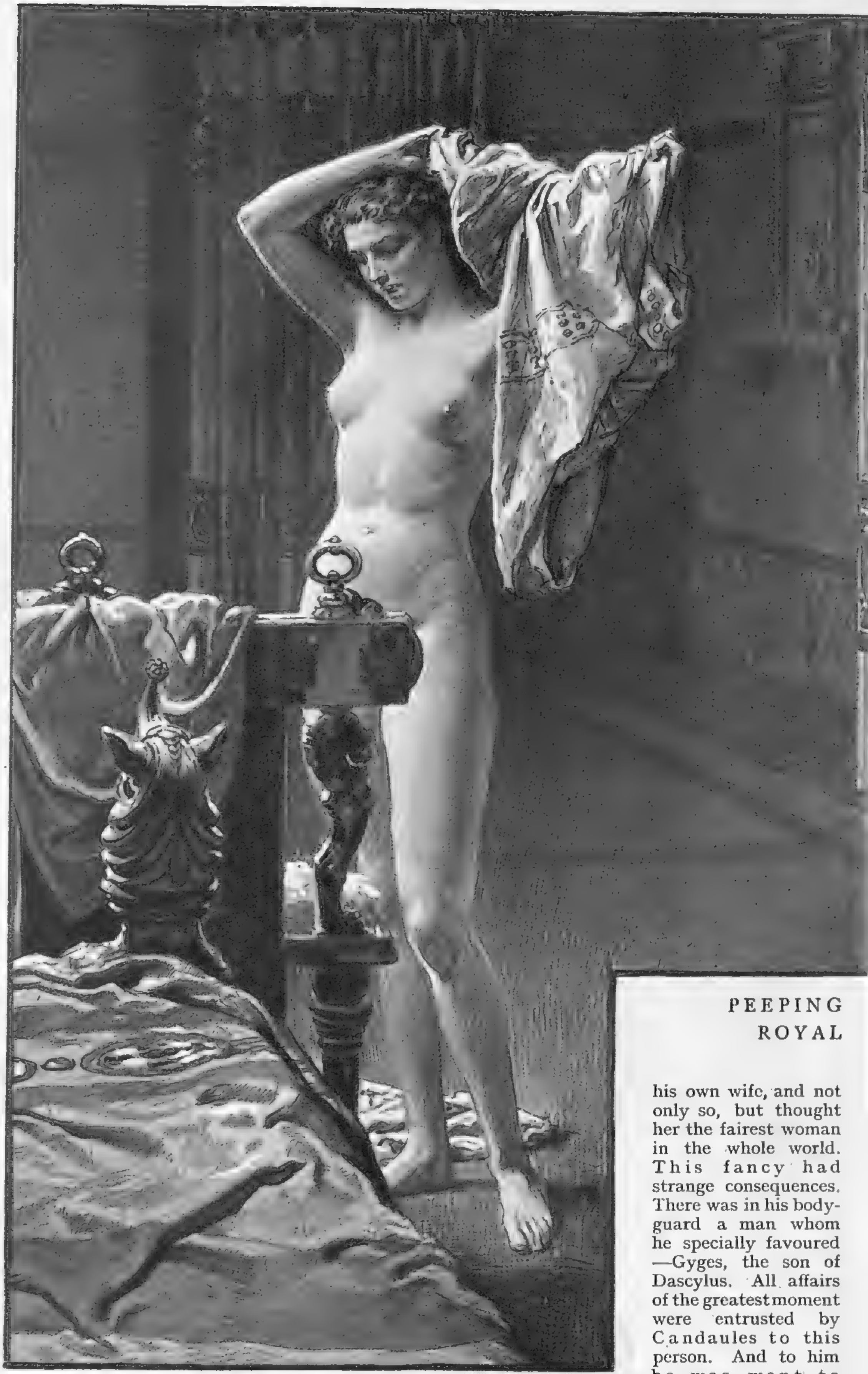
(*Continued from Page* 40)

belching forth smoky death, laid the high civilisation of a city in ashen ruins, gripped, not with the terror that obsessed the panic-stricken multitude, but with the implacable curiosity of the scientist.

The writer of a colossal work on natural history and one of the greatest of early scientists, Pliny saw in the destruction no human tragedy, but merely the operation of a force of nature which it was his duty and his desire to observe and to record. Oblivious of his personal danger, disregarding the pleas of his devoted attendants, Pliny made his way to the point where the phenomenon was at its height. An intensification of his heroism is to be found in the fact that the scientist was acutely asthmatic: a condition which rendered the choking dust, the flying sand, the stifling, sulphurous fumes of the eruption even more dangerous to him than to the tag rag and bobtail of the ordinary fugitives.

DICTATING his notes to his scribe, he made his way along until he reached the outskirts of Pompeii. Undeterred by personal discomfort as by fear, smiling and apparently unfatigued, he pursued the even tenor of his course until he lay down to snatch a few moments of rest upon a blanket spread upon the sand. Then, helped to his feet by two slaves, who noticed that he seemed to be in distress, Pliny fell dead without uttering a word.

An eruption, naturally enough, is productive of many strange phenomena; but even during a volcano's quiescence remarkable incidents occur in the vicinity of a "mountain with fire in its heart." Near Naples, for example, but a few miles from Vesuvius, is a cave called The Grotto of the Dog. Therein a man may stand with impunity, but if he lie down he dies within a few seconds. A heavy, invisible gas swirls round the floor, never ascending to man's height. To a dog, the gas is fatal, whence the grotto derives its name. It is more than likely that a similar phenomenon caused the death of Pliny, for even in those embryonic days of science the nephew of the self-martyr, who relates in minute detail the events of the eruption of 79 A.D. and the death of his uncle, gives utterance to the possibility whether such a heavy, invisible, poisonous vapour, rather than the effect of fatigue and choking sulphurous fumes of lava upon an asthmatic old man, were not responsible for his death.



PEEPING ROYAL

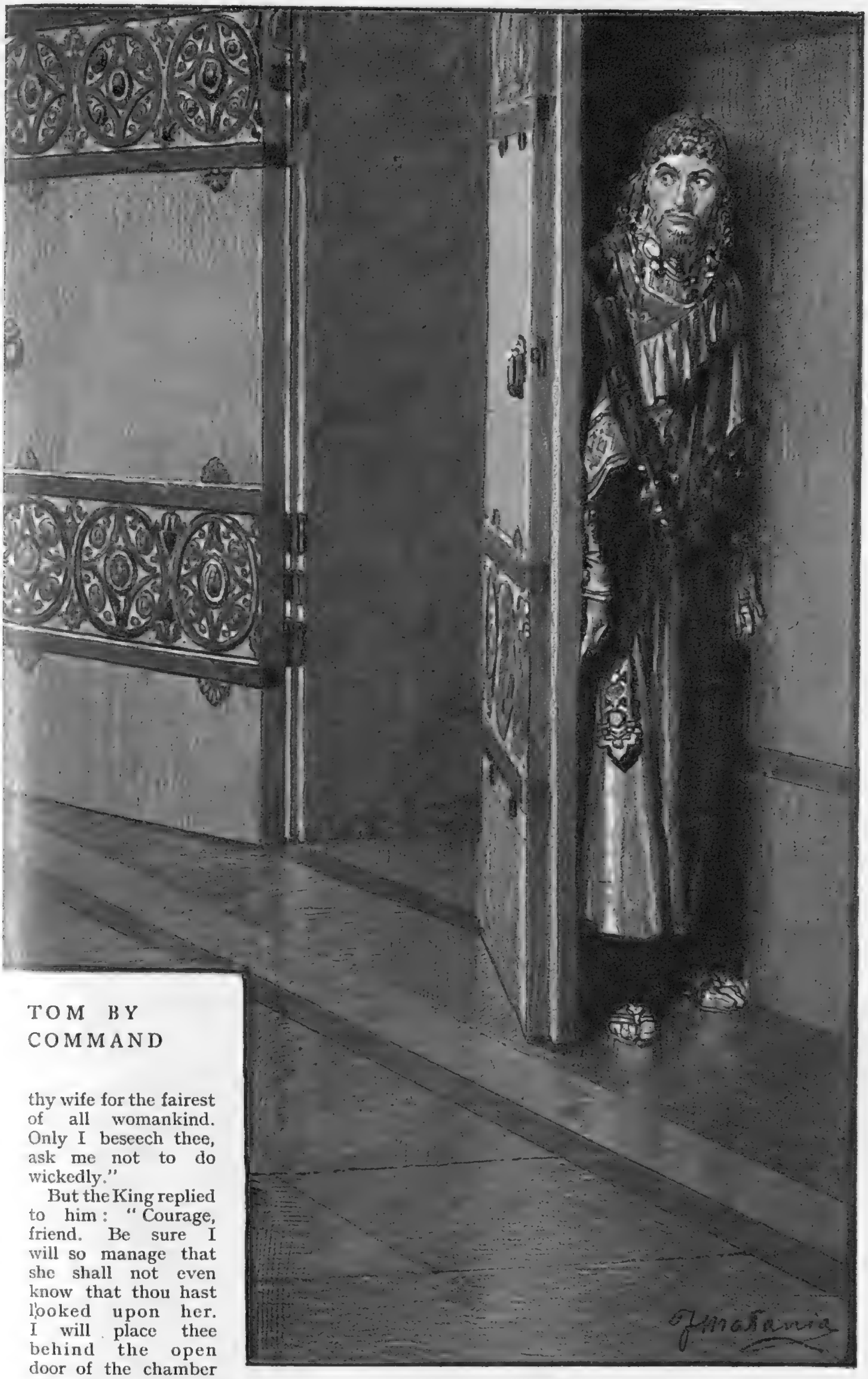
No. 13. The Legend of Gyges

THIS legend figures amongst the works of Herodotus, an excellent translation of which was compiled by Mr. George Rawlinson. It is from this text that the ensuing matter is reproduced *verbatim*.

In the year 724 B.C., Candaules was the King of the Lydians. Now it happened that Candaules was in love with his own wife, and not only so, but thought her the fairest woman in the whole world. This fancy had strange consequences. There was in his bodyguard a man whom he specially favoured—Gyges, the son of Dascylus. All affairs of the greatest moment were entrusted by Candaules to this person. And to him he was wont to extol the surpassing beauty of his wife.

At length one day Candaules thus addressed his follower: "I see thou dost not credit what I tell thee of my lady's loveliness; but, come now, since men's ears are less credulous than their eyes, contrive some means whereby thou mayest behold her naked."

At this the other loudly exclaimed; "Let each look on his own. I hold



TOM BY COMMAND

thy wife for the fairest of all womankind. Only I beseech thee, ask me not to do wickedly."

But the King replied to him: "Courage, friend. Be sure I will so manage that she shall not even know that thou hast looked upon her. I will place thee behind the open door of the chamber in which we sleep. There stands a chair close to the entrance on which she will lay her clothes one by one as she takes them off. Thou wilt be able thus at thy leisure to peruse her person. Then, when she is moving from the chair towards the bed, and her back is turned on thee, be it thy care that she see thee not as thou passest through the doorway."

Gyges, unable to escape, could but declare his readiness. Then Candaules, when bedtime came, led Gyges into his sleeping-chamber and, a moment after, the Queen followed. She entered and laid her garments upon the chair, and Gyges gazed on her. As he was passing out, however, she saw him and, instantly divining what had happened, she neither screamed as her shame impelled her, nor even appeared to have noticed aught, purposing to take vengeance on the husband who had so affronted her.

But in the morning she summoned Gyges to her presence. He obeyed the summons not suspecting that she knew aught of what had occurred. Then she addressed these words to him: "Take thy choice, Gyges, of two courses which are open to thee. Slay Candaules and thereby become my lord and obtain the Lydian throne, or die this moment in his room. It must needs be that either he perish by whose counsel this thing is done, or thou who sawest me naked and so didst break our usages."

At these words, Gyges earnestly besought the Queen that she would not compel him to so hard a choice; but, finding that he implored in vain, he made choice for life for himself. She placed a dagger in his hands, and hid him carefully behind the self-same door. Then Gyges, when the King was fallen asleep, entered privily into the chamber and struck him dead.

Thus did the wife and kingdom of Candaules pass into the possession of Gyges.

So, in stilted translation of the flowing Greek periods, runs this singularly unmoral tale—one of the few legends of antiquity which exalt weakness and cowardice as opposed to the stable heroism of virtue or the reckless courage of inveterate vice. Of its truth, one can only say that the characters are not puppets, but show all the inconsistency of real human beings; certain it is, however, that the telling of it must have delighted the cynical and amusing old reprobate who, was christened the "Father of History."

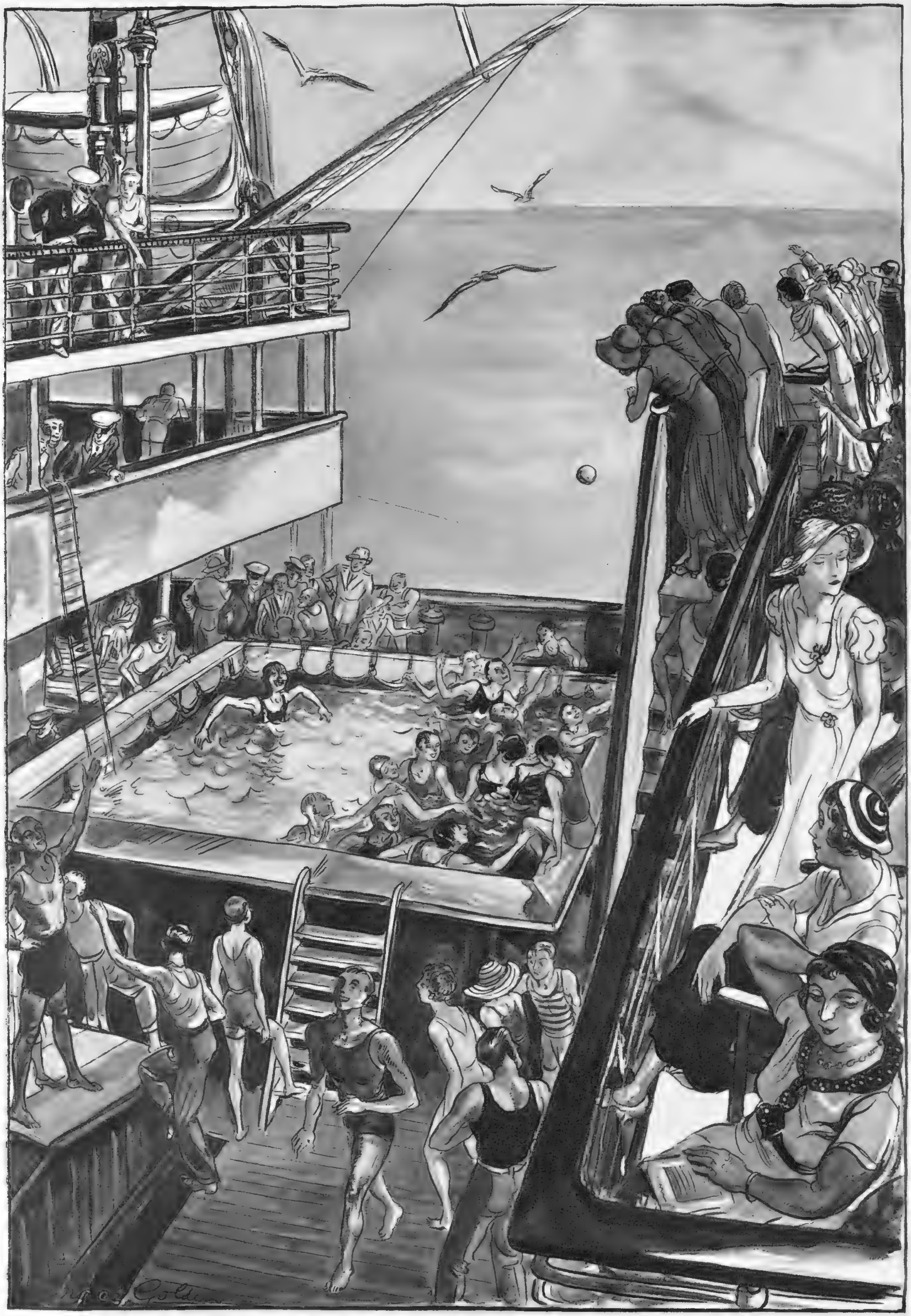
A Silent Auction on the Punic Coast

(*Continued from Page* 41)

continued until either the merchant was satisfied or the deal was definitely declined.

A contemporary writer states that no fraud of any kind was ever committed: the famous—or infamous—*Punica Fides* did not operate in matters of pure commerce, and the Phœnician-sprung traders of Carthage never touched the bullion until the desired amount was reached; nor (which is more credible, but sufficiently illuminating) did the natives touch the goods until the money had been removed.

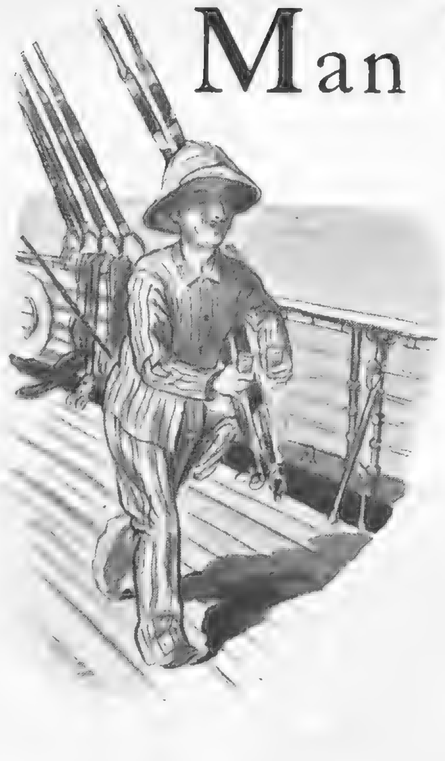
What an object lesson to our boasted civilisation, in which huge losses are annually recorded in shops, despite the skill of detectives, through pilfering—petty and otherwise!



WHEN they tired of the joke they abandoned him and played again among themselves, while he trod water, still smiling, and looked about him

"A Good Man Nowadays"

. . . . . . is hard to find,
You always get the other kind.
Just when you think he is your pal
You look for him and find him
Fooling round some other gal.
—Popular song



By David Stewart

Illustrated by Grace Golden

THE heat was quite unbearable. It fitted like a glass bell over the circle of flat blue sea of which the *Hallamshire* was the centre, her wake, rich and repellent as mutton-fat, the only chord. Each port and ventilator, wide open to inhale the least eddy of air, seemed rather to contribute a privy gift to the oppression, an exhalation flown with smells—warm oil, rotting rope, even, thought Maribel Mumford (an odour especially distasteful to her), human bodies. The ship herself sweated, without a doubt; in any uncovered place tar bubbles glistened between the caulked deck-boards.

It was not as bad as that beneath the after awning, where a space had been screened for the officers' ladies. Here they could dispense with as much of clothing and deportment as each felt the banishment of males encouraged and the presence of other officers' ladies allowed. Notions varied. Mrs. Colonel Hammersley, no more than girdled in tucked linen, lay akimbo on a camp bed which creaked in time with her snores, to the limp disgust of Mrs. Major Rees, who sat fully clothed and shod in a deck chair by her side. The rest slept or stayed awake in intermediate kits and poses, a few reading books paper-covered against sweat-soil, none speaking. But for the snores and the undertone of engine-throb, the whole ship, it seemed, sweltered in silence. Even from the troop-decks there floated up no chant of the "House"-players.

Maribel's cot was the furthest forward, against the partition itself. Magnus, her husband, had arranged that, saying (more than once) it would be cooler there; it was the best place—hadn't he travelled out before? And wasn't he both knowing and considerate to have made sure of it for her?—though he didn't say that, he stood about oozing it, which was worse. It made him look a fool, and her too; or people thought so, which was the same thing. He ought to see that was the kind of consideration she might have been grateful for.

Perhaps her cot was in the best place; for, however she might feel, she knew that she didn't look as hot as the others. Her green silk wrap, which set off the auburn of her hair so admirably, was unrumpled; the arms it let free were round and smooth and white, the extreme softness of her skin quite unimpaired. She stroked herself gently, to make sure, and smiled. One could get some satisfaction, even out of this heat. She looked the others over again and thought how it would amuse Rex Sowter to see them all. Then she took out her mirror and wondered where Rex was spending his morning. Probably in some forbidden corner of the ship he'd found for himself. She hoped he wasn't being reckless about the sun, that was all. Rex was so reckless. She dozed a little, thinking of him.

Rex was not in the least reckless, except professionally. He assured himself privately that he feared neither God nor man, but said as much in public only about God, who was not a member of his mess. To boast would be going too far, even in a bad battalion. It was, besides, unnecessary, for the tacit claim was readily allowed to one who as boxer, Rugger international, above all, hero of a hundred guest-night rags, shed so constant a lustre upon the regimental eagles. The career of being Rex Sowter gave him a pleasure he coolly planned to continue, even to expand. That was why, stretching his muscles in just such a spot as Maribel had imagined, he was thinking of her while she was dreaming about him. With him was another subaltern in the West Faringdons, Jimmy Flint, jackal to his tiger.

"You can't see 'em from here."

Rex, hands under head, stared up at the keel of the lifeboat in whose shade they lay.

"I know," he said. "The partition's laced too tight."

There had been an idea of peeping, abandoned by Rex after a single earlier glance. "Keep cool, Jimmy." He laughed.

"I'm cool enough," said Jimmy, rather daringly.

Rex was amused. "So am I, old son. But I'm going to have my little bit of fun, just the same."

"What do you mean? Mrs. Mumford?"

"Maribel to you, Jimmy. Rather a nice name, what?"

"Oh, not so bad."

"Don't be a jealous boy, Jimmy. Perhaps I'll let you help."

"I'm not jealous. What about the Major, though?"

"What, Maggie?"

And he began to whistle the song of that name, but at a movement on the deck below broke off. They both peered over.

A small man clad in red and white silk pyjamas and a topee was standing close to the so tightly laced partition, a full cocktail glass in either hand.

"Darling," he called softly: and then, a little louder, "Maribel, darling."

Maribel had heard him the first time. She hoped no one else had. But when he called again so caressingly, out of the tail of her eye she saw that Mrs. Rees was maliciously alert.

"What is it?"

"Would you like a little drink?"

Why a "little" drink? Mrs. Rees was smiling into the middle distance. Maribel forced herself to reply sweetly.

"No, thanks."

"Better have it. I've got it all ready here for you, my darling."

"I don't want it."

"Why not? I'm sure you're thirsty."

Her swift annoyed glance, given before she could control her embarrassment, met Mrs. Rees's smile full, and switched hotly towards the partition.

"I don't want it, I tell you."

"Oh!——."

She could feel him hesitating. Couldn't he take no for an answer ever? Some noise had stopped, augmenting the silence: Mrs. Hammersley's snoring. And then:

"I can pass it through to you, if you'll come to the curtain."

God! Would nothing stop him? A deep, almost a fruity chuckle came from behind her—Mrs. Hammersley was awake. Maribel lost her head.

"Go away! I don't want the beastly drink."

"But——"

"Damn you, go away!!"

Silence. Then the sound of a little drink being drunk, and of another little drink. And then, loud and clear over the laden air, a young man's laugh. Silence again. Maggie's little slow steps receding. By way of finale, that fruity chuckle again. Maribel lay still on her cot, bathed in perspiration at last.

"I never *saw* anything so priceless," burbled Jimmy on the boat-deck.

But Rex was silent. The laugh had been his, perfectly judged, with the backward thrust out of sight that followed it, to allow for the time a surprised man wearing a topee would have to look so high. Now he waited for Jimmy's mirth to exhaust itself, then turned his head swiftly.

"I've got an idea," he said.

MARIBEL saw no more of her husband until lunch, when he sat beside her subdued and rather flushed. She noticed him drinking whisky in spite of the heat. He talked little; but in this he was not conspicuous, for their table was allotted to married officers travelling without troops, and the members of it were voyage acquaintances only. A chaplain, a couple of gunner majors, a sapper ditto, the four wives made up with themselves in the Ordnance, the party. Polite conversation was exhausted after three weeks at sea; with only a further forty-eight hours of contact before scattering over all India, more intimate advances were not worth embarking on.

It was different at the other two tables, one for the married officers of the West Faringdons, a longer one for all the bachelor officers on board. The ease of intimacy enveloped the first, a family atmosphere. The subalterns had youth in common: they were cheerful and ebullient, noisy even. Maribel kept hearing Rex's laugh and catching, as she was meant to, his eye. At twenty-one, she ought to be with them, sharing their carelessness, instead of crumbling bread into sticky pellets beside an old man of forty they all laughed at. If she had been a bride, even, the women at least would have been kinder—as though she needed their kindness.

That thought sustained her through the afternoon and prompted her to take from her cabin trunk a dress she had intended to reserve for Bombay. Maggie had not appeared and she had quite regained her temper when about five o'clock, drawn by the sound of splashing, she made her way to where a swimming bath had been rigged out of tarpaulins. She stood for a moment at the edge of the little crowd round it, and there was Rex, balancing with the most perfect grace on a single rail twenty feet above the water. He waved to her and in the same motion shot swiftly down, clove the surface and was up shaking the drops from his eyes. A little buzz of admiration rose, and Maribel slipped into a seat.

She found herself next to Mrs. Hammersley, who in a moment turned to her. The bath was now full of laughing subalterns.

"Where's that man of yours?" asked Mrs. Hammersley's deep voice.

"*I* don't know. I haven't seen him since lunch."

"Well, if you'll take advice—which I doubt—don't, as the Yankees say, treat him so rough."

Maribel flushed, rigid with affront.

"Have it your own way," went on the voice. "But you wouldn't catch my Colonel bringing me out a quick one like that. You're a lucky girl really, you know."

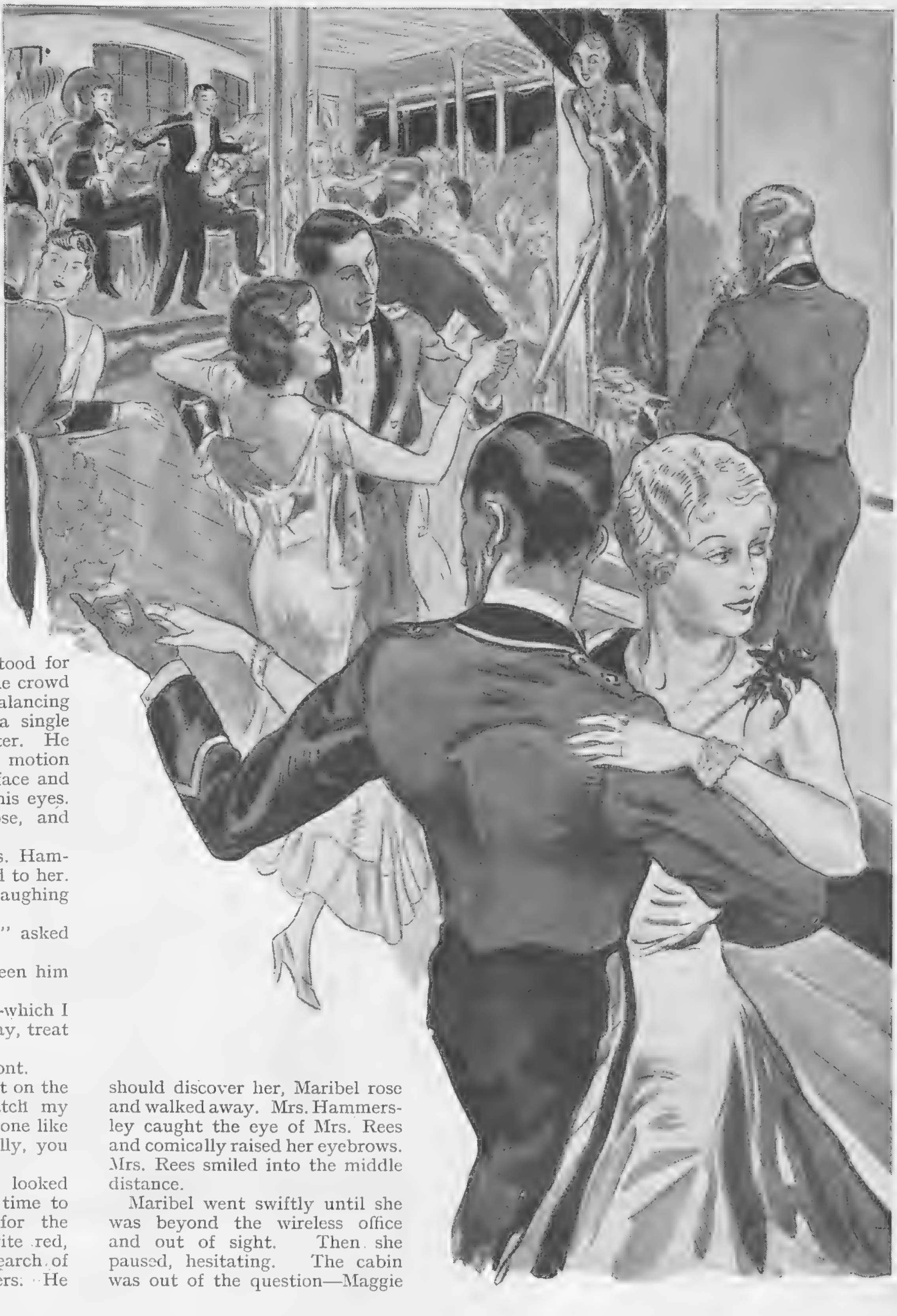
Maribel tossed her head and looked away across the bath, just in time to behold her Maggie, decked for the plunge in a suit of his favourite red, standing on the far brink in search of a gap among the frolicking bathers. He smiled down upon them with an idiotic indulgence, and as she watched Rex hailed him.

"Come on, Major. Room for a little one."

And Maggie answered in kind, with a playful yelp, and hopped—you couldn't say jumped—in. At once they fell upon him, laughing as they ducked him, Rex foremost in the game. He spluttered and laughed back as best he could, not seeing—no, actually, it seemed, not understanding—that it was this jollity of his that they were despising. When they tired of the joke, they abandoned him and played again among themselves, while he trod water, still smiling, and looked about him. Quickly, before he should discover her, Maribel rose and walked away. Mrs. Hammersley caught the eye of Mrs. Rees and comically raised her eyebrows. Mrs. Rees smiled into the middle distance.

Maribel went swiftly until she was beyond the wireless office and out of sight. Then she paused, hesitating. The cabin was out of the question—Maggie would burst in at any moment, wet and all too heartily prepared to forget the morning's upset. She could see that coming; it was only in accordance with custom, she thought bitterly; and her eyes moistened. Miserably she wandered to the forward end of the deck and stood there in the shade of a lifeboat. The sun was well down astern, the ship's way even produced a flicker of breeze, enough to check the actual flow of tears, so that when she turned sharply at a shadow thrown across the rail, her loveliness seemed to Rex's taste charmingly forlorn.

"You startled me," she exclaimed and flushed, but whether at his silent barefoot approach or at the sudden figure of



him in his bathing-dress, neither knew. For perhaps a second thereafter they forgot themselves and stood arrested by pure beauty—her sheltered grace, the gleaming bronze of his arms and shoulders topping the lithe poised body—then with little awkward laughs time, as they thought, was regained.

" I didn't mean to," Rex said, " but if you always look so lovely when you're surprised I shall do it often."

He spoke so gently that she coloured again, but she said nothing. And then he slipped his bath-robe off his arm and put it on, came under the boat's shadow and stood beside her. They were alone together, his brown fingers all but touching her pale ones on the rail; but now his eyes were watchful and when her hand involuntarily made to bridge the tiny gap, his own slid away.

" Tell me why you ran off just now."

" I didn't." Indignation was a good line of defence, but it wouldn't hold out long enough for her to light on a reason. " I—— " her voice trailed off.

" Maggie can swim all right."

" Must you call him that ? "

" Anyway, we didn't mean to drown him."

" I——of course it wasn't that."

" I seem to have said the wrong thing."

" You have."

" About Maggie ? "

" Must we talk of my husband ? "

The little effort at dignity amused him. He looked out to sea so as not to show it.

" Let's forget your Maggie, by all means. Damn it, by this time to-morrow we shall be in Bombay ! "

" I know."

" And I shan't see you any more for heaven knows how long."

" I know."

" You really do sound sorry."

" Perhaps I am."

He turned to face her.

" Are you, really—Maribel ? "

There was the slightest pause before she answered :

" Yes, Rex," and again a pause afterwards.

" Maribel's an awfully pretty name."

" I think so," she answered, with a touch of pride that puzzled Rex, who couldn't know she had once been Mabel.

" Well, it is—as pretty as its owner."

" Oh."

" Much prettier than Maggie, you know."

" Must you keep dragging Maggie in ? "

" I want to drag him out ! When I think of him——"

" Ssh-h ! Rex ! "

She seemed to him very enchanting as she rebuked him ; the hand she laid on his arm drew him on.

" Look here," he said. " I've got a scheme."

" What sort of scheme ? "

" For you and me."

" Oh."

" For our last night on board. See ? "

" I don't know. What is it ? Tell me."

He couldn't be sure of her tone, eager and hesitant in one.

" No," he answered. " I won't tell you now. Later."

" When ? "

" At the dance to-night. You'll dance with me, won't you ? "

" I might." She was smiling now, coquetting with him.

" Well, I'll tell you then."

" Tell me now."

It was most enjoyable to tease her.

" No. Now you ought to go, before I compromise you."

She laughed.

" All right." She stepped away from him into the sunshine, and paused. " Don't forget, in your scheme, that I'm married, will you ? "

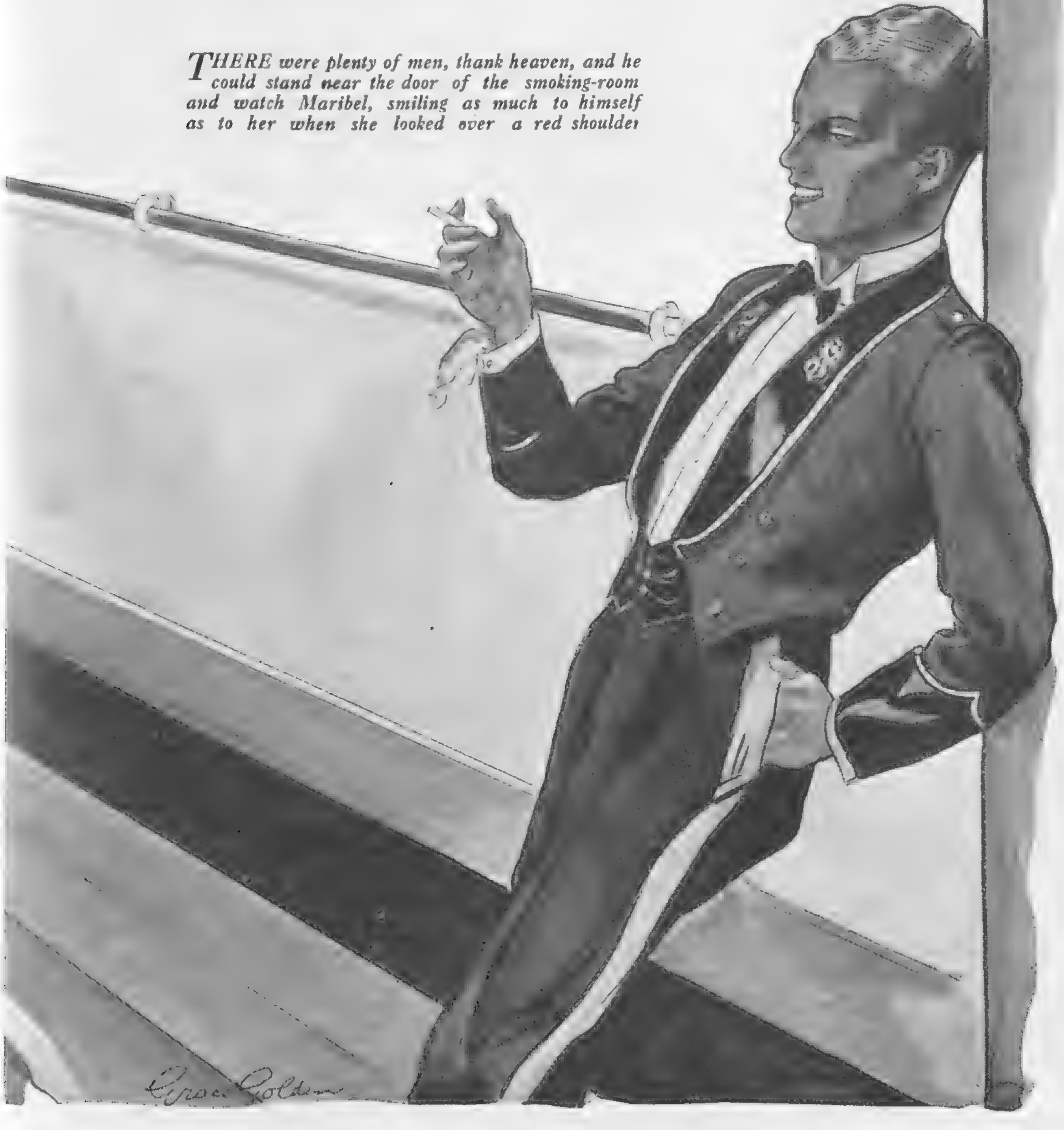
It was his turn to laugh.

" That's just what my scheme's all about," he said, and added, softly, " Run away, pretty lady," and blew her a kiss. After she had gone, he smoked a cigarette in high satisfaction, before strolling below in search of Jimmy Flint.

Maribel footed it lightly and happily away from him, a smile on her lips and colour in her cheeks. She took a turn or two round the promenade deck before going in. It was fun to be flirted with by a nice boy, fun to have schemes laid about one, even to be bantered about being married. She was in good conceit with herself—her way of being happy. And yet, the very spice in this flirtation—that was the word she used to herself—reminded her that she *was* married, and to Maggie Mumford. Why had she let him whisk her out of the schoolroom like that, before she had ever had a chance to meet handsome young men like Rex ? She supposed she must have been flattered. The little major, so devoted, had certainly been a catch for a girl of seventeen. Everyone in Totnes had said so. Well, she was married all right—there was nothing to be done about it. Perhaps there were compensations. The devotion, at least, was indubitable. But confound all Colonels' wives !

Compensations, if any, were not apparent to her when she did go down to their cabin, though Maggie was present and devotion positively streamed out of him. He turned as the door opened and presented to her the most perfect possible contrast to Rex, given the aertex vest, a trifle too large and loose, in exchange for the bathing suit, and the almost skinny, sun-reddened arms for Rex's bronze muscles. A pair of sagging overalls completed the picture, which she surveyed in a silence broken only by the gentle flap of brace-ends against his legs.

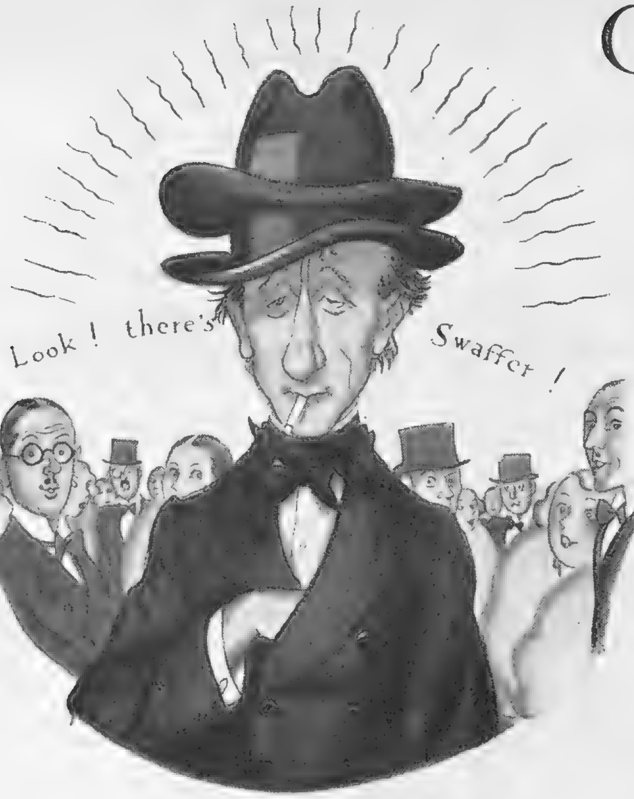
" Darling, what *have* you been (*Continued on page* 132)



THERE were plenty of men, thank heaven, and he could stand near the door of the smoking-room and watch Maribel, smiling as much to himself as to her when she looked over a red shoulder

Open Letters *to the*

No. 4.—The *Publicity* Agent


Look! there's Swaffer!

AND then I should have to wear two black hats, one on top of the other

DEAR PUFFKINS,—You have chosen wisely in deciding to earn your living in the world of Press Publicity. As even wiser men have made money out of it, there must be a great chance for a fool like you.

Your qualities of abysmal asininity are exactly those most likely to invent the sort of tosh that, now that ordinary publicity fakers have done their worst for so long, can be read even by the biggest fools. As you never know what the truth was, you have no knowledge to hamper you.

You have been, all through your life, so far, just an ordinary silly little liar, and that, in these days, is a great asset with which to start a career that must exploit its own stupidity and lie so badly that other people will believe it.

Do not waste time in your first job on men. Men are not interesting.

Men like women, you see, and women hate women. So a woman is interesting when a man is not. A person who can create liking and hating by doing the same thing is the ideal subject for newspaper exploitation. It is stoning two birds with one kill.

One easy way for you to start is to get a good-looking girl to promise you half her salary for the next five years. Then make her do something, or, rather, persuade some newspaper into saying that she has done something—for either will do equally well—which will attract the attention of the vulgar herd.

Then, because her name is in the paper, get some manager to give her a job. He would not do this if she were a hard-working, talented woman. But, because her name has been in the paper, he will fall for anything. Then get really busy.

Have her photographed standing on her head in the middle of Piccadilly Circus. Let her buy a green monkey with pink spots on its face. Persuade her to go everywhere with a squirrel in her muff.

Then, for the rest of the five years, if you think of a nice, silly little lie about once every fortnight, you can live on the moral earnings of a woman.

Long before then, however, you will find other mugs. Managers who, having exhausted, not their own stock of lies, but the public's patience concerning them, will seek some new guy who will go the weary round with new-old tripe and get away with it.

Your chief trouble will be, however, that, whereas the leading lady of the show will want her name in the paper, and the leading man will want his, and the author and the composer will be at daggers drawn if one gets one more line in one provincial paper than the other does, the manager will be interested, only, in seeing his own name on the top of a column.

It is no good your telling him that this will not do the show any good. You must learn, to start with, that he wants his name there so that, when his show has failed, he can get some other poor mug belonging to the outside public to back his next show.

This is because people who insist on putting money in theatre shows, not having yet discovered the Three Card Trick, the Gold Brick Swindle, or the Spanish Prisoner Crookery, believe in anything they see at the top of a column, everything, that is, except Nelson, who is dead.

IF a manager has recently gone bankrupt once or twice, you will discover, to your surprise, that he wants his name more in the paper than he did before.

If he were in the grocery business, and he did not pay his debts, he would be ashamed, and go away to Cornwall to live for a year. If he were a lawyer, who had gone broke, nobody would speak to him.

If he were a poor ordinary sort of clerk, he would be in Brixton Prison. But, because he is a theatre manager, he knows that his bluff cannot be called, and that, the more brazen he is about it, the more he can get from the next lot of mugs—yes, and sometimes from the same lot of mugs, if he keeps up his swank.

If you are hired to boost a play with a dog in, advertise in the *Times* Personal Column for a dog and say that it is wanted at the stage door of the White Lights Theatre at noon.

★ *Mr. Swaffer's Article—being, perhaps, more than apprehension, to a well-known Theatrical Press*

The *Real* Truth *about*

THERE is only one way to get news into the papers, and that is by telling the truth. It is no good telling lies: they won't believe you, anyhow—except where figures are concerned. And when it comes to figures—or figures concerning the show business—it doesn't seem to matter. For newspapermen, always on the look-out for a catch, seem to be mystified by figures and let them get by.

But otherwise you must tell them the truth. That will get in, and that is what you are paid to do.

There are some papers, of course, who won't believe you anyway. One of the very best stories I ever had never got into print. It was perfectly true, but so good that every Fleet Street man smiled, and said, "Yes, it sounds just a little too good—more of your press agent stuff."

That is the devil of it, you see—the real truth never gets believed. Dress up the same facts, though, put a high light here or there—and it becomes at once O.K.!

Press agents are all derided. It is a popular form of amusement. It does no harm; neither do they. For bad press agents do not last; even the evil they do does not live after them—not even into the next edition!

Good press agents keep on. And what wicked men they must be. They actually set out to please the readers of a newspaper—and many of them actually succeed! I have heard eminent men in the newspaper world say that press agents are brainless. And yet some of those men have been the best press agents for themselves I have ever known.

These gentlemen I allude to seem to be under the impression that a press agent must perforce be hired by an obscure actress to make her popular with the public—and with managers. They must know very little about it. *Nobody* can make an artist popular with the public but the artist herself—or himself. All that a press agent can do is to supply to the public such information concerning a celebrity as a newspaper and the public demand.

Yet many theatrical critics and gossip writers devote columns of their space to people in whom the public are not interested at all—not even locally—and hold up as mirrors of virtue and art artists who have not been in a successful play for years and years—and never will be, because, good as they may be, they will never be

"Would-be's" *of the* Theatre

Continuing *a* New Series *in which* aspiring Managers, *Backers*, Authors *and* other Hopefuls *are* offered *a* Guide *to* Knowledge *of the* Stage

By Hannen Swafter*

Choose the stage door, because that fastens it on to the show, and noon because it is then the largest number of people are about. Then ring up all the newspapers, *except the ones that I am on*, and call up all the photographers, *except the ones who used to work with me*—they will all say "Rats!"—and, at noon, you will find not only a reporter from most of the leading papers but twenty photographers.

They will find much to write about, and illustrate.

Poor old men who cannot pay their rent will be there, each with his pet dog, which he is trying to sell, in desperation.

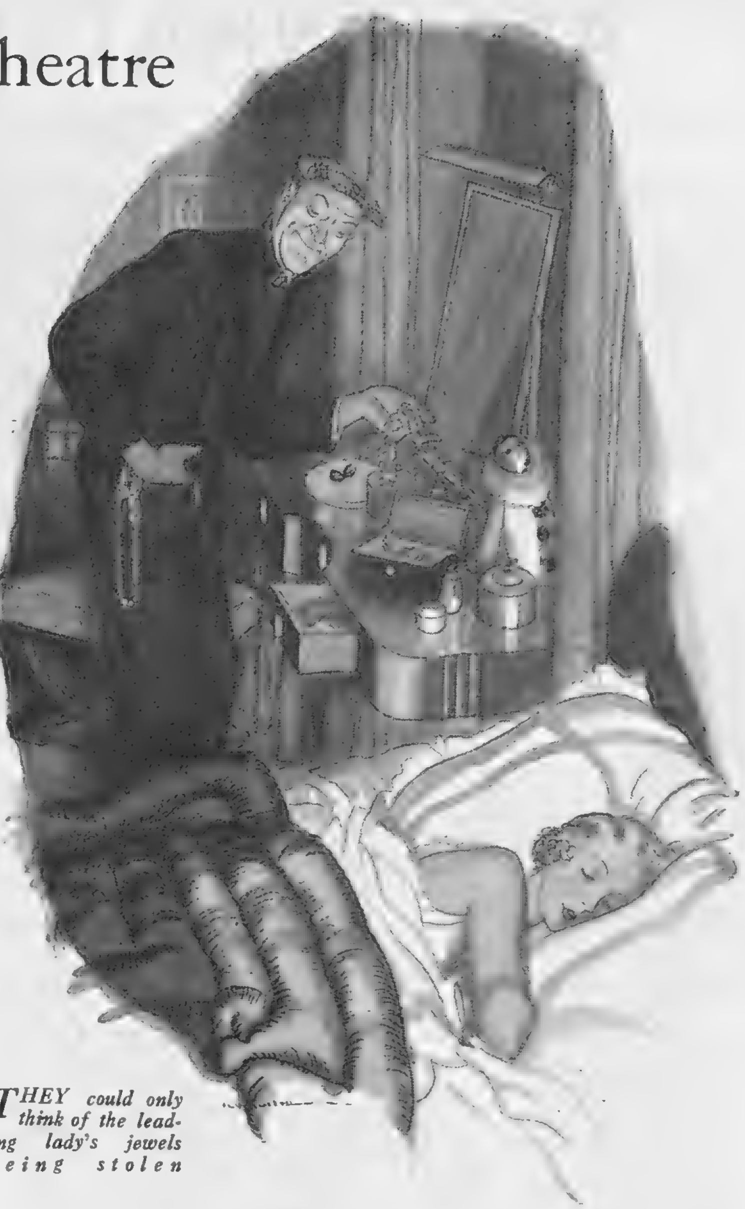
Little children will be waiting, each with some mongrel cur, the object of devotion, but to be sold, alas, for money with which to buy Mother some medicine. There will be people from every part of London, of every age, each with a pet dog.

Do not tell them that, all the time, there is a dog inside, one that was bought for the show a week before. Get all the reporters busy taking down their human stories, their tragedies and their comedies, and see that the photographers take pictures of all the miserable wretches.

Then laugh in their faces and send them all away.

In the evening papers, you will find a column about it, with the name of the play and the name of the theatre, and, in the morning papers, next day, you will find more of it.

The paper on which this so-called news has been printed will have cost hundreds and hundreds of pounds. The ink will have cost a great deal more money. Newspapers, altogether, may have spent thousands on this. And it will all, with luck, add to the free advertisement which your silly play has obtained.



THEY could only think of the leading lady's jewels being stolen

WHAT is kindness but a thing to be exploited? What is misery but something to mock at, so that a show can run for another night? What is the love of man for beast, or a beast for man, but a means by which the theatre can be boosted?

Years ago, when your fathers did this sort of thing, they could only think of the leading lady's jewels being stolen. No one asked where she got them from because she was only earning £10 a week. Nobody seemed to care.

They merely printed the same old lie, over and over again, merely altering the name of the actress. Now this thing has been done so often that burglars really in love with leading ladies have gone to the desperate length of actually stealing their jewels in the hope of getting their names in the papers.

But, even when a jewel theft is true, the newspapers won't print it, nowadays.

Once, they said they wanted an actress to recite a prologue. So they announced it in the Press. Poor women came up from Birmingham and Leeds and stood in a queue outside one of the best-known theatres of London, in the middle of a snowstorm.

There were scores of them, poor wretched beings with thin worn-out clothes, and boots that let the water in. They waited for hours, and then they were told that an actress had been engaged.

The truth was (*Continued on page* 114)

usually "Swafferish"—has been shown, with some Representative, whose views are published below

Publicity Agents: *By* One *of* Them

popular—and the public doesn't care about them.

The old "stealing the jewels" gag is dead, so dead that quite recently when a well-known actress was *really* robbed of jewels which she had bought with her own hard-earned money her very competent press agent could not get a line in anywhere.

All those old gags are dead—so far as the theatre is concerned. Strange things happen in Hollywood, we know. But we are not quite quick enough here to swallow all that, nor would any self-respecting press agent—oh, yes! there are such persons!—dare to send out some of the stories which I have seen issued concerning film stars.

I REPRESENTED a show once in which there was an expert and strong swimmer. She had done some remarkable feats in the water, both by way of speed and endurance. This was some time ago, before Channel swimming became the habit it is to-day, and she was anxious to have a pop at the Channel. She would have stood a good chance and was quite sincere. But because she was an actress nobody would look at it. They didn't believe us.

I know press agents who are also practically reference libraries to Fleet Street. Even they cannot get all their true stories in—even they are not believed.

Let us examine the case and find out exactly what a press agent is.

Some people who really should know better look upon him as a man who is simply hired to boost an inferior artist.

There are some; but what becomes of them? Does either the artist or the press agent get very far? Think it out and see if you know any actor or actress who has gained success that way.

But once an artist has become established, why should not the public hear about him or her? If it likes to pay its money to see a stage favourite, it is conceivable that it may like to read about them too.

Whoever it was who invented Gossip in the Daily Papers, at the same time really invented Press Agents.

I am old enough to remember how much publicity a play—let alone a player—got in the good old days. True, it got a long and carefully written notice after the first night—not a few (*Continued on page* 104)

AND WHAT OF THE SHEIKS

Gigolos, Gangsters, Heroes of Chivalry and Romance, all retreat before the Triumphant Advance of the Strong Synchronised Man

By SYDNEY TREMAYNE

Lawrence Tibbetts with Lupe Velez in a scene from "The Cuban Love Song." His voice is vibrant with masculine virility and he can stride and swashbuckle with the best

Ronald Colman (on right) in his latest success "Arrowsmith." In spite of Clark Gable's meteoric rise to fame and fan worship, Ronald Colman still holds his own. He can play a rotter and remain what they call a gentleman

THEY still weep and worship before the shrine of Valentino and yet M. Maurice Dekobra, describing Hollywood under the title *Larmes de Glycerine*, says decisively that this " ideal lover," worshipped by all, was lucky to die at the height of his fame before the talkies revealed that he spoke English with a terrible accent and relegated him to " doubling " in an Italian version of a film a part created by an American actor. He says further: " Would you believe that at the Filmart, the ' advance guard ' theatre in Hollywood, when they showed a Valentino film lately, the love scenes provoked mocking laughter ? "

In the same book, M. Dekobra quotes Charles Chaplin's profession of faith in silence, to a company of friends, verbatim. This was before " City Lights " and its creator were exhibited publicly. The lights went out and after the first few months' blaring, blatant publicity, Charles Chaplin travelled in Europe with a minimum of ostentation. Adhering to his faith in Silence ? Or accepting the inevitable ?

But there is a favourite slogan for the *vox populi* : " The King is dead. Long live the King." The people must have their idols. The latest pattern is the strong, manly man, though he may no longer remain silent.

WHAT emotional luxury these screen heroes supply to those whose lives, are perforce, poor in romance ! How comforting to be able to languish and adore a stalwart, clean-limbed creature with brave gestures and a rich supply of American wisecracks, to suffer, vicariously, his contempt or his embraces, and not to have the budding shoots of romance pruned by a common mortal's stinginess in ordering ginger ale instead of wine or æsthetic pleasure in the boy friend's clean-cut manly beauty spoiled by his excruciating taste in pull-overs or the nobbly toes of his laced blacking boots ! Are they not worth their money, these creators of illusion and romance ?

In spite of Clark Gable's meteoric rise to fame and fan-worship, Ronald Colman still holds his own. He can play a ne'er-do-well and remain what they call a gentleman. He loves his dog and can laugh at himself and at danger and, " in his quiet way," he is one of the screen's great lovers.

The publicity methods employed for Colman have been similar to those which have made Garbo a legend : publicity based on privacy. He is presented to the public as a man's man, and the most intimate fact which has leaked out about his private life is that he plays tennis with Clive Brook, William Powell and Richard Barthelmess. There was also a rumour once that he drank a mug of home-brewed beer and sang old English drinking songs. All splendidly manly, British and in character.

And what of the rest of the quartette of tennis-playing musketeers ? Brook and Powell have both specialised, in their different and nationally characteristic ways, in an immaculate imperturbability on the screen. The picture of William Powell as the implacable, magnificently tailored philanderer of the screen was somewhat mutilated by the publication of the fact that he was really love-lorn for Carole Lombard, whom he married last year.

Clive Brook becomes more and more static. One remembers some of his earlier acting performances with regret and feels tempted to suggest to him that to appear as a perfect English gentleman with a mask, surely less mobile than that which Lord George Hell assumed in Max's " Happy Hypocrite," does not give the gum-chewing film fans enough to get their teeth into.

Richard Barthelmess is one of the most honest and least publicised film actors and has a large and faithful public by virtue of his looks, talent and sincerity. His fall from stardom has been predicted many times, but he continues to get good parts and to play them consistently well.

John Gilbert had a spectacular fall from the heights when the sound film revealed that his voice was not consistent with the strong he-man personality with which the public had invested his silence.

And that is what the public at present worships. Just as they adore what they conceive to be the ultra feminine woman—that exaggerated, orchidaceous creature, blonde, silk-clad, frail even, so that she is the prey of man's strength and brutality and her own emotion—so, in her opposite number, they demand masculinity, as they imagine it, in excess, buccaneering is preferred to breeding and a blue shave impresses them more than blue blood.

THE fact that Gary Cooper had been a cowboy and still yearned for the wide open spaces added to the appeal of his blue eyes and his six foot odd of muscled manliness and made him a headliner even before he had developed an unquestionable histrionic talent.

Is it really because Lawrence Tibbetts has a remarkably fine and well-trained voice that women go again and again to sigh and sink emotionally in their seats during the nonsensical musical plays in which he has been starred, and that despite the fact that the male critics called him the ugliest man on the screen ? Or is it because that voice of his is vibrant with masculine virility, and because he can stride and swashbuckle with the best and swing his shapely, booted and spurred legs across a horse and gallop at the head of a band of

OF THE SCREEN...?

Clive Brook, who has specialised in an immaculate imperturbability on the screen

William Powell, the implacable, magnificently tailored philanderer of the screen

(Right) Greta Garbo and Clark Gable as they appear in " The Rise of Helga." Clark Gable, stalwart and manly, not too good-looking, behaves on the screen just as every woman would have her lover behave

brigands what time he sings of passionate love or bloody revenge ? The question is too long and too obvious to answer.

And now we come to Clark Gable — inevitably. He has been a lumberjack. His first parts in Hollywood were what they call " heavies." All the same, the pulse of the public quickened under the sensitive fingers of the box office physicians and lo ! and behold, he is Greta Garbo's leading man and the world is satisfied.

Gable has not the romantic good looks of Colman or of Warner Baxter, he has not the vocal amorousness of the Smiling Lieutenant Chevalier, or the *fainéant* humour of Robert Montgomery ; he lacks the athletic agility of a Fairbanks and the ruthless, sardonic and ugly power to frighten into subjection which von Stroheim capitalised. But he is just what the feminine public wants. To sum it up : " a man's a man for a' that."

He comes nearer to reality and possibility than the others and his audiences respond more naturally to his attractions. After all, Prince Consorts and Prussian officers require a good deal of imagination to transplant them into the realms of possible experience. Romantic gangsters are not so common as films and feuilletons would have us believe. Mexican bandits, Mad Genius and dual personalities are even more rare. But here is a young man, stalwart and manly, not too outrageously good looking, who behaves, on the screen, just as every woman would have her lover behave.

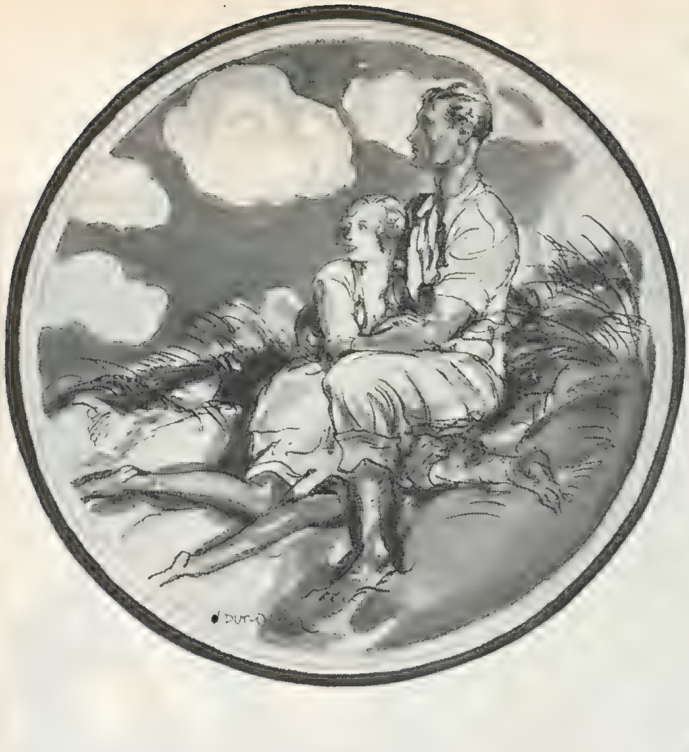
The part of the young engineer in " The Rise of Helga " in which Gable played opposite Greta Garbo was a fortuitous article for him. In it he could display, first his chivalrous love, then the disillusion and brutal repudiation, the degradation and resort to drink which every woman *expects* a man to fall to if he is disappointed in love for her and which gives her that magnificent opportunity which, in spite of all the statistics to prove its inoperativeness, women continue to believe in because they want it—the chance to redeem the man and make him happy—*after* ruining him and making him wretched, through faith and love !

JAMES DUNN is another " interesting newcomer." His team work with Sally Eilers inaugurates a new partnership. They have not the sentimental appeal of the Farrell-Gaynor pair : their films have followed newer, more naturalistic lines. But Dunn can portray a manly, commonplace youth who can " tick off " his girl and express contempt for the sex and yet is capable of selflessness amounting to heroism when he " cares " : he can break down and cry and yet remain " every inch a man."

Personal taste must not confuse judgment of popular standards. One may be attracted by the debonair romanticism of the rapidly developing personality and talent of the younger Fairbanks or find delightful the whimsical good-mannered immorality of well-groomed Robert Montgomery or the suave continentalism of Paul Lukas, but, until the fashion changes, the larger public favour is given to the strong, simple man (and the bias is for the swarthy in opposition to the universal blondness of femininity, one supposes) who looks and acts as if he really could fell the villain or a redwood tree.

Leaving Ronald Colman on his own special pedestal, a " popularity contest " would probably be headed by Clark Gable, and would include, in the first flight, Colin Clive—he looks real and not actory—Charles Farrell, Charles Bickford James Dunn, Chester Morris, Fredric March (this name calls for a question mark until we have seen him in more sympathetic and realistic rôles than the " Jekyll and

(*Continued on page* 96)



Wind *among* the Palms

A Romance *of the* South Seas

"Why do you come to-night, to-night,
So many miles of wind and rain? . . ."
"Why do you come to-night, to-night?
It may be death to both of us?"

By Beatrice Grimshaw

NIGHT and day, the thought of the Shebas had drawn her: those islands, at the world's end, dark, mysterious, cruel; those islands where she was to reach the "golden close of love"—where Francis Ireland, first and last of men, was waiting.

Irresistibly it had called to her. What part of the call was Frank himself, what part came blowing to her on the first breath of tropic airs, she could not have told. But, love apart, she longed for the island world. Never did island bride prepare trousseau with hands more willing; never to any such did the commonplace Cook's ticket seem more like a talisman, promising magic casements, and the freedom of the perilous seas. Romany was glad to go . . .

When the news came, it came through the morning papers, not by letter or cable. No one in the Shebas had known of Frank's engagement, so there was no one to tell Romany Lyle, gently, by kind degrees, that she was widowed before her bridal. The *Daily Mail* broke the news as one might have broken a club, smashingly, over her head.

Frank was killed. He had gone inland to explore an untravelled part of the Sheba group, and had not returned. A rescue party, following weeks after, had found and brought back his bones. On the shores of the island they had buried those pitiful remains. Report had been made to headquarters, a new district officer appointed, and that was all of the matter, and all of Frank, for ever.

After the immediate shock, Romany found herself almost angry with Frank. It was not like him. He never failed anyone. He was strong. How could it be possible that he actually had failed her, abandoned her, torn himself away from her clasping hand—he who loved her? It seemed an incredible weakness in Frank, that he should have died.

That was at first. Then came the dreadful days, the haunted nights, when one hated, feared to dream, because every dream was false and cruel. Then the passing of the dreams: the knowledge, daily growing, that in no country, upon no sea of all the world, could one find sight or sound of Frank Ireland, any more.

It was then that Romany, with utter absence of logic, or perhaps with that high instinct that rises above all logic, in a woman's heart, decided that she would keep her ticket, use her waiting outfit, and go, after all, to the Shebas. One could live there as happily as anywhere else—which was not to say very much. And only in the Shebas was there that little fragrance left, that mere smoke of remembrance, that was all now remaining of Frank Ireland.

ROMANY'S mother, preparing for her own second marriage, and rather annoyed than otherwise by her daughter's inconvenient griefs, made no objection. She increased Romany's already liberal allowance; suggested that, as Romany was twenty-six, and sensible, she should take a good look at the Southern Hemisphere, and not think of hurrying home; gave her a sheaf of letters of introduction, and saw her off, with all the proper expressions of emotion, and entire inward satisfaction. Romany, who did not want for a certain bitter sense of humour, told her mother that she supposed she was to regard herself in the light of a remittance woman, paid to keep away. Mrs. Lyle, soon to be Mrs. Wilbraham, passed over the remark uncomprehendingly.

"You talk like your poor father," she said. "His people were all romantic. I remember he told me that when his father was on the Australian station he fell in love with a cannibal queen. So amusin'. Are you sure you have enough dinner frocks for the *Otranto?* You know, they should all have been black."

Illustrated by
Steven Spurrier, R.I.

Romany said that she had.

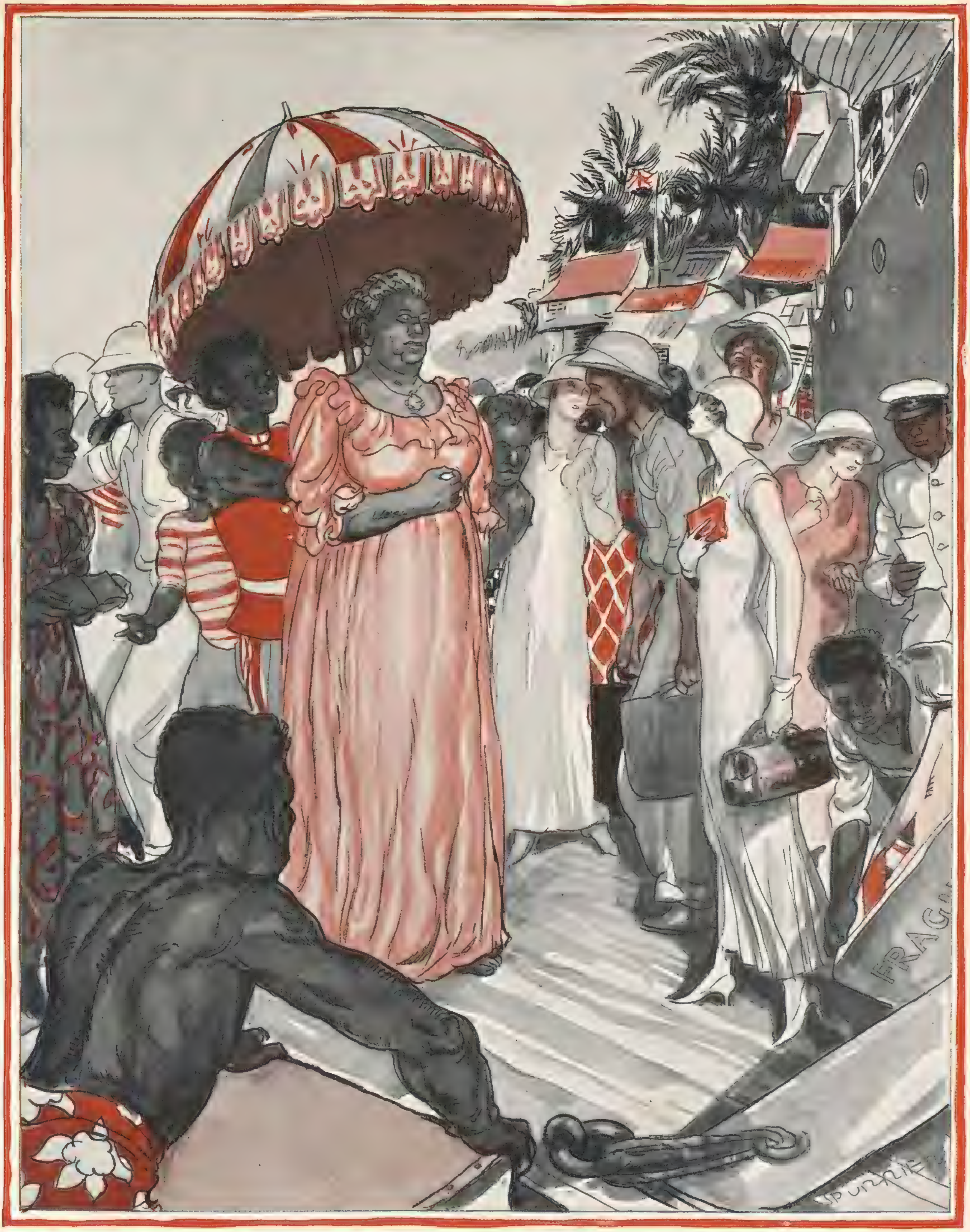
"As for black," she declared, "mourning is the damnedest idea—sorry!—that any idiot ever invented. It's tearing your heart out and pinning it on your sleeve. It's stripping yourself naked and standing up for fools to stick penknives into you. I've every colour of the rainbow in my frocks, and I've six pairs of dancing shoes—and now let them come on with their condolences!"

"I am sure," said Mrs. Lyle with dignity, "that everyone has been most kind."

"That's the very blazes of it," said modern Romany. "No one on the way to the Shebas is going to be kind, if I know it."

No one, in the sense that she intended, was "kind." It was possible to keep her sorrow to herself; to swallow tears silently, and, in the absence of meddling hands, to let the sore wound heal. The healing was superficial; pain throbbed at times, but she knew, by the time the first of the Shebas came in sight, that she was once more fit to take her place in the world of ordinary people; bearing, as she now knew most people did, an invisible load, but able to stand up under it bravely, as—she had learned—those others also stood.

On the *Otranto*, and on the little island boat that followed, there had been plenty of people willing to enliven the tedium of long stretches between port and port, for this nice girl with the dark-blue wistful eyes and honey-coloured hair, who was travelling all alone. Romany accepted all that came to her, played games, betted on the ship's daily run—was, in ship parlance, a good sport all through. But she did not flirt. She had flirted, before Frank came into her days, as simply as she ate or breathed. Since that fateful visit "Home"—since he had come and gone—something was burned out of her: some flame had died to sodden ashes.



"I suppose," she thought, amused at herself for being so Victorian, "it was what they used to call 'true love.' I suppose I was lucky in finding it, even if I didn't keep it. Look at Mother." And then, like Mrs. Primrose, she "fell into a great fit of laughter" at the thought of her mother's recurring romances. "If she marries six times, and has sixteen children—not jolly likely!—I should know more of love, in the end, than she."

SHE took one long, flowing step forward, and placed herself directly in Romany's path

That brought her back to the thought of her grandfather.

"Marrying seems to be a confirmed habit of my people. Didn't grand-dad marry an Australian first? I wonder how it fitted in with the love affair he was supposed to have with a 'cannibal queen!'"

They were nosing slowly, through reefs and long reefs of foamy emerald, into the harbour of Malacanar, the entry port of the Shebas. Romany, hanging over the ship's rail, filled her eyes with the beauty of the pale shore and the palms that hung above it; with the glow of scarlet roofs peering out of green that was surely greener than any other in the world; with the rain mists that glided over smoke-blue, clambering forests. On the horizon, small as turquoise beads, were little distant islands.

“Well,” said the voice of the ship's purser at her elbow, “are you trying to see your step-grandmother's island?”

Romany answered, with surprise—“What?”

“Sorry if I've butted in,” said the purser, “I quite thought you were going to stay there.”

“I have letters of introduction to the Anglican Mission, and to the Resident Commissioner. I—I'm afraid I don't understand the joke.”

“Didn't you say, during the voyage, that your grandfather had been on the Australian station, and that he was Commander Lyle?”

“I believe I may have done, if the subject came up. But what——”

“Everyone in the Shebas knows the history of Queen Alicia, if you don't. You'll probably see her on the jetty, when we get right in. She mostly does meet the steamers. She is—— Passports? Yes, sir, I'll see to it at once. All passengers to the smokeroom; passports ready. . . .”

By the time that the passports were examined the ship had reached the jetty. Romany, now set free, saw close at hand a crowd of forty or fifty, the whole white population of the port, waiting impatiently for the boat to make fast. Conspicuous among these stood out a female figure.

“I don't know what that cad can have meant by step-grandmothers,” Romany thought, “but if there is a Queen Alicia in the island, I'll wager that's she.”

The woman was extremely tall, an inch or two over six feet, and very stout. She wore a sweeping dress of mauve silk, made Mother Hubbard pattern. Beneath it bare, plump feet of ivory brown showed candidly. She had no hat; an attendant native held above her head a tent umbrella patterned in many colours. Large, staring, pale green eyes, very like a cat's, though handsomer, looked out of her broad brown face. Her greying hair was parted, combed and coiled; but it was kinky and live as a handful of watch-springs, ready to break, with a moment's freedom, back into its native wool. There were diamond earrings in her ears, and round her sagging neck hung a chain that supported a diamond pendant.

“That's Her Majesty Queen Alicia,” laughed a homegoing trader. “Pretty dignified for a black and tan, eh?”

Romany scarcely heard him. A horrible, unreasoning fear had seized upon her, causing her to retreat to her cabin, stare at herself in the mildewed looking glass, lift her hands and scan the root of every nail. . . .

“No,” she decided. “Whatever the yarn is, it isn't that. Father was almost Germanly fair, and I'm what Oliver Wendell Holmes would have called a ‘positive blonde.’ But then—what the—Pacific Ocean—did he mean?”

She collected her luggage, found native porters, went ashore. The heat struck her in the face like a blast from the ship's stokehold. Men meeting the boat stood coatless, with dripping shirts that clung to their backs; women wiped arms and faces with handkerchiefs. Only Queen Alicia seemed unmoved by the heat. Beneath her gigantic umbrella, she scanned the disembarking crowd, interested, cool, a trifle amused. . . .

Suddenly the enormous eyes became yet larger, dilating like a cat's. She took one long, flowing step forward and placed herself directly in Romany's path. The latter, thus halted, was conscious of a curious scent, compounded of musk, commercial; frangipanni flowers, fresh; cedarwood, ancient and suggestive of dress-boxes; soap, Pears', rose-perfumed; and a hint of starch and newly ironed underlinen. She was also conscious of the smiting glitter of Queen Alicia's diamonds, under full sunlight. And of an immense and undefined dismay.

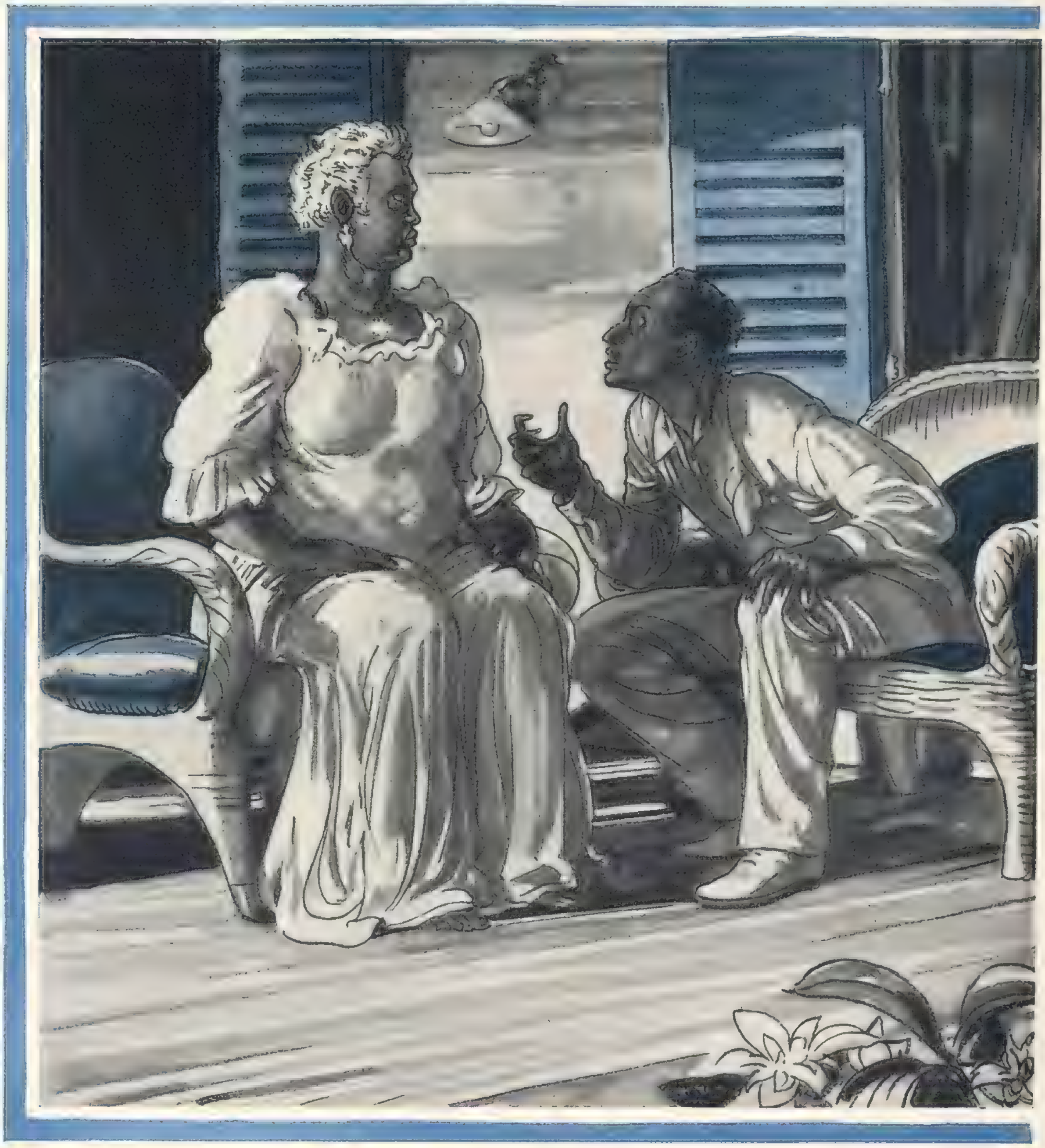
“What is your name?” demanded Royalty.

“Romany Lyle.”

“Lyle? Was your grandfather Commander Ezekiel Lyle? Yes? I should have known it. You are as like him as a young leaf is like an old one; the same tree, the same. . . . Come to my island.”

Queen Alicia's voice had seemed imperious at first; now it was soft, it cooed like a sucking-dove's.

“I don't trust you a little bit,” thought



UNDER the wall of Zeke's sky and the dusky clothes, Romany, intrigued, amazed, "but this seems to be an adventure, and one doesn't turn adventures down; besides, I'm frightfully curious. . . ." Answering the strange woman's curtness with equal brevity, she said, "Thanks, I should like to; how do you get there?"

They got there in a launch that was more like Queen Elizabeth's royal barge than anything else—a gilded, scarlet enamelled, velvet cushioned craft, fitted (as a touch of modernity) with twin-screw engines that fairly shouted money, and doubtless ate it also, if one were to judge by speed. Queen Alicia's island was farther away than it seemed; fifty miles the launch covered between eight o'clock and twelve, and all the time that farthest blue dot kept changing, darkening, growing larger, clearer, until at last it stood revealed as a fine coconut plantation of several hundred acres, with a foreshore belted by concrete jetties, with a line of white and red stores, with drying houses, bagging sheds, labour lines, garages for Ford lorries, with a flower garden and a kitchen garden, with a splendid, snowy, green-shuttered bungalow. The whole effect was that of riches, according to island ideas, of order, efficiency, and withal, a certain bareness, due to the fact that the island was entirely level, planted all over, and so meticulously weeded that not a yard of cover for mosquitoes or anything else remained on its entire extent.

ROMANY noticed these things, with a rather tepid interest; her attention was taken up by the human side of the adventure. What had the purser meant? and what had Queen Alicia, clearly half-caste, to do with her or her people?

If she had known that on the plan of that island, on the bareness of its trees and the scarcity of its buildings, four lives one day would depend, she might have looked with warmer interest. But no vision of the future stained, like a mirage, the clear air before her; the mirror of the jewelled shoal waters reflected no crystal-gazer's dream of strange disaster. Romany, landing on the island of her fate, was chiefly concerned with the problem of Queen Alicia and her connection—relationship she would not say—with Romany's own family.

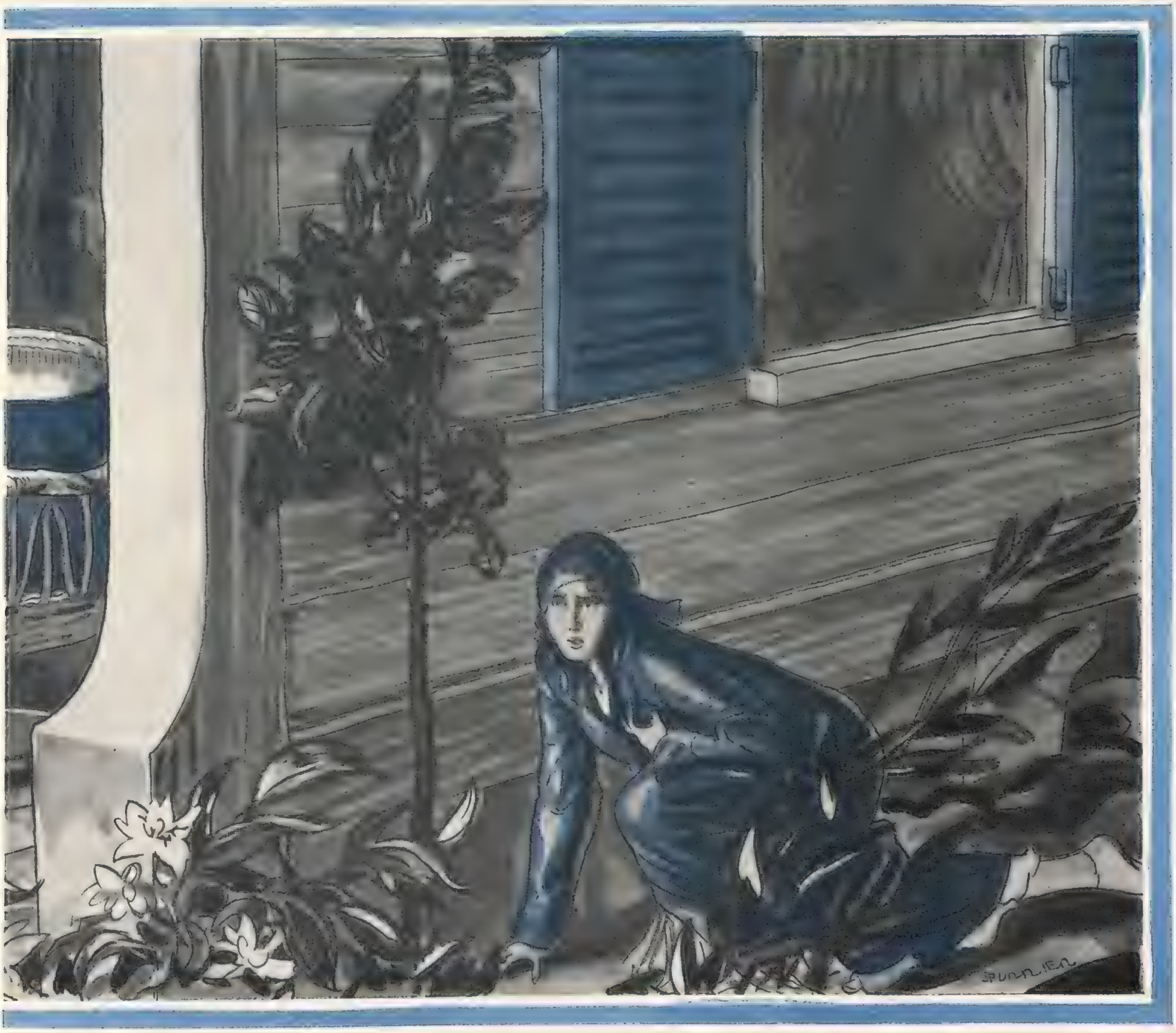
She had not long to wait for the knowledge she craved.

They had dined, in the evening; the servants, who seemed innumerable, all black, almost naked, silent, afraid, had cleared away the silver and the crystal and the lavish, splendid food and wines. Long chairs had been brought out on to the verandah; women, clad in fringes of dried grass, stood with enormous fans in their hands ready to wave away mosquitoes. On the invisible lagoon long threads of silver trembled, each the pathway of a star. Black palm-trees, against the sky, were rather felt than seen.

Alicia waited until her cigar, and Romany's cigarette, were well alight, and then, after a puff or two, she spoke.

"My dear" (there was just a touch of "chi-chi" in her accent, but her speech was that of the educated)—"my dear, I am your step-grandmother. Did you know?"

"But that's impossible," answered Romany, staring through the dark. "My grandfather married an Australian, and when she died he married my



house, crouching like an animal, hidden by the dark listening. Someone was talking. Was it Zeke?

grandmother, a Miss Mallory." She stopped. Alicia was laughing, softly, but as if something had amused her and piqued her at the same time.

"Australian—that's quite right," she said. "My father was a Russian-Australian. My mother—Sheba islands."

"But—you're not dead!"

"Ah, no, my dear. Your grandfather divorced me."

"Oh!" This was embarrassing. Alicia did not seem to feel it so.

"Yes," she said coolly. "We had a son. Your uncle, of course. And one day your grandfather—he had married me secretly, you know—found out—things that had happened when he was away. Ah, well! Your grandfather was very impulsive, my dear. But he had left me alone for two years—two years, I ask you!—and so, my mother's race called, very, very strong, and I went back to it."

"But not for long!" she resumed after a momentary pause. "I am one of those who climb, climb. So I returned. He would not forgive, and he divorced me; then, after that, he married your grandmother, and your father was born. But I should have been your grandmother."

"Thank heaven you're not," thought Romany. "But——" (it was awkward not knowing what to call her hostess. One couldn't call her Alicia, and had she any surname?) "But—how could you be old enough to be my grandmother? I'm twenty-six."

"Twenty-six?" There was a certain sharpness, almost a touch of disappointment, in Alicia's voice. "You don't look it—but you fair English people. . . . Ah, I am older than you think. My son was born when I was fifteen. We don't wait for eleven years after fifteen to marry in these islands. What has kept you single?"

She seemed to be extremely interested in that matter, anxious about it even. Romany wondered why. This step-grandmother of hers—if that was the relationship—was certainly not devoid of curiosity.

"I was engaged to be married for two years," she said, in a low voice. "Six months ago he died."

"And you have come here—why?"

"Because——" she was searching for a suitable white lie, when Alicia suddenly broke in:

"You were Ireland's fiancée!" she cried.

"What? Did you know him?"

Romany was dismayed. She clung to her secret; she hated the idea of seeing it dragged out into the light of day, smeared with comment, clawed over by condoling gossips.

"I have seen him," answered Alicia, motioning to the girls behind her. . . . "Fan, fan—it is hot. . . . A great strong man, wasn't he, with oh, such fine shoulders and narrow hips, and a beautiful neck, like a pillar of brown marble? Yes, a beautiful man."

Romany was silent. Alicia's gusto waked fastidious distaste in her. It was as if she had seen Frank actually pawed by the dimpled ivory hands, ageing yet greedy, of Queen Alicia.

"It was a pity for your sake," said Alicia, after a pause. "I knew little of him, but I heard he had a sweetheart. I know everything that happens in the islands . . . this is not the only island I have; there are others, many. This is the island of my home, that's all. I am very rich. It's not for nothing they call me queen. But—even queens grow old."

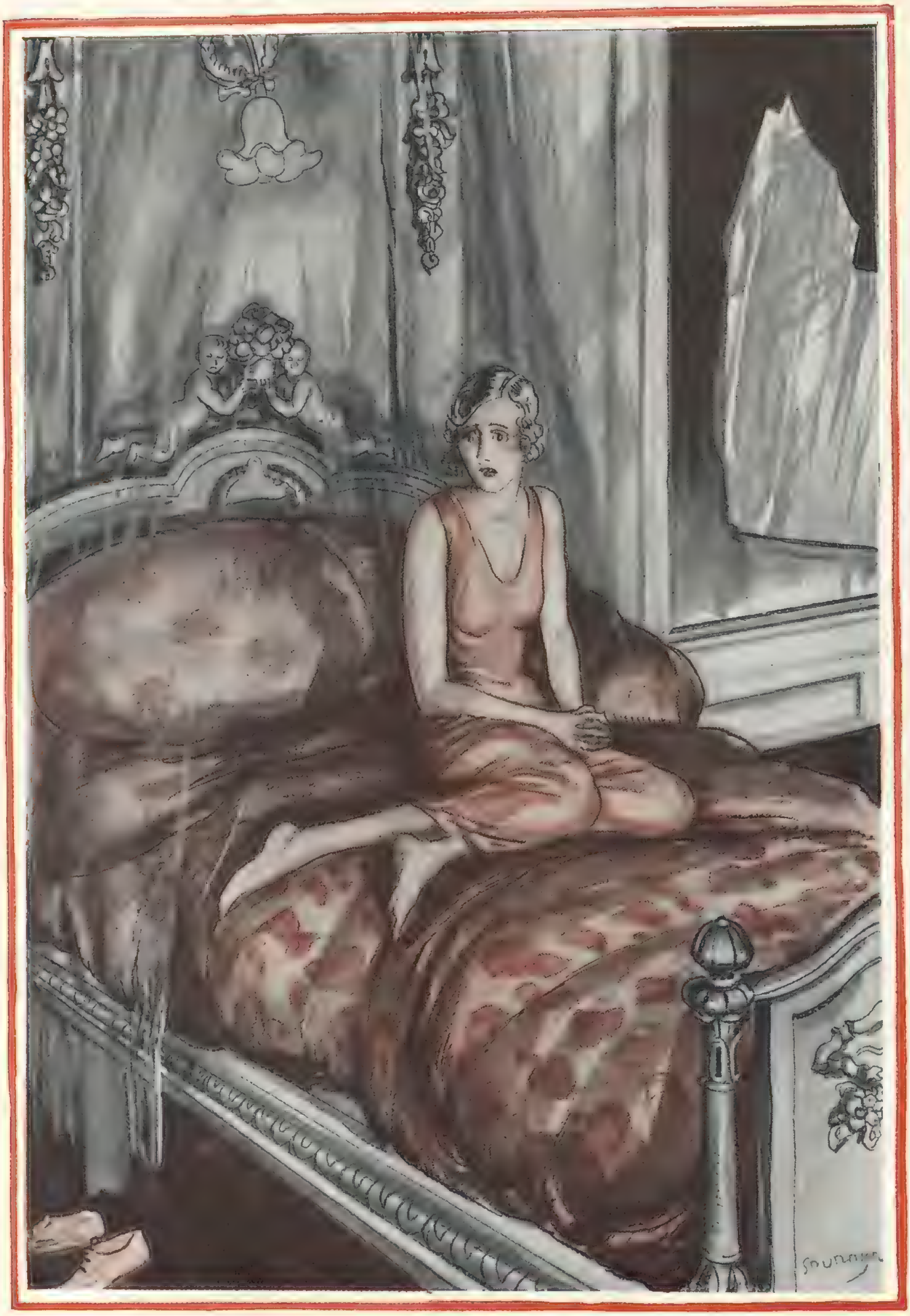
She was silent; the red point of her cigar grew brighter.

"Have you ever," she said suddenly (Romany was learning by now that Alicia was nothing if not sudden), "Have you ever thought upon the question of the dark races?"

"Everyone does, nowadays," replied Romany cautiously.

"I think much. I have always thought. And see, I'm clever, educated. When I think, I arrive somewhere. See this—it is the destiny of the half-caste to bring back."

"Bring back? I'm afraid I don't——"



"NO," said Romany to herself, suddenly sitting up in bed. "That's impossible. It couldn't be"

"To lead back his race—or hers—up the heights again, down which it has fallen. For the white race is the height, the high mountain; we all know it, who have white blood. See, Romany, your grandfather was cruel, but he was right. I sinned against his race."

Silence again, again the steady fanning of the girls, the faint hushing of ripples at the edge of the lagoon.

"But—the sin was expiated. I lost him by it. And my son Ezekiel married a half-caste girl, and they are dead. And my grandson has been educated—Sydney schools and colleges. But he is as I am. Ah, well, you are here to have a 'good time,' as you say, not to talk about—blacks." She flung the last word out with scorn. Romany had a curious idea that Alicia had meant to say something else and had refrained with difficulty from saying it.

"I will show you to your room," she said, rising. "I am a good hostess, eh? When I was married to your grandfather, and we lived here for months of his leave, I entertained half the Australian station. We were very popular, and saw much society. Now you shall have the fine guest room, the big guest room."

She switched on the electric light, showed Romany into a room that was twice as large as any other, furnished with bird's-eye maple, quilted and cushioned with blue satin, and hung all over with gilded mirrors.

"Very fine, eh?" she said. "Now you go to sleep, and wake up quite rested and happy, and we shall have some good times ready for you."

Not soon did Romany sleep. Lying in the huge gilded bed, with the thin vapour of the mosquito-net veiling, like smoke, the shadowy palms, the lagoon and the stars in the lagoon outside, she thought long and sadly. Her first island night! Not thus had she dreamed it.

Strange to think that only by the chance of Queen Alicia's sin had she escaped the fate of being island, blood and bone. That, she did not wish for. But—surely—there was more to be said for the dark people, especially the half-castes, than one thought. Alicia was magnificent, a true master-woman. Of whom did she remind one? Romany had seen a picture——

Madame Blavatsky! That was it. Mrs. Lyle had played a little with theosophy, years ago. In the drawing-room at home there still stood, on a small table, with a vase of flowers before it, a large portrait of Helena Blavatsky, still, splendid, tigress-eyed, with crinkled hair drawn down on her forehead as Alicia's crinkled hair was drawn, with wonderful hands, long, jewelled. . . . Romany didn't think there was much to choose between the Blavatsky and Alicia as to unscrupulousness, but what master-women, the two! A Russian-Australian father, a Sheba mother. Strange mingling, a strange result.

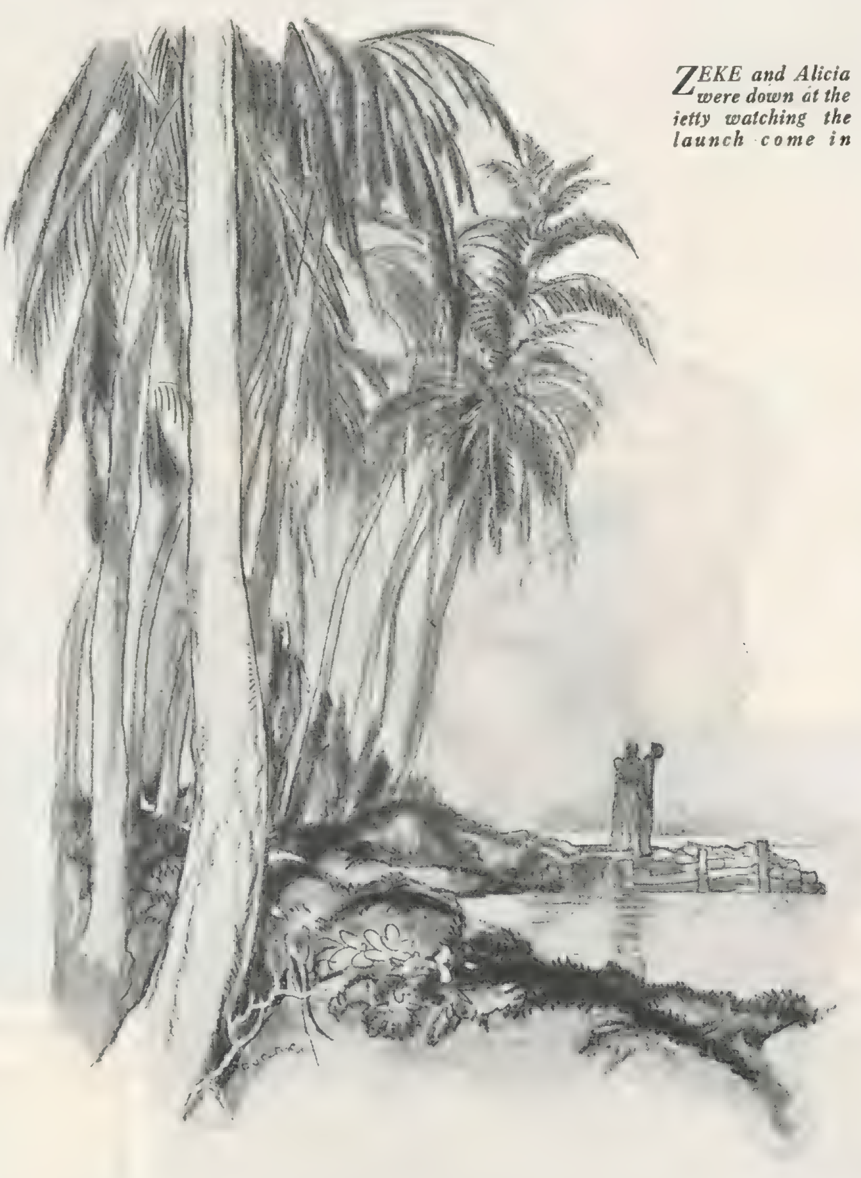
Romany slept. . . .

FOR a day or two Alicia gave herself up entirely to her guest. Her hospitality was magnificent. A dozen servants were assigned to Romany; there were women to dress and undress her, to prepare her bath in the marble bathroom, to go with her when she bathed in the tea-warm waters of the lagoon. There was a small gilded launch for her, and a Sheba island canoe, a wonderful thing with high, crescent-shaped bow and stern, with inlayings of pearl that glittered in the sun. Alicia, who was too fat for games, detailed a trained black man to play tennis with Romany.

"My grandson taught him so that he could keep in practice," she said. "You will find him most respectable."

Although the island was a plantation pure and simple, with no "sights," and no scenery save the coconuts and the wonderful running reef waters, amethyst, amber, sapphire and emerald coloured, Romany did not feel her time hang heavy on her hands. She was astonished to learn, one day, that it was nearly three weeks since her arrival. She made some tentative suggestion about returning to the port, but Alicia shook her head.

"Oh, no," she said, "you must not go now. I expect my grandson any day, and you must meet him; he's your cousin, you know—you had the same grandfather."



ZEKE and Alicia were down at the jetty watching the launch come in

Her cousin! Romany savoured that doubtful morsel. Did she want to meet a coloured cousin?

When he arrived, he went straight to his house from the jetty, and Alicia met him there. It was plain that she wanted to have a private talk with him. The talk was a long one; not for nearly an hour did Alicia rejoin her guest. She was self-possessed as usual, but under her dark skin the blood flushed crimson, so that she looked as if she had been rouged, and her great cat-eyes shone vividly green.

"Must have been an exciting interview," thought Romany, "I suppose they've been quarrelling."

"My grandson is coming to see you," said Alicia, slightly out of breath. "He will in a minute be here." Her English generally halted in moments of excitement.

"What's there to be excited about?" wondered Romany. "He's not the Prince of Wales."

She saw a tall figure advancing across the space of cleared lawn that divided the two houses.

"Enough of him, anyhow," she thought. "Well dressed," was the next comment. And as he came nearer, mounted the verandah steps, and with somewhat elaborate grace bowed over her hand—"Why, he's good-looking; looks like a gentleman, too."

"My grandson, Ezekiel Lyle. Zeke, your cousin, Romany Lyle," introduced Alicia.

Romany stared almost rudely. She could not help herself. This tall, thin man, with the somewhat worn face, deeply bronzed, and the handsome hawky features, was, save for his black, shining eyes and the colour of his skin, the very image of grandfather, as one remembered him in his portrait at home. Strange to say, he was a little like father too, in spite of father's fairness, and in spite of the fact that he was darker than Queen Alicia. His hair, though brushed and pasted down to the last degree of gloss, was kinky, and his teeth, when he smiled, were rather too brilliantly white. But the family likeness was there. Romany, remembering her own face in the glass, could even see that the third Ezekiel Lyle, grandson of black cannibals, was rather like herself.

It took her breath away; she did not know what to say to this strange relative. Lyle, however, was perfectly self-possessed. She remembered that he had been to Sydney Grammar School and Sydney University; she supposed they had taught him manners. (*Continued on page* 119)

SOME VARIATIONS on STEPS and

The importance of a welcoming hall and an attractive staircase cannot be over-estimated

IT is amazing how few people trouble about the decoration and arrangement of the entrance hall to their homes. Too often it is furnished with the odd pieces of furniture which will not fit into the other rooms and automatically give the hall a forlorn, neglected appearance.

How wrong they are ! First impressions are always important, and undoubtedly the entrance hall and treatment of the main staircase should set the keynote to the whole scheme of the house or flat. Naturally, your entrance hall should suggest an air of welcome, and this can be achieved by the colour scheme used and the treatment of the floor. For this reason it is best to decorate your hall and staircase in a light colour. Light golden yellow, pale primrose yellow, buff, or cream are the best shades to use, and dark colours such as red, mauve, dark brown and dark green, should definitely be avoided.

In the decoration of your hall and the staircase leading out of it you are faced with a good many practical problems. First of all there is the question of floors. The entrance hall floor presents a very particular problem, as it gets dirty very easily, and has to cope with all the mud and dust from the roads and streets outside. For this reason an attractive linoleum or modern stone composition flooring is more suitable than a carpet, and incidentally you will find the new Shell liquid floor polish admirable for cleaning either composition stone floors, which are difficult to clean with ordinary polish, or linoleum.

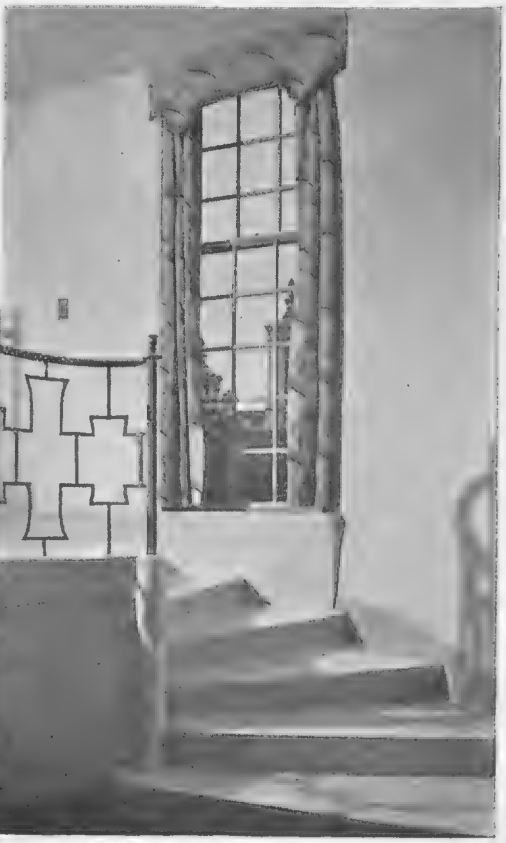
In the case when you are using linoleum I strongly advise you to use a new underlining called Linovent. This underlining, made of a special preparation of a pliable and waterproof base which is thickly coated on both sides with granulated cork, costs practically nothing a yard, and has innumerable advantages. It prevents damp from rising from the floor underneath the carpet or linoleum, and at the same time it prevents damp soaking into the floor from above. Linovent, being made of a cork preparation, is also a great deadener of sound, and this should prove particularly useful in flats where one is so frequently disturbed by one's neighbours underneath ! If you underline your floors with Linovent you will do away with all outside sounds.

Yet another remarkable advantage of this new British product is that it prevents dry rot, and will also smooth out unevenness in the floor—a fault found only too often in old country or period houses, and because of its resilient quality it also lightens the tread of your feet on the floor.

ATTRACTIVE treatment of a small hall by Lindsay-Hickman in Mrs. " Nick " Prinsep's home. Note the clever lighting and the charmingly carved banisters

FINE old linen-fold panelling and an elaborately carved oak staircase have transformed this entrance hall in a small London house into a lovely period hall

IN most homes the staircase plays an important part in the scheme of the hall, and special attention should be paid to its decoration and treatment. First of all there is the stair-carpet. In a recently decorated house I saw a simple but unusual arrangement of the stair-carpet which made it the chief decorative feature of the entrance hall. The stairs were covered in brown carpet, and instead of having a border on each side it was made with a wide border of nigger brown—a darker shade—on one side only. This wide border ran up the stairs on the side of the balustrade, thus emphasising the curves of the staircase, and looked most decorative and attractive.



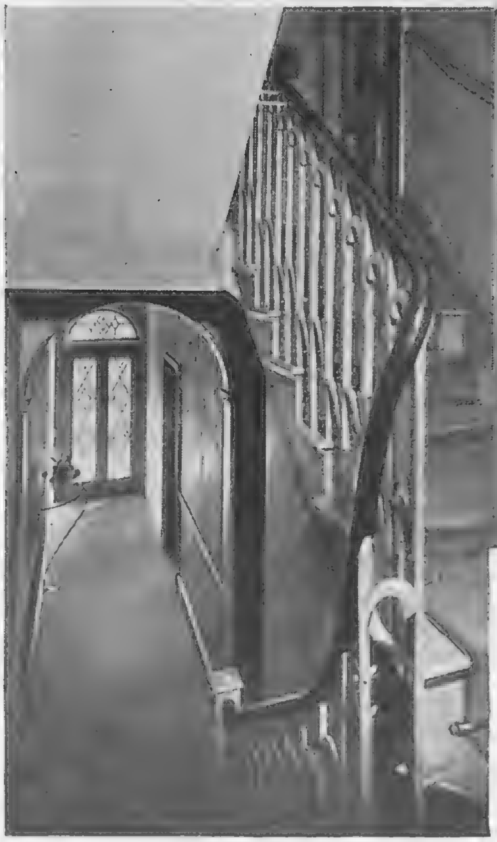
VERY architectural and effective is this staircase treatment by Oliver Hill of which the unusual wrought iron balustrade forms the chief decorative item

ANOTHER feature of this interesting entrance hall was the way the treatment of the balustrade had been made one of the chief decorations of the hall. Guy Elwes has done this recently in a small house with marked success by having the staircase fitted with specially designed banisters made in gilded bronze. Another famous designer and architect who always makes a special decorative feature of his entrance halls is Oliver Hill.

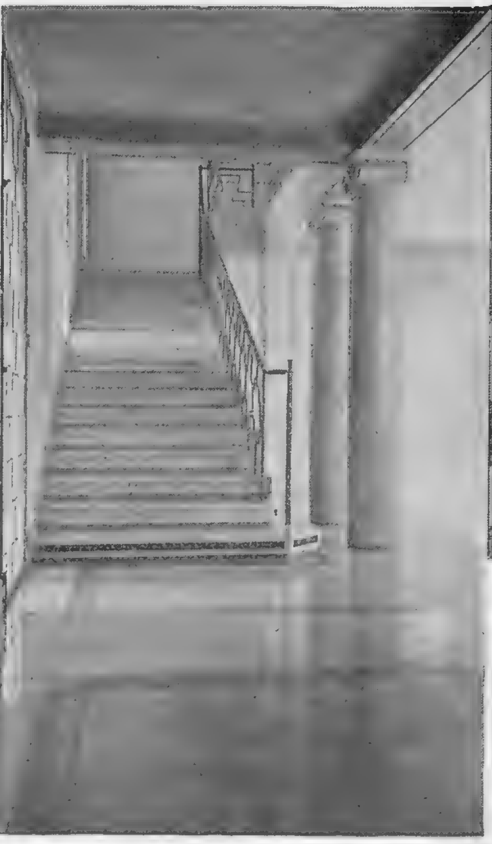
STAIRS

By

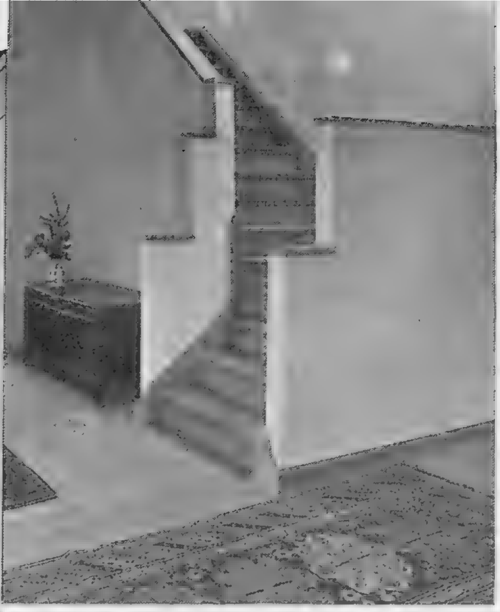
DEREK PATMORE



GUY ELWES designed this unusual entrance hall and staircase, and its chief decoration are the ornamental gilded bronze banisters



A STUDY in contrasted marbles is this very lovely entrance hall by Oliver Hill. The pillars and stairs are made of beige marble and the floor is inlaid with green



GAY and welcoming is this simple modern entrance hall by Alan Fortescue. The highly varnished paintwork enhances this effect

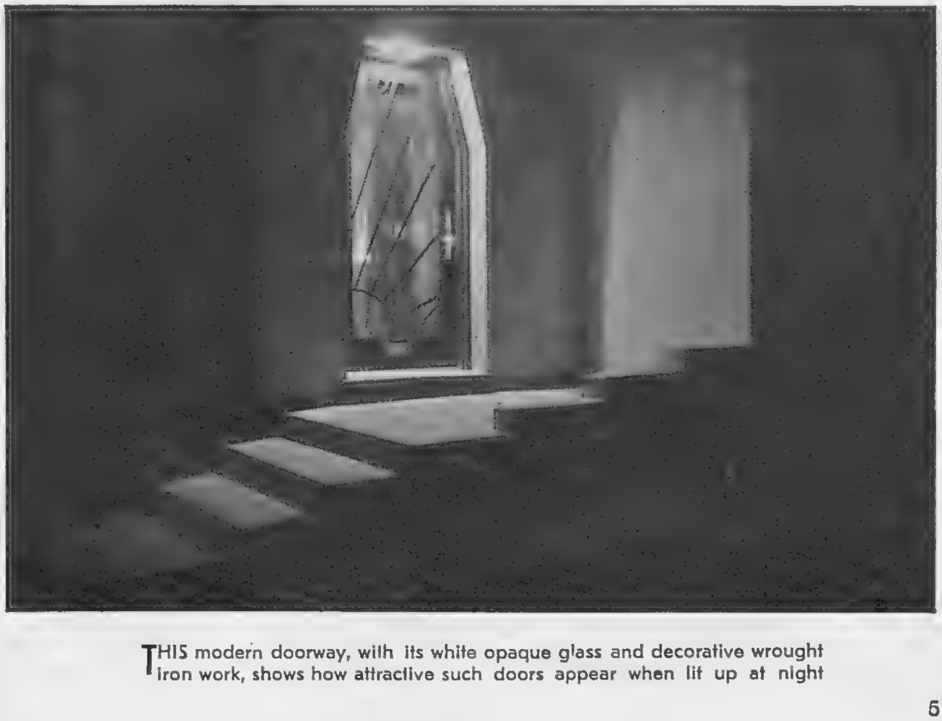
In a new house in Westminster he has achieved a remarkable effect by using different coloured marbles and wrought iron in the entrance hall. This hall is very architectural in treatment and relies upon the wrought-iron design at the main staircase, the design of the windows and the contrasted marbles for his decorative schemes. Entering the house through the green-painted front door one is immediately confronted with a short flight of wide marble steps leading up to the hall itself. The floor and steps are made of soft beige-coloured marble inlaid with a green marble border, and the two supporting pillars which rise impressively to the ceiling are made of Travertine marble which is a slightly darker tone of beige. Against this scheme of beige marble the wrought-iron staircase, with its grille sprayed a verdigris green, and the ends of each stair inlaid with jade coloured marble, stands out in effective contrast.

Yet another clever idea in treating the staircase is to cover the balustrade with washable leather, which does away with the problem of finger marks and stains, but this is only practical when you are building a house or re-modelling a flat in the modern manner, when the staircase will be boxed in with painted plywood.

Finally, lighting will play an important part in the decoration of your hall and staircase, and it will do much to create that air of welcome so needed in this part of the home. Whenever possible use side-lights on the walls and do away with a central light, for these will create a feeling of comfort and intimacy, especially in a small hall. And when you have to use a large centre light fitting, try to soften it with either an amber-coloured shade or lamp. Nothing is more disquieting than a harsh, crude white light.

Front doors will do much to help the decoration of your entrance hall if treated in a modern manner. For instance, the new doors, made of white opaque glass and decorated with a wrought-iron design, not only help to lighten the hall in daytime—this is particularly useful in a small dark hall—but are also immensely effective at night. And viewed from the street the brilliantly lit front door, shining in the darkness, will do a great deal to create that sense of welcome which should be a feature of every home.

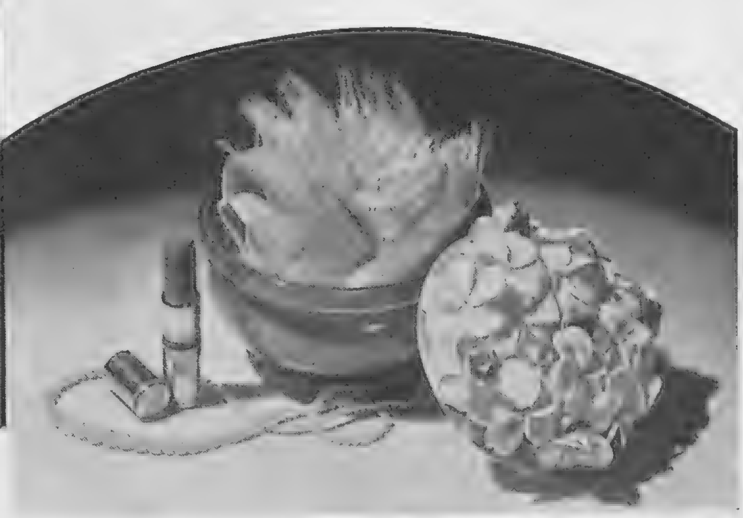
Lighting also presents a means of brightening the entrance halls in period houses where the old furniture frequently tends to darken the entrance. In the attractive panelled entrance hall illustrated on the opposite page, the old linen-fold panelling and tapestry hanging on the wall have been lit by concealed lighting placed behind old Italian leather plaques, and in the niche above the staircase. Concealed lighting is obviously the solution to the problem of how to light a period room. Most modern lighting fixtures look out of place in a Tudor room, and in fact they are a grave and unpleasing anachronism.



THIS modern doorway, with its white opaque glass and decorative wrought iron work, shows how attractive such doors appear when lit up at night

Left:

A MINIATURE toilet set in honey colour china is designed to fit a small corner washstand. Price 8/11. These may also be obtained decorated with an attractive design



A POWDER bowl of green glass with a lid composed of exquisitely moulded porcelain primroses costs 31/6

Left:

A BOON to travellers is this compact leather case for passport, rail and luggage tickets. It costs 23/6

FINGER-TIP towels are a useful accessory for the dressing-table, where they can be used to wipe traces of cosmetics off the fingers. They cost only 9d. each

W*hat* I *have* Bought

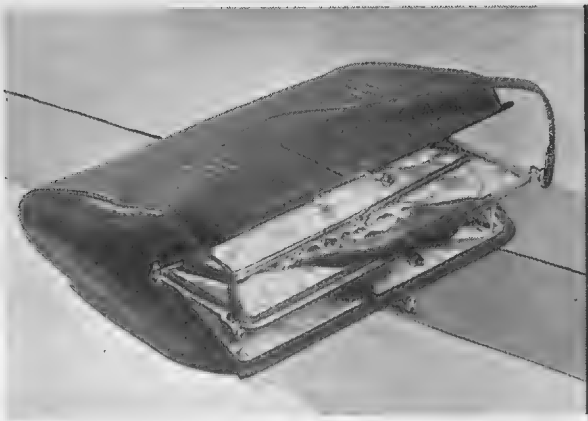
THE names and addresses of firms from which articles described on these pages can be obtained will be supplied to any interested reader on receipt of a post card addressed to the Woman Editor, "Britannia & Eve," 346, Strand, W.C.2

UNLESS you are one of those travellers who always produce the right card at the right moment, you will know all about having your passport ready when it is your landing card you are looking for, and knowing exactly where your rail ticket is when you happen to be wanting your registered luggage counterfoil. If you know all about these hectic moments, then you will certainly like to know about the new passport case which is illustrated on this page. The pocket for the passport has a mica window so that the page required can be seen. Inside the case is a separate pocket, marked, for the landing card, rail and registered luggage ticket. Each compartment is quite easy to get at, and the case can be had in various leathers and colours to match your handbag. This one is black patent leather and costs 23s. 6d.

SHEER luxury must come into our lives now and again; and, after all, the lovely things which one cannot really afford do give lasting pleasure. Anyway, it happened like this; my bedroom has just been redecorated and the soft furnishings are of a spring-like green. Then I saw this powder bowl: the bowl itself is of green glass, exactly the colour of my curtains, and the lid is one mass of the most adorable porcelain primroses I have ever seen. I do not in the least mind spending 31s. 6d. on this lasting pleasure. A similar bowl is decorated with kingcups, and yet another with wild roses.

THE china department of one London store is showing some very dainty toilet sets made to fit small corner washstands. They are almost of miniature size and very inexpensive, and 8s. 11d. will buy the complete set illustrated on the top of this page, which is a honey colour. In the same department can be seen some unusual fireproof pottery sets. These have a dark blue glaze, and almost any dish and receptacle for the table can be obtained. Breakfast sets, with the coffee pot and jug to match the porringers and bacon dishes, are most pleasing, especially if the cups and saucers and plates are of a contrasting lighter shade.

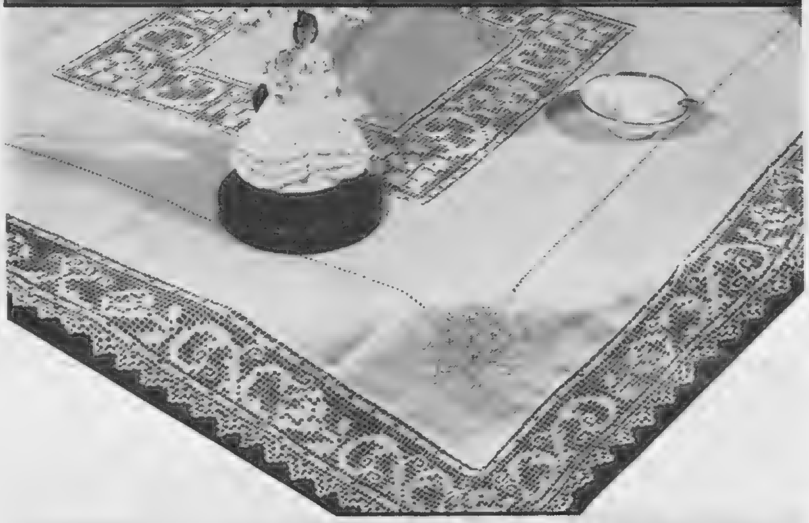
FINGER-TIP towels have become very popular in America, and they are being sent over there in many thousands from an Irish linen firm. Their popularity is spreading here, for women are finding them very useful to keep by them on their dressing-tables. They are for use after cosmetics have been handled, just to wipe off tell-tale traces from the finger-tips. The towels are of extremely soft and fine linen, they are in assorted colours and have some amusing designs embroidered on them. One towel should last several days at least, so the use of them is not an expensive proposition, either from the point of view of the laundry bill or the initial buying. They cost 9d. each.



Above:
A HARD-WEARING Shillacraft leather bag has two separate compartments and an attached inner purse for notes. It costs 15/-

Top right:
BREAKFAST in bed is a delightful meal when served in a china set decorated with shaded bands of mauve. Price 19/6

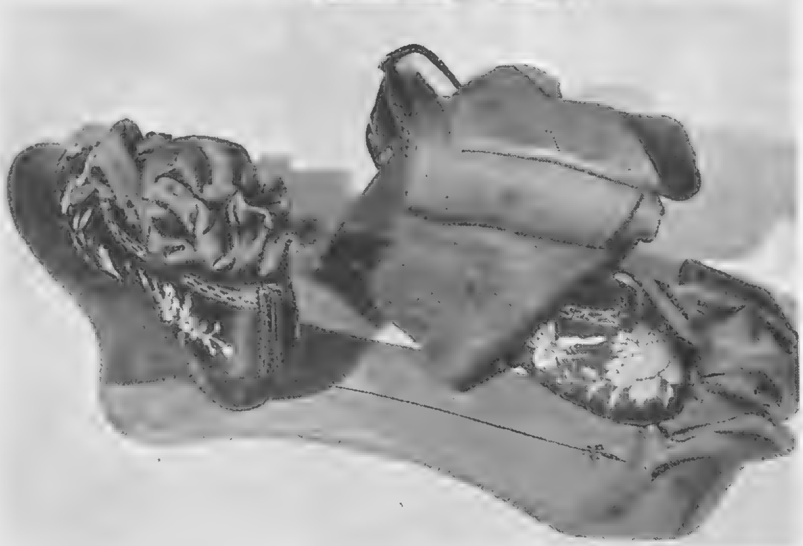
Right:
DEEP cream linen and filet lace make this handsome tea-cloth which measures 45 inches square and costs 39/6



this Month

YOU must have a handbag which is going to be as much use on a shopping expedition as on a journey: one which is not only a useful size but which has some order about it; one that has really separate compartments so that you do know your powder and cigarette case will be where you placed it, and that when you go to your bag for these, your note-case is still firmly clasped in a separate part and is not liable to be flung out. The handbag in the illustration, as can be seen, clasps one part of the bag firmly when the other is opened and the whole clasps together when the bag is closed. This, as with the other Shillacraft bags at which I was looking, is well finished, made of good leather, and has a strong lining. The prices are unexpectedly reasonable. This one costs 15s.

BREAKFAST in bed, to be really successful, should have all the accessories one is likely to require, and it is practically impossible to remember everything unless it is in a set. This breakfast-in-bed set is not only complete, but it is also cheerful to look upon. The hand-painted bands are in delightful shades of mauve, really charming colours, and the set costs only 19s. 6d. without the tray. Just by this pottery, I noticed a set of *hors d'œuvres* dishes which fitted into a tray; they were decorated by the same potter and were something after the same style. This set consisted of four small dishes and two long ones, and the whole thing, including the tray, costs 19s. 6d. They had others at 21s. Remarkably good value, I thought, and certainly very charming to look at.



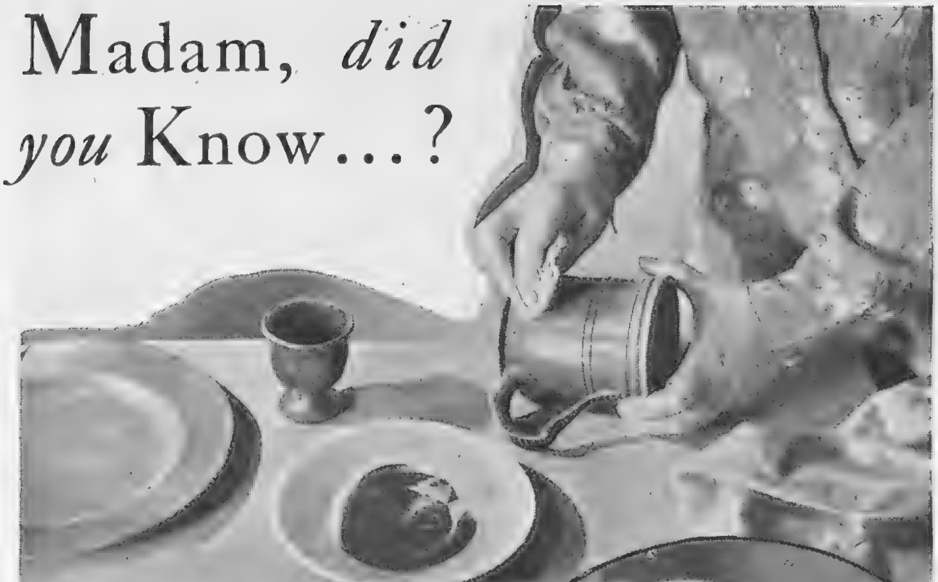
STOCKINGS which guarantee a well-fitting ankle as well as endurance are a gift every woman desires. Aristoc stockings may be had in several weights and shades and cost 4/11 each

LACE and linen is, to my mind, one of the most delightful combinations for table linen. So it was that I fell for the teacloth shown in the illustration. It is hand embroidered, and the filet lace is made of an all-linen thread. The entire cloth is of that deep cream colour which only real linen and lace can give, and the effect is rich and rather heavy looking; the type of cloth which looks well with dark furniture. It becomes my cricket table very well, especially when it is used with the pewter tea set. The whole thing seems to look just right. The cloth is a 45 in. square and costs 39s. 6d.

IT is all very well having trim ankles, you must have stockings that will fit them, stockings which will not show puckers just round the heel of the shoe. Someone told me I must buy really expensive stockings before I could hope to have that perfect fitting, but I have lately proved that I can pay as little as 4s. 11d. and yet have all the perfection one could require in the way of fit. Three pairs of Aristoc stockings are shown in the illustration; they are of various prices as befits a person who has to have good, better, best in her wardrobe, but each pair ensures a trim, attractive ankle, an effect which can only be given by a well-fitting stocking.

Madam, *did you* Know...?

Some hints which will be useful to the woman who wishes to save both time and money



WHEN cleaning pewter rub round and round, never up and down

Right:

USE soap and newspapers to keep the moth away from your blankets when storing them for the summer

Below:

THE colour of ebony can be renewed by the use of a shoe dye

THAT when pewter has been neglected it can be cleaned in the following way? Moisten a little powdered rottenstone with a mixture of linseed oil and turpentine and rub this over the article to be cleaned. Rub round and round—not up and down. Wash with warm soapy water, and finish by rubbing with a chamois leather dipped in whitening.

THAT before storing blankets for the summer, soap should be put among the folds, after which they should be wrapped in newspaper? This will keep the moth away, for this pest dislikes both soap and printer's ink.

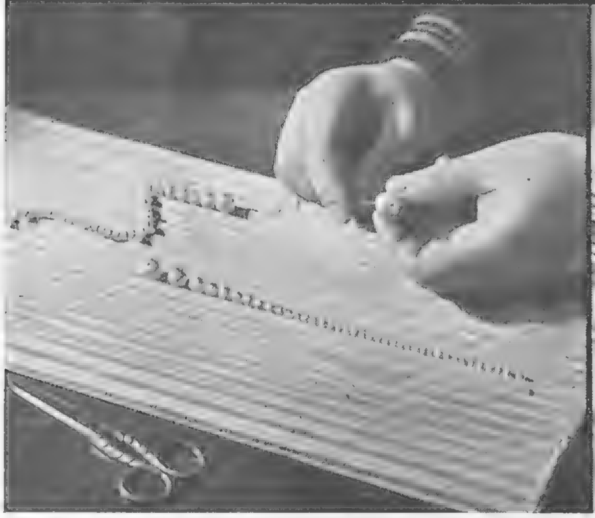
THAT when ebony shows signs of going brown it is possible to renew its colour? To do this, wash it to remove all grease, and then dry well. Next treat it with a black shoe dye—such as you would use for suède shoes—and when dry finish by polishing with furniture cream.

THAT flowers which are to be sent by post travel best if gathered in the early morning? They should be cut with a knife or a pair of sharp scissors and then put into water for a while in order to absorb sufficient moisture for the journey. Before packing, wrap the ends of the stalks in damp cotton wool. The flowers should be packed firmly and any odd corners filled in with cotton wool. Put a newspaper round the box before packing in brown paper, and don't forget to label the parcel—"Flowers, with care."

THAT it is easier to re-thread a pearl necklace if the beads are first put in order on corrugated paper? When put on a tray they roll about at the slightest touch.

THAT days in bed can be made much more comfortable for an invalid by the use of a knee pillow? To make this, place a small pillow in the centre of a sheet lengthways, and, after screwing up the ends tuck them under the mattress on either side, with the pillow lying across the bed under the knees of the patient. A knee pillow prevents slipping down in the bed, and it is particularly restful when the sitting-up stage is reached.

THAT if shoes refuse to polish because they are damp, this difficulty can be overcome by adding a little paraffin to the polish, but that the texture of leather requires feeding, and just as one's skin must be nourished with a good cold cream, so must shoes be given a dressing which will sink in and prevent the leather from cracking. The best method is to brush off all dirt, apply Meltonian cream, allow it to remain a few moments, then polish well and finish with a soft brush.



THE easiest way to re-thread a necklace. The corrugated paper keeps the pearls from rolling about

WRAP the ends of the flowers in damp cotton wool when packing them for post

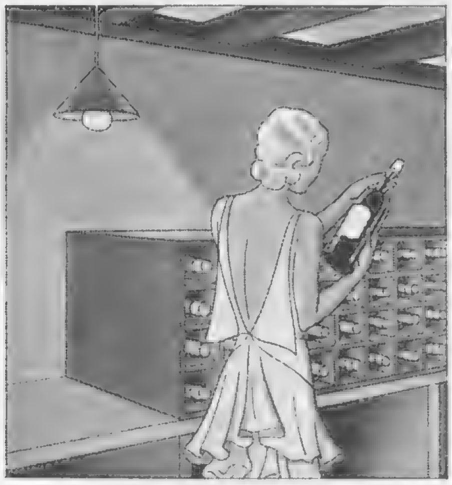
Suggestions *for a* Modest W*ine* Cellar

A small cellar does not require a large outlay, and its value increases with time

By E. R. Thomas

An item of housekeeping that often turns out to be rather bigger at the end of the year than the apparent value received is the wine bill.

Apart from the cost, it is unfortunately true that unless one is a little knowledgeable on the subject of wines, there is absolutely no means of knowing if you are being given what you really want. Wine labels are notoriously deceptive and few good wines are advertised. Some notes on this subject of wine, therefore, may help readers to distinguish themselves not only for the excellence of their table, but also for their success in rounding the matter off with a discriminating choice of wines.



The temperature of the cellar or storeroom in which the wine is kept should vary as little as possible

The most satisfactory way of organising the wine department is to start a cellar. As we shall see, this is not nearly such a financially ambitious undertaking as it sounds. It is necessary, however, to have a cellar, or else a store room where the temperature varies as little as possible, and this should be about 50° Fahrenheit.

Bottles are accommodated in bins, i.e., racks on which the bottles are stored in a horizontal position. Simple wooden bins can easily be fixed up by using a pigeon hole arrangement of laths which could be made at home by an amateur carpenter, or they can be bought inexpensively in sections.

The accommodation required depends on the amount of wine used: a stock of 12 dozen is quite a reasonably sized cellar to aim at, and would require a wall space of about 5 ft. by 2 ft. 6 in.

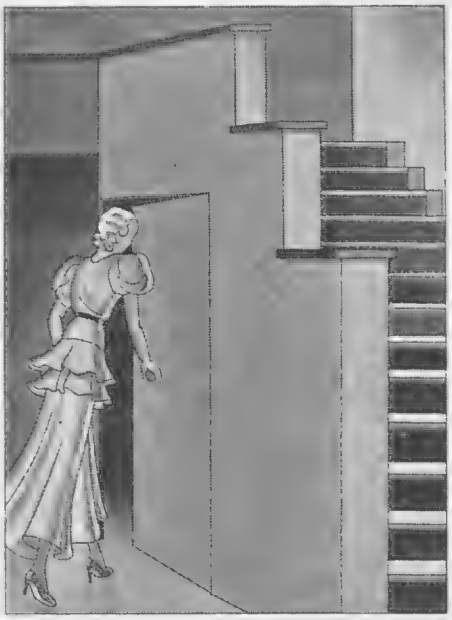
Bordeaux wines and Burgundies are kept in the cask for from two to four years; they are then bottled and, generally speaking, grow to a full maturity and a delicate old age over a period of years which varies enormously with the wine and the year of its vintage. Some wines, especially Sauternes, may be at their best for drinking soon after bottling. Others, such as average Burgundies, should be drunk when four or five years old in bottle. Some wines, however, reach their prime when they are ten or twenty years old. It all depends on the wine, and the only way to tell how a wine is maturing is to try a bottle from time to time. This explains why it is necessary to "wait and see" for a while after having started a cellar. The advantage of doing so is that good young wines can be bought inexpensively if you go the right way about it, and if your selection is intelligently guided your reward will be not only the possession of a selection of fine wines suitable to all occasions, but also the assurance that a parcel of good wine is an asset that increases in monetary value as time goes on. For example, a 1920 Château Haut Brion, a first growth claret of an excellent vintage year, is at present worth 150s. a dozen, whereas it could have been bought soon after it was bottled in 1923 for half that sum.

A 1928 Château Sauternes of the first growth, which can now be bought for about 72s., belongs to a good vintage year, and will be worth, as it matures, considerably more. The question of what wines to buy is important. The progress of wines throughout a meal should be from light dry wines towards the full bodied kinds, sweet wine only being served with "dance" dishes. Thus a Graves or Chablis with fish, Claret with the entrée, Burgundy with game or roast, and Sauternes or Champagne with the sweet, ending with Port or Brown Sherry, or a Cognac or liqueur with the coffee, is a typical progression. The first purchases for the cellar might well be, therefore, Graves, Claret, Burgundy and Sauternes. A present expenditure of £30 would give a very good foundation and might be invested somewhat as follows:

Claret: 2 dozen St. Julien or St. Emilion at 36s.—£3 12s.
Graves: 1 dozen Graves (Medium Dry) at 30s.—£1 10s.
Sauternes: 1 dozen Sauternes or Barsac, at 42s.—£2 2s.
Burgundy: 1 dozen Beaune Supérieur at 42s.—£2 2s.
1 dozen Chablis at 42s.—£2 2s.

The skeleton cellar, which is strictly utilitarian and includes good beverage wines, has so far cost £11 8s. The quantities could of course be larger if desired. Before going into the matter of Port, Sherry, etc., we might suggest a few luxury purchases. A most interesting and pleasant experience is to drink a choice Sauternes of the first growth, of which Château Yquem is the most famous. This costs anything from about 12s. a bottle. But we can do quite well with a good Château such as Château Coutet (1923 or 1925) at 80s. Hock and Moselle, both German wines, are favourite alternatives to Claret and Burgundy, especially for lunch, and we could buy, say:

(*Continued on page 142*)



A beneath-stairs cupboard can often be utilised to advantage as an amateur wine-cellar

Tinker, Tailor..?

Choosing Your Children's Jobs

By

AMABEL WILLIAMS-ELLIS

A new method of sizing up your children's abilities which may be a considerable aid towards the choosing of suitable occupations

FORM II.—ANALYSIS OF THE OCCUPATION OF:—

Say Barrister, Structural Engineer, Agricultural Botanist, etc.

Quality	Extent Required (1=max.; 5=min.)				
	1	2	3	4	5
Intellectual Ability					
Intellectual Interest					
Imagination					
Mathematical Ability					
Linguistic Ability					
Draughtsmanship					
General Health					
Eyesight					
Manual Dexterity					
Mechanical Ability					
Practical Ability					
Sociability					
Leadership					
Thoroughness					
Accuracy					
Equanimity					
Adventurousness					

FORM I.—ESTIMATE OF ABILITIES AND QUALITIES.

Explanatory Notes	Quality	Name	Very good	Good	Average	Not very good	Poor
Place in Form Place in School (Child's age, loss of school time, extra coaching, etc., to be considered)	Intellectual Ability						
Study of special subjects in his spare time, e.g., architecture, natural history, languages, etc. Use of an encyclopædia	Intellectual Interest						
Invention of new games Drawing and writing of "things imagined" rather than "things experienced"	Imagination						
Place in Form, and in School, in mathematics. (Child's age, etc., to be considered)	Mathematical Ability						
Place in Form, and in School, in Latin, French, German, etc. (Child's age, etc., to be considered	Linguistic Ability						
Efficiency in map-drawing, diagram drawing, handwriting etc. (Child's age, etc., to be considered)	Draughtsmanship						
Only in so far as this may affect his future occupation	General Health						
In so far as this may affect his future occupation	Eyesight						
Ability to screw up a small screw, or tie a small bow quickly. "Neat-fingered" as opposed to "clumsy"	Manual Dexterity						
Ability to re-wire an electric lamp, and put together a bicycle bell. Tendency to do this kind of job himself	Mechanical Ability						
Ability to look after oneself, arrange journeys, pack, send off parcels, etc. Ability to look after animals	Practical Ability						
(*a*) Liking for the company of other children (*b*) Ability to "get on well" with little known grown-up people	Sociability						
Ability to take charge of other children. Ability to organise a game, a play, a patrol, etc.	Leadership						
Ability to finish off whatever is started, e.g., taking a message, writing an essay, doing handwork	Thoroughness						
Avoidance of "easy" slips in mathematics, physics, etc. Neatness in handwork, e.g., carpentry, sewing, etc.	Accuracy						
Freedom from "flurry" in an emergency. Freedom from "irritability" when teased	Equanimity						
Liking for new places and new experiences. Independence	Adventurousness						

(Conscious tastes and preferences are not included in this form but should always be taken into consideration. See Form III.)

"AND what are you going to be when you grow up?" condescendingly asks the cheerful visitor with the thick skin. The older generation has apparently not yet realised that in asking that, it has asked a very delicate question.

It is by no means a little small-talk, pea-shooter of a question, such as can be loosed off in general society, but a weapon, a day-of-judgment sort of conundrum, whose sound may reverberate ominous and fatal for a long time in the mind of the unfortunate child they have so casually interrogated.

Much earlier, and much more constantly than we often suppose, children think and dream to themselves about the half-dazzling, half-alarming time when they will be grown up.

In many families certain bugbears stand in the way of a wise choice of profession—the son must follow in his father's footsteps and be a banker, or an architect, or go into "the business." Or some friend suggests just the very opening for dear Charles or Diana, and offers to make the first steps easy. Then the child's family—full of the sad realisation of how hard it is to get a foothold—feels that this offer must on no account be turned down. Lastly, social considerations narrow the field. The snobbish motive is strong and perhaps inevitable, but often oddly ill-informed, as when some time ago a "county" family stood out on this ground against a boy who wanted to be an architect, and not an electrical engineer.

The fact is, these three considerations should ideally be irrelevancies, and that, here and now, in a world where competition is keen, it is the boys and girls who use all their natural qualities, who choose intelligently and train well, who get the jobs and keep them.

Yet even if we grant this, and are willing to think and look ahead, supposing, too, that Charles and Diana have that blessing, a decided bent, yet even then, how are child and parent to decide whether Charles would be likely to succeed best as a physician, a surgeon, or a biologist, and whether Diana, with her real flair for line, colour and proportion, would do best as a Press illustrator, a poster artist, or as a designer in a pottery or a textile factory?

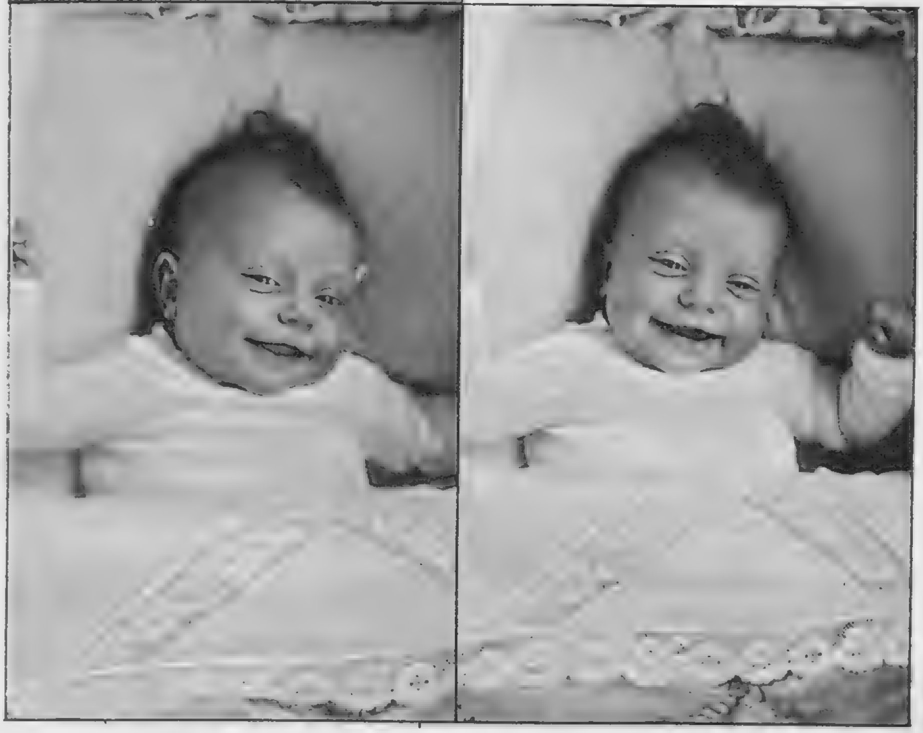
For the most part, Charles and Diana come near the critical time (when some decision really must be taken!) with only the haziest ideas of what they are fit for, wondering vaguely perhaps how they are going to get through

(*Continued on page* 109)

THE "BACKWARD" CHILD

Some encouraging advice for the inexperienced mother who is wrongly worrying about her baby

By WINIFRED LEWIS



A telling transformation from a cross and unhappy child to a contented one

OLDER women, both in experience as well as in years, have been known to jeer at the fears of the young mother in regard to her child. How soon, in the security of their experience, these people forget their own youthful fears and the anxious hours that might have been spared them by the sympathetic counsel of some wiser mother.

I remember meeting a woman at a Welfare Centre not long ago who was worrying herself positively sick for the simple need of someone to explain the difference between a convulsion and an ordinary fit of temper. Her baby, who was, by the way, constitutionally robust but rather a nervous subject, and completely undisciplined into the bargain, was given to screaming with such alarming energy, and of stiffening his limbs so much in the process of making as much uproar as possible, that he grew quite purple in the face, thereby reducing his mother to a state of distraction bordering upon frenzy—a condition highly gratifying, I imagine, to the small person responsible. Other women had merely increased her alarm by assuring her, on the one hand, that the child would most certainly have a convulsion sooner or later, or by telling her callously, on the other, to "let him cry it out," which, of course, was equally as absurd. Actually, he needed cool, unruffled treatment and some patient instruction in self-control, though, most of all, the mother herself needed reassuring.

OF all the alarms, false and otherwise, to which the young mother is subject in the first few years, I suppose more anxiety is caused by the "backward" child than by any other, with the exception of the definite invalid. Slow development is not an unusual thing, but it is most frequently a cause for great alarm. Here again the sensitive, inexperienced mother is often ill-advised. She finds, perhaps, that at eight or nine months, when most children are taking an active interest in things and affairs, her baby is still lying happily but disinterestedly in his cot, apparently quite well, but inactive and possibly sleeping more than other children of his age. It is then that, partly on her own initiative and partly by courtesy of her women friends, the dreadful suspicion is bred that her child is "not quite normal." In most cases this is a cruel and hideous suspicion to arise out of a very simple case of slow development. I have actually known women who have allowed themselves to be alarmed because their children slept more than appeared to be usual in others and who detected in this perfectly natural state of affairs some sinister significance.

If symptoms of backwardness appear in a child—and they can usually be detected in the first few months—there is perfectly good reason for a medical examination equally as much for the sake of the parent as for the good of the child. Having assured herself that development is merely slow and not in any sense arrested, the mother can begin methodically and with confidence to assist in the awakening of sleepy powers. Having disposed of alarms, it is a great mistake to leave the child alone, with the comforting reflection that "Nature will take its course." Nature *will* take its course, but it will take it with increased facility if one is disposed to help in the right way. Moreover, help for the child who is not helping himself cannot be given too early.

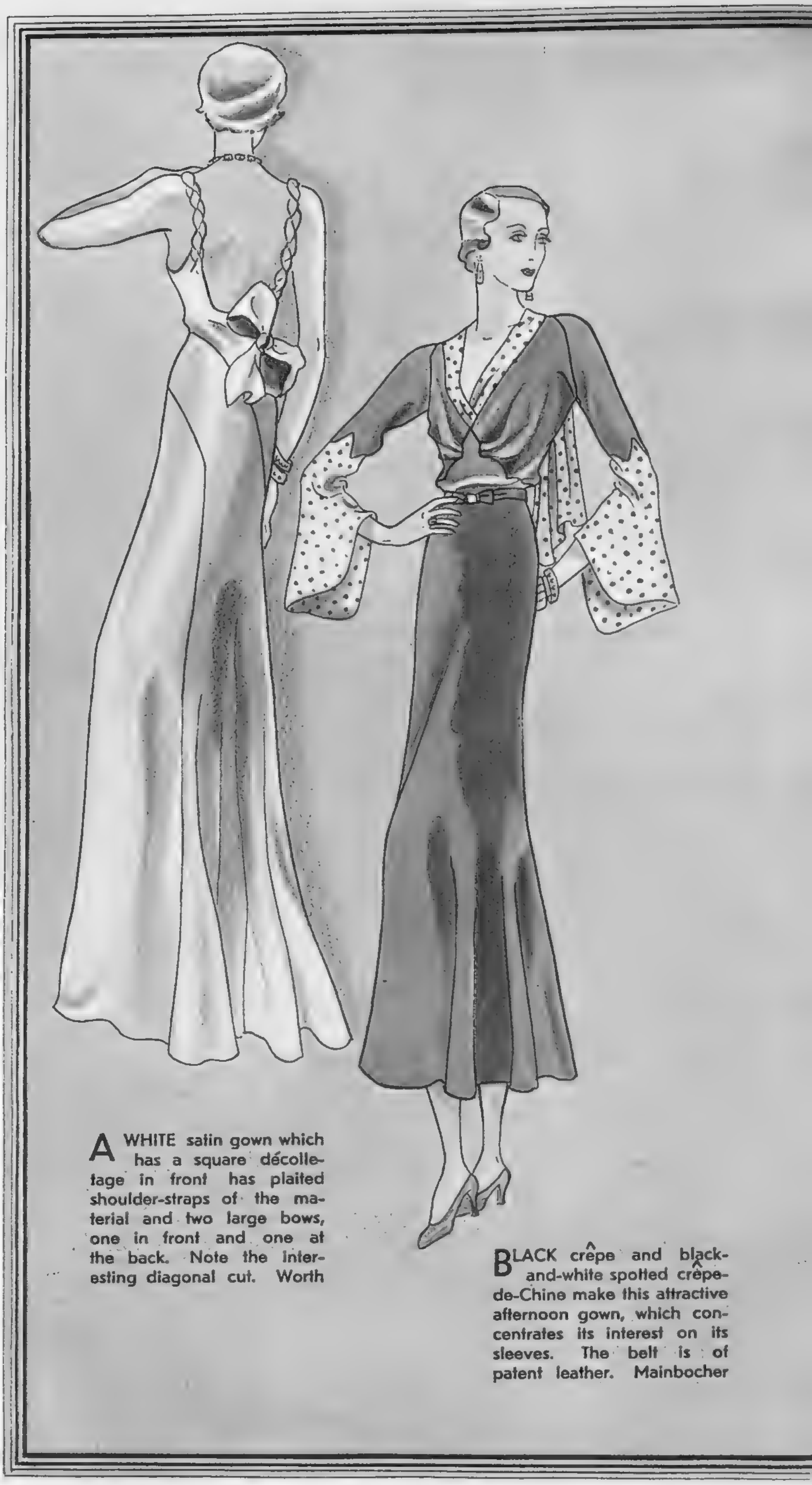
AN almost infallible rule for the "backward" child, and one, I suspect, which mothers find it most difficult of all in their fondness to apply, is that nothing should ever be done for him that the child can possibly do for himself. Latent potentialities must be encouraged, and to wait upon him hand and foot because "the poor darling is so backward" (*Continued on page* 91)

PARIS, SPRING 1932

A résumé of what I saw in Paris at the Spring collections, and a forecast of Summer fashion

By MADGE GARLAND

Woman Editor "Britannia and Eve"



A WHITE satin gown which has a square décolletage in front has plaited shoulder-straps of the material and two large bows, one in front and one at the back. Note the interesting diagonal cut. Worth

BLACK crêpe and black-and-white spotted crêpe-de-Chine make this attractive afternoon gown, which concentrates its interest on its sleeves. The belt is of patent leather. Mainbocher

THE aim of every designer of clothes in these days is to maintain or create a youthful silhouette—to achieve this the Paris *couturiers* employ many and various means.

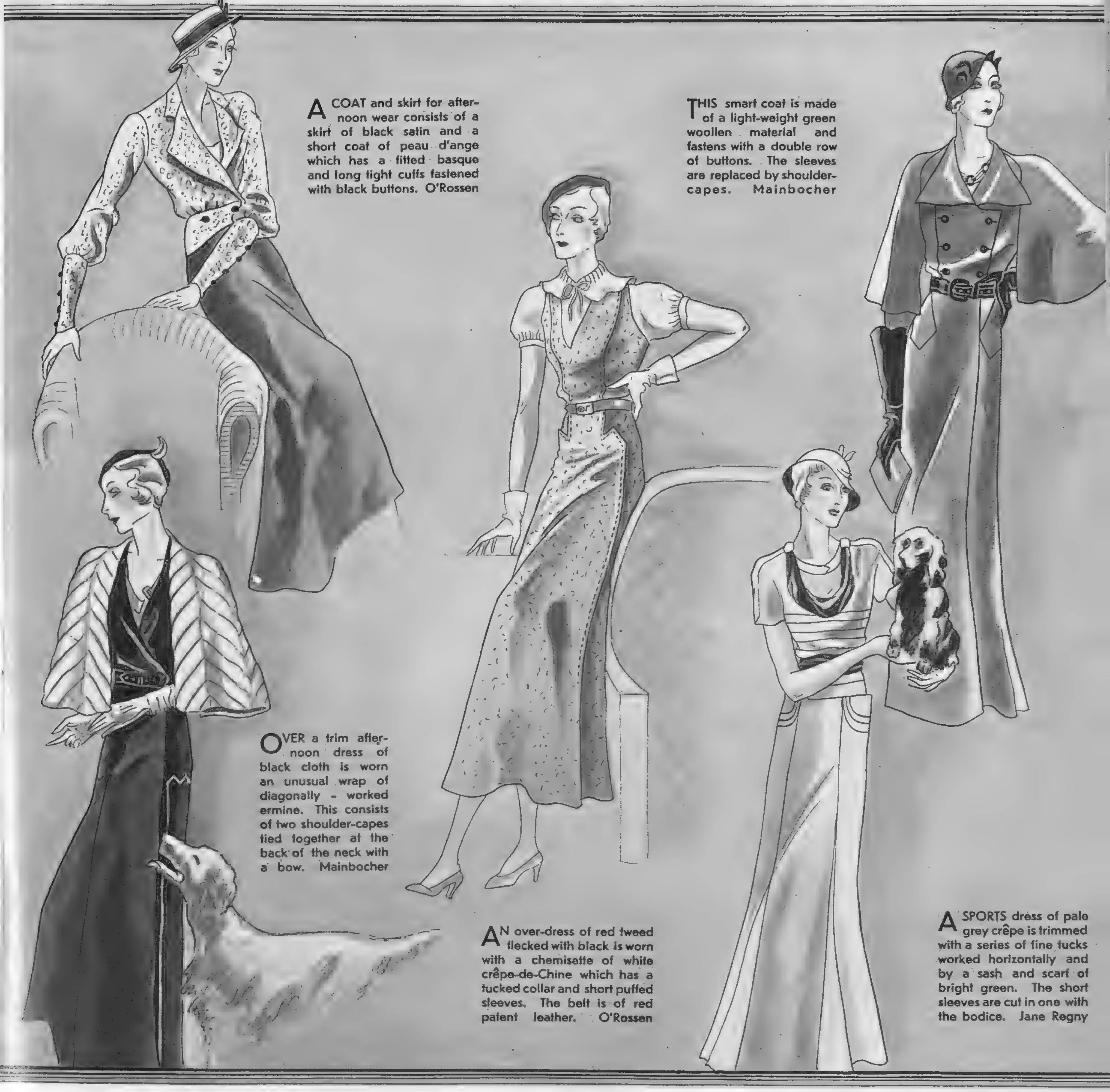
There are several points on which they all, within limits, agree. Our skirts remain short for day wear: Chanel makes them a little longer, Molyneux a little shorter. Waists are either normal or high: Augustabernard and Molyneux put them not very far above the hip-bone, with a slight tendency to dip at the back, Schiaparelli and Worth favour a high line only a little below the bust. Evening gowns are ankle length: Patou allows them to reveal the ankle and restrains their width, but many houses show short trains, though the odds are that the model will be copied for actual wear with a very much abbreviated skirt. Sleeves are enormously important: Mainbocher either replaces them with short capes or makes enormous puffed sleeves gathered in above the elbow, so does Maggy Rouff. Jane Regny sometimes gathers hers the full length of the sleeve, Augustabernard puffs hers above or below the elbow and ties them with little bows. Worth often exaggerates one sleeve, and elaborates it with embroidery, while almost entirely suppressing the other; Schiaparelli sometimes cuts her yoke and sleeves in one.

The only item of greater sartorial interest than the sleeve is the shoulder, and this has reached proportions which equal its importance. The epaulette is the most favoured method of drawing attention and adding width to it, and this quasi-military accessory is appropriately trimmed with brass buttons and gold braid in a most dashing and debonair style. Many coats have their shoulders padded out or add extra width by means of twists, rolls, or tiny capes, and some evening gowns have broad bands or twists of the material crossing the shoulder or encircling the arm-hole. Naturally this width of shoulder is counteracted by slender and close-fitting hips, and dresses mould the figure as closely as possible. This line is considerably aided by the almost universal diagonal cut.

The military influence is extremely strong this season, and capes, frogs, braid, epaulettes, short coats which ape the mess jacket, fitted waists, buttoned pockets, and gold fringe are only a few of the means used to suggest it.

Coats and skirts for morning wear are universally seen, the jacket often being replaced by a short semi-fitted coat, or by an even shorter bolero, and with these practical garments are worn the most delightful blouses. These are made of a wide variety of materials, such as spotted organdie and crêpe de Chine, fine openwork wool lace, tucked muslin or crocheted cotton. Worth shows a number of black blouses with light-coloured woollen suits; Schiaparelli shows uncrushable linen suits with very high waists and tiny blouses of a contrasting colour tied with a bow at the base of the neck.

AFTERNOON *ensembles* are less definite in their choice of high or low waistlines, broad shoulders, etc., and favour full-length woollen coats of a plain colour which, when removed, reveal dresses of patterned crêpe de Chine or wool. These long coats sometimes replace sleeves with a cape, favour wide revers, are double-breasted and fastened with a plethora of brass buttons or novelty clips. The skirts are moderately wide, and



A COAT and skirt for afternoon wear consists of a skirt of black satin and a short coat of peau d'ange which has a fitted basque and long tight cuffs fastened with black buttons. O'Rossen

THIS smart coat is made of a light-weight green woollen material and fastens with a double row of buttons. The sleeves are replaced by shoulder-capes. Mainbocher

OVER a trim afternoon dress of black cloth is worn an unusual wrap of diagonally - worked ermine. This consists of two shoulder-capes tied together at the back of the neck with a bow. Mainbocher

AN over-dress of red tweed flecked with black is worn with a chemisette of white crêpe-de-Chine which has a tucked collar and short puffed sleeves. The belt is of red patent leather. O'Rossen

A SPORTS dress of pale grey crêpe is trimmed with a series of fine tucks worked horizontally and by a sash and scarf of bright green. The short sleeves are cut in one with the bodice. Jane Regny

the sleeves are either elaborately cut or are omitted entirely, in which case the sleeves of the dress make an effective contrast.

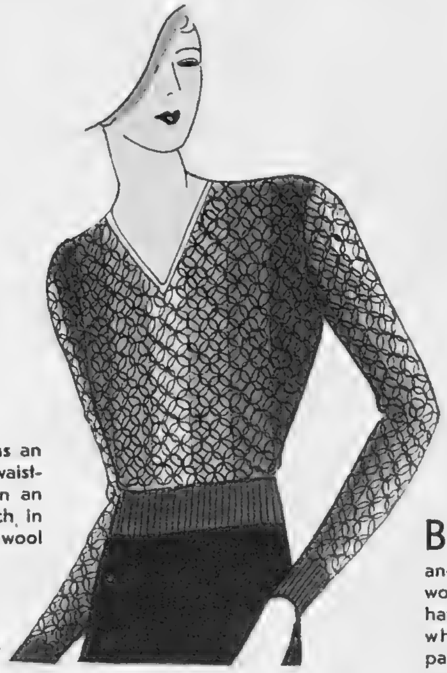
Many dresses have tops of a contrasting colour, and one of Worth's most popular *ensembles* shows a bayadère striped silk top combined with a mustard-yellow skirt and a short coat.

For formal afternoon or informal evening occasions we are offered the " cinema dress," which consists of an ankle-length gown of some dark material—black, night-blue, or brown—with a waist-length jacket of the same material which, when removed, reveals a moderate *décolletage*.

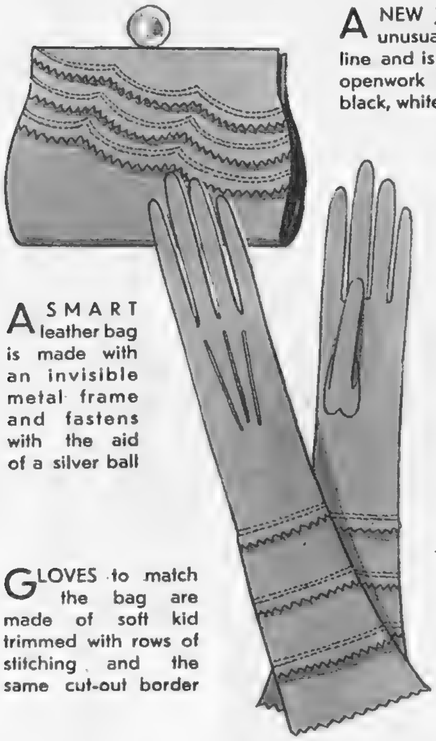
Evening gowns are not very elaborate this year; the skirts reach the ankle and the *décolletage* is not cut very low or is often veiled with removable scarves. Chiffon, crêpe romain or satin—always in the new extra-wide width—and lace are much used, the last is seen in wool, silk and cotton, and Worth even shows one or two gowns composed of Irish crochet. There is about an equal number of gowns with and without a waist-belt; many show an elaborate diagonal cut which dispenses with any demarcation of the waist, while others accentuate it with wide velvet belts and sashes, or by twists of parti-coloured materials. Both plain and patterned materials are used; many beflowered chiffons appear in Patou's collection, many lamés in Lanvin's, beaded chiffons in Worth's, and ciré satins in Schiaparelli's. With these gowns are worn very short capes which either balance on the shoulders or continue into long ends which tie around the waist

MINOR DETAILS of MAJOR IMPORTANCE

FOR some time past our woollens, once so despised, have successfully held their own against the supposedly more decorative items of our wardrobe, but this season they are inclined to show even more variety and novelty, both in weave and colour, than our formal clothes. Their chief characteristic is a high waist-line over which the top part blouses slightly, their second is a very open weave. The smartest, of course, are hand knitted, and many of them dispense with all but the briefest of sleeves. Knitted yokes and sleeves continue to be popular trimmings on light woollen one-piece dresses, and, contrary to all expectations, novelty woollen hats continue to make their appearance for sports wear.



A NEW jumper has an unusually high waistline and is knitted in an openwork daisy stitch in black, white and grey wool



A SMART leather bag is made with an invisible metal frame and fastens with the aid of a silver ball

GLOVES to match the bag are made of soft kid trimmed with rows of stitching and the same cut-out border

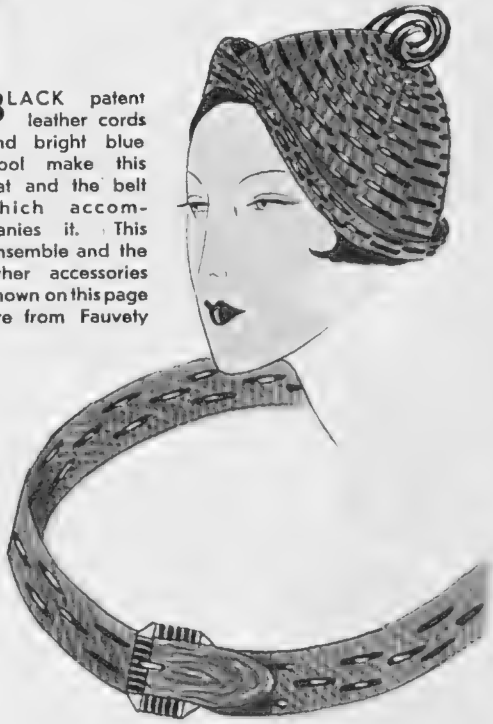
Clothes may make the man, but accessories will do much to make the woman

A RIVAL is cellophane, out of which Suzanne Talbot made her first charming sailor hat, and an even more unexpected entrant into the world of fashion is paper, just plain paper, out of which Schiaparelli weaves both jackets and belts.

The most popular accessory of the moment is undoubtedly the button, and in the annals of fashion, Spring 1932, might well be remembered as the date of the apotheosis of the button. Coats are double-breasted, and indulge in as many as three rows of buttons, as the charming little suit shown on the opposite page shows; epaulettes are worn on coats and dresses alike, and are adorned with innumerable nautically brassy rows of buttons. They are used even more as trimmings than as utilitarian fastenings, for the business of closing coats is often delegated to lightning fasteners and to clips of novel shapes.

Scarves are much in evidence; sometimes crocheted in artificial silk or made of crinkly ribbon, they are nearly always short, and usually add a contrasting note of colour to an already colourful ensemble.

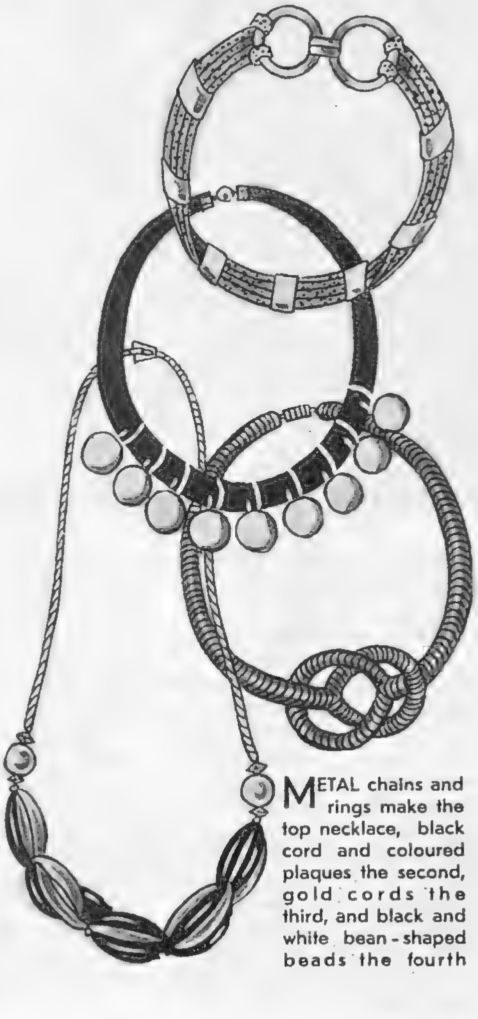
GLOVES are apt to be more elaborate, and such novelties as mittens of gold mesh have been seen for evening wear, while hand-knitted woollen gloves with a very open mesh are smart for day wear; so are woollen gloves with large gauntlets of patterned jersey. Suède or leather gloves are often trimmed with cut and appliquéd edges, and evening gloves of suède are gathered the length of the arm.



BLACK patent leather cords and bright blue wool make this hat and the belt which accompanies it. This ensemble and the other accessories shown on this page are from Fauvety

THIS is a season of novel materials. Schiaparelli has a new linen which does not crease, and a new fine tweed which is practically openwork. Rodier has a lace-like wool material which is ideal for blouses. Crêpe, the kind once associated with mourning, is used, in white for blouses, and Worth even makes an entire evening gown of it. A favourite is a patterned woollen material, but the design is woven, not printed. Bianchini has had a great success with a stiffened mousseline de soie, which is a little less stiff than organdie and does not crease so badly; Chanel has one of the most popular dresses of her collections made in white cotton piqué; Augustabernard has an evening gown composed of cotton lace and pleated muslin frills. On the other hand, several houses have shown evening gowns made of the finest woollen materials, so what will you?

A NUMBER of shoe-designers are showing walking shoes with moderately low heels in which two contrasting skins are often used, and these are intended to be worn in town for smart morning occasions.

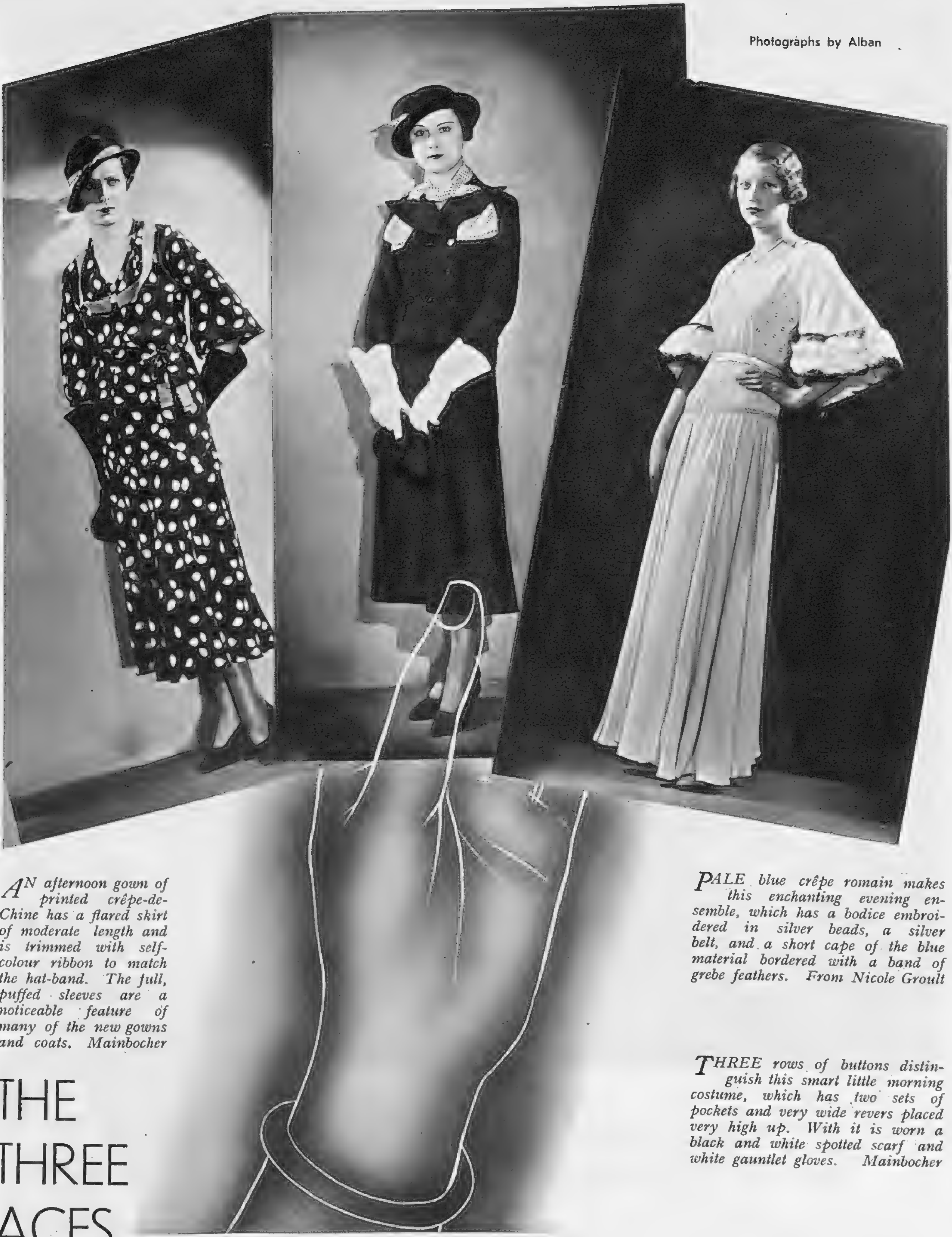


METAL chains and rings make the top necklace, black cord and coloured plaques the second, gold cords the third, and black and white bean-shaped beads the fourth

THE THREE ACES OF THE SEASON

Three Costumes which represent the main tendencies of the Season for morning, afternoon and evening wear

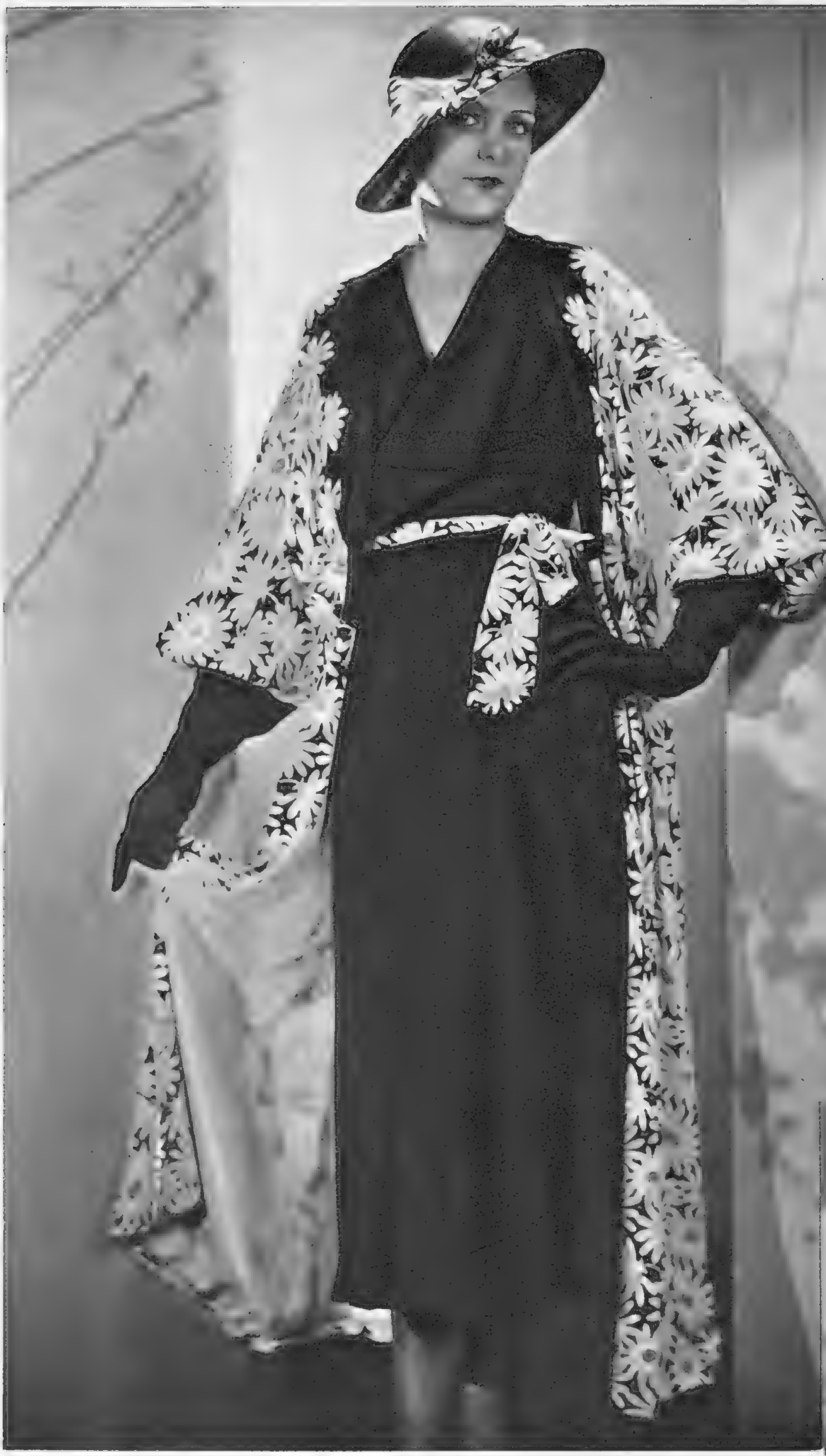
Photographs by Alban



AN afternoon gown of printed crêpe-de-Chine has a flared skirt of moderate length and is trimmed with self-colour ribbon to match the hat-band. The full, puffed sleeves are a noticeable feature of many of the new gowns and coats. Mainbocher

PALE blue crêpe romain makes this enchanting evening ensemble, which has a bodice embroidered in silver beads, a silver belt, and a short cape of the blue material bordered with a band of grebe feathers. From Nicole Groult

THREE rows of buttons distinguish this smart little morning costume, which has two sets of pockets and very wide revers placed very high up. With it is worn a black and white spotted scarf and white gauntlet gloves. Mainbocher

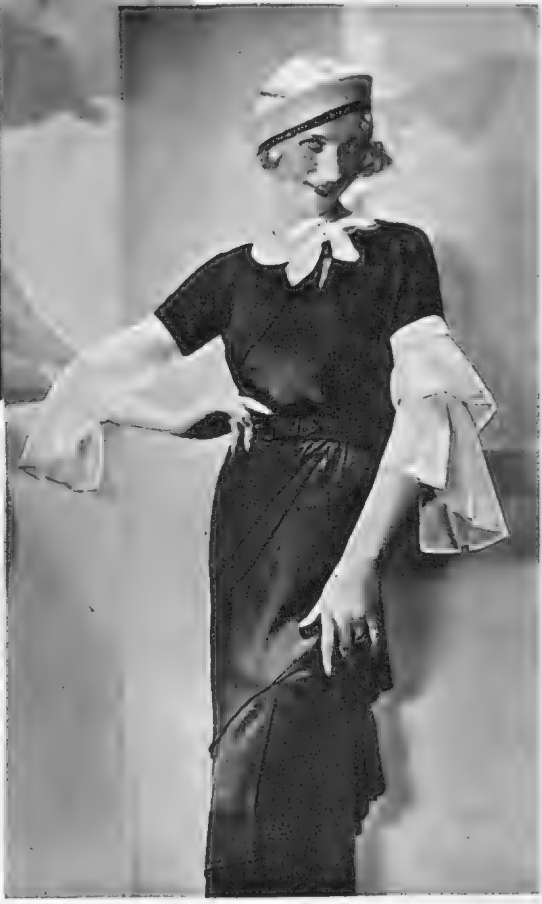


Left:

AN exceptionally attractive afternoon ensemble consists of a black and white patterned crêpe-de-Chine coat and a plain black crêpe-de-Chine dress with a draped neckline and a sash of the patterned material. Note the short, puffed sleeves of the coat and the long black gloves. Ensemble by Mainbocher

Below:

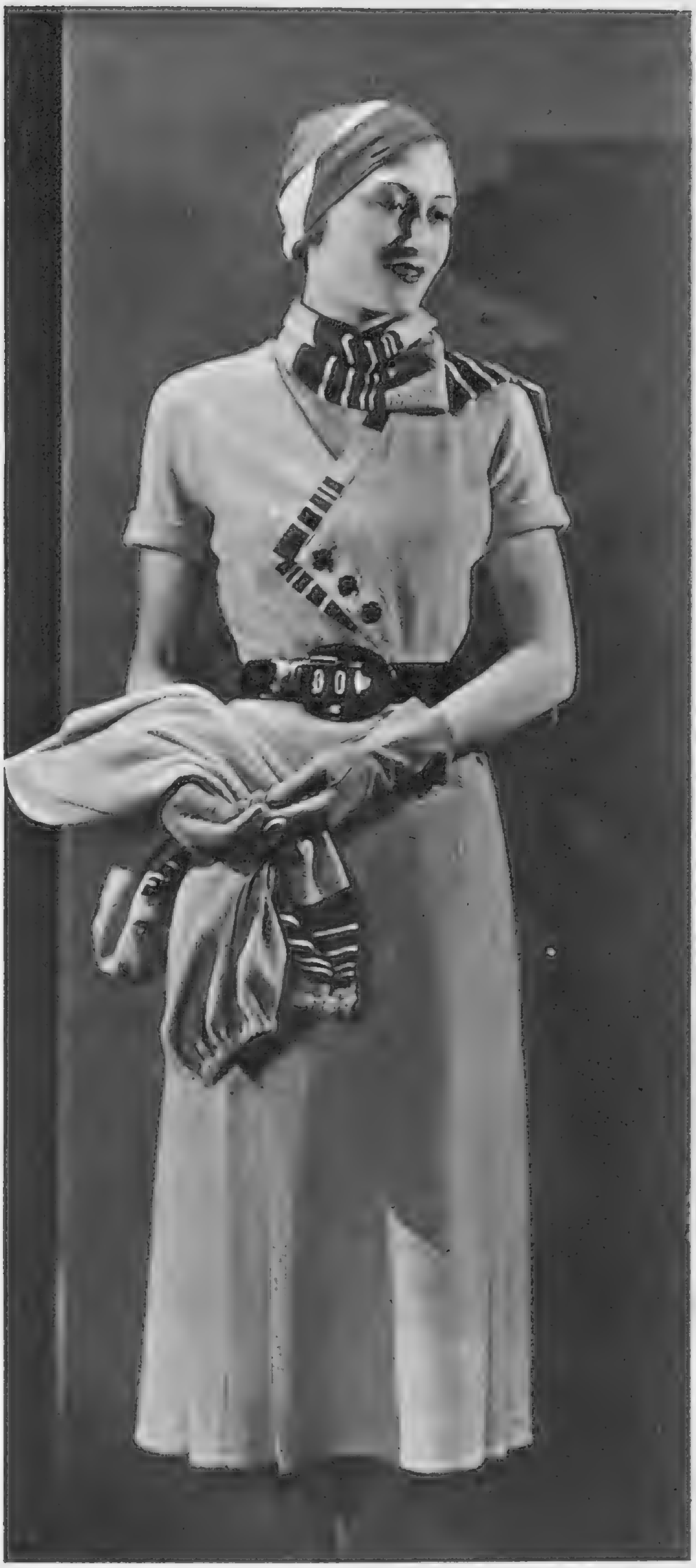
SLEEVES of unusual dimensions distinguish this red marocain dress, which has a tiered skirt and a high, one-sided neckline finished by a flat collar and a bow of white organdie, of which material the double sleeves are also made. Goupy

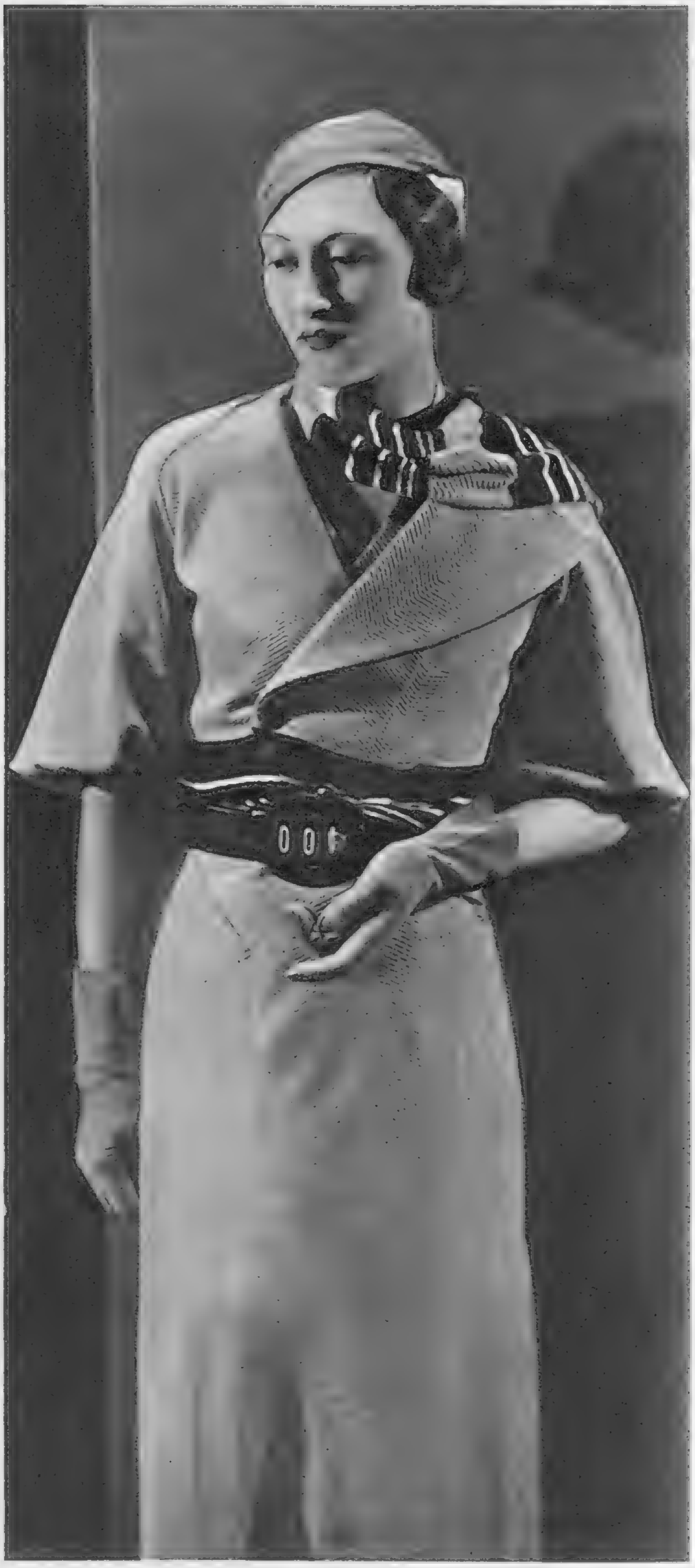


TWO VERSIONS OF THE AFTERNOON MODE

which prove the importance of voluminous sleeves and a certain amount of indecision with regard to Hats

Photographs by Scaioni





Model from Maggy Rouff

Photographs by Scaioni

WITH AND WITHOUT A COAT

A sermon in sleeves, with further reference to the importance of stripes

THIS grey woollen dress has short rolled-up sleeves and a very becoming one-sided rever, accentuated by a band of the striped material of which the scarf is made. The pleated skirt is moderately short

THE coat which accompanies this dress is so short that its striped border reveals the black patent-leather belt. The one and only rever is enormously wide and the full, puffed sleeves only just reach the elbows

COMFORT for the NIMBLE - FINGERED

Some Unusual Cushions which can be easily made

TO make the cushion shown below on the right, cut out a square piece of silk of the required size, allowing one inch for turnings, also a piece of muslin exactly the same size. Mark out on this the necessary lines with a ruler, allowing one inch between the wide stripes and five-eighths of an inch between the narrow stripes. Machine-stitch the lines, then between the narrow lines draw a cord of a corresponding size. Attach and cut off the ends of the cords and, if desired, make a border in the same way, but replace the muslin lining with a second piece of the material, across which the lines should be drawn diagonally. Then proceed to make the cushion in the usual way.

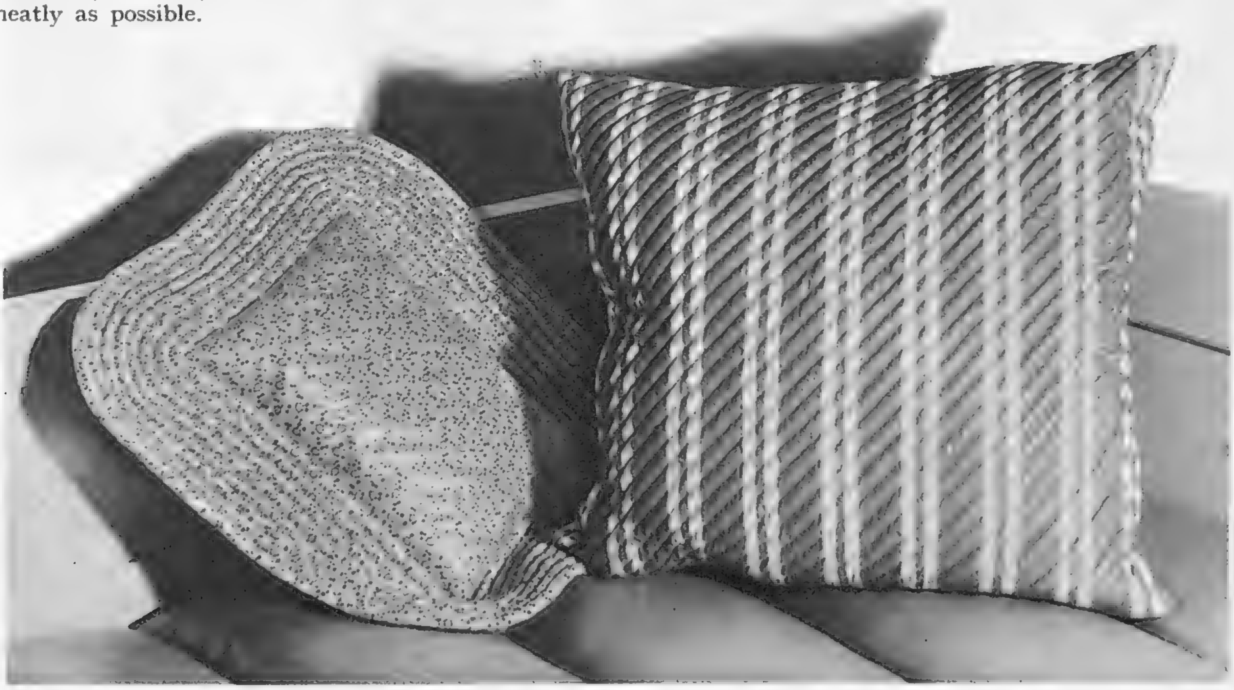
The cushion shown on the right in the photograph at the bottom of the page is made in the same way, but the use of a striped material and evenly-spaced diagonal lines adds considerably to the effect.

To make the left-hand cushion it is necessary to cut out two pieces of the same material exactly the same size and to mark out the amount of space you require the cushion centre to occupy. Sew this round with small stitches, leaving a small hole open. Through this hole push the feathers and stuff the cushion firmly. Then sew round and round, eight times, a narrow cord, keeping the cord pressed firmly against the cushion with an equal pressure. To finish off, cut the material evenly to within a quarter of an inch of the cord, turn in, and sew as neatly as possible.

THIS unusual effect is obtained by transferring a design to a muslin lining and stuffing it

TRANSFERS may be obtained of the designs shown on the unusual cushion pictured above. These include an elephant, a giraffe, a squirrel, a monkey, a rhinoceros, an armadilla, a bouquet of flowers and some leaves, printed on one sheet of paper, and the the entire set may be obtained for the sum of 1s. Transfer the designs required on to a piece of muslin the same size as the cushion, and sew the muslin to the silk, following carefully the lines of the transfer. Then cut in the muslin a very small opening and stuff the design with cotton-wool. Then make up the cushion in the usual way. The effect obtained is most unusual and the labour involved very slight.

CORDS drawn through stitched lines add character to these three unusual cushions



TRANSFERS of all the designs shown on the cushion at the top of the page are obtainable for 1/- the set. Write to the Woman Editor, "Britannia and Eve," 346, Strand, W.C.2

A SMART KNITTED COAT

Materials

14 oz. Paton and Baldwin's Doris wool. A mixture of red and white with a fine black strand was chosen for the original.

1 oz. 3-ply Beehive fingering to match the red of the mixture.

4 large red buttons.

A pair No. 6 and also No. 10 knitting needles.

Measurements

Length from the top of the shoulder 22 ins.

Width all round—at waist 30 ins.

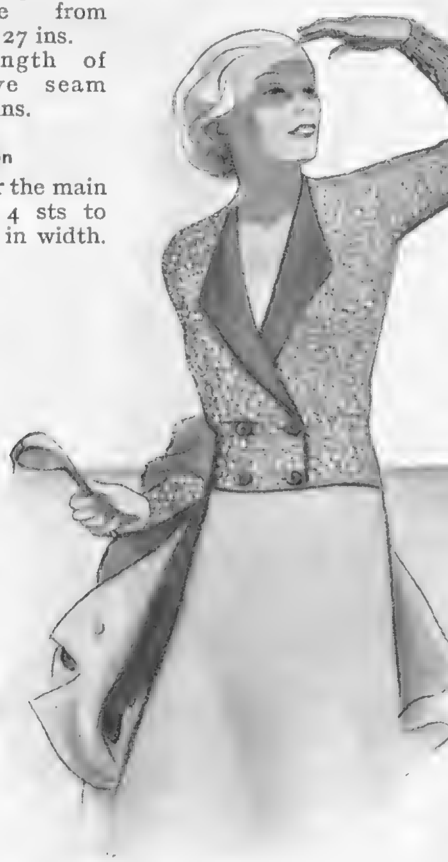
Width all round—at underarm 36 ins.

Length of sleeve from neck 27 ins.

Length of sleeve seam 19½ ins.

Tension

For the main part 4 sts to 1 in. in width.



THE BACK

BEGIN at the lower edge by casting on 60 sts with the Doris wool, using the No. 6 needles.

Work 2 rows in K 1 P 1 rib, working into the backs of the sts on the first row.

Change to stocking st and continue quite straight till the work measures 5 ins. in depth from the beginning.

On the original there were 22 rows in stocking st.

Continue in stocking st and on the next row K 5, * increase in the next st, K 6, and repeat from * all along, ending K 5.

There are now 68 sts on the needle.

Continue quite straight till the work measures 13 ins. in depth from the beginning.

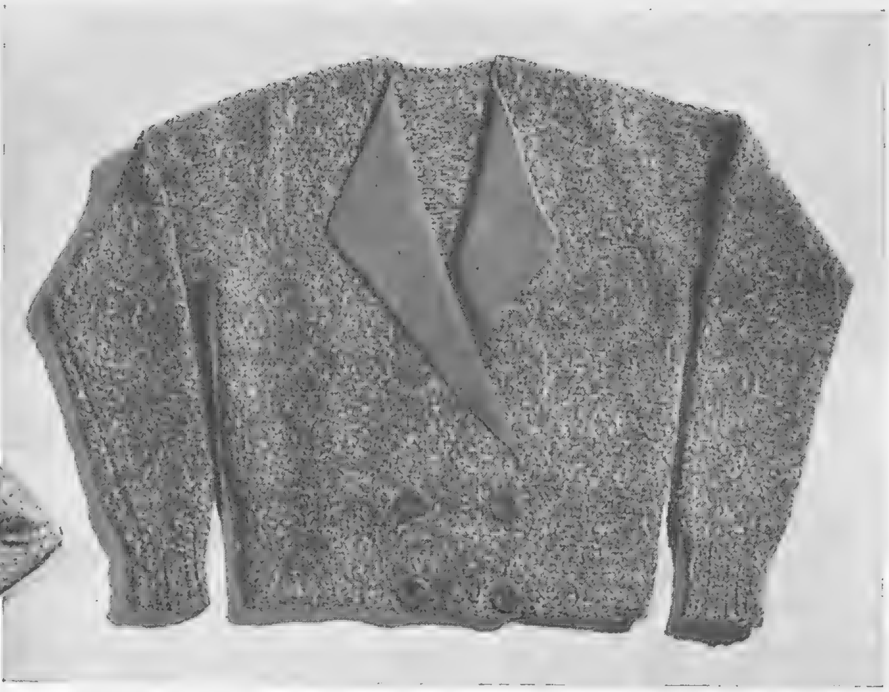
Shape the armholes by casting off 3 sts at the beginning of each of the next 4 rows, then by decreasing next to the edge st at both ends of the needle on each of the next 2 K rows.

52 sts remain on the needle.

Work quite straight on these sts for a depth of 4½ ins., then shape the neck and shoulders.

1st row.—Knit to within 4 sts of the end, turn.

2nd row.—Slip the first st and purl to within 4 sts of the end, turn.



THIS attractive coat is easily and quickly knitted in red Doris wool, flecked with white and black, and has revers of plain red wool

3rd row.—Slip the first st and knit to within 8 sts of the end, turn.

4th row.—Slip the first st and purl to within 8 sts of the end, turn.

5th row.—Slip the first st, K 14, cast off 6, then knit to within 12 sts of the end, turn.

6th row.—Slip the first st and purl to neck.

7th row.—Cast off 6 sts and knit across the remainder.

8th row.—Cast off.

9th row.—Join the wool to the neck edge of the opposite side and purl to within 12 sts of the end, turn.

10th row.—Slip the first st and knit to neck.

11th row.—Cast off 6 sts and purl across the remainder.

12th row.—Cast off.

THE RIGHT FRONT

With No. 6 needles cast on 41 sts.

Work in P 1 K 1 rib for 2 rows, working into the backs of the sts on the first row.

On the next row P 1, K 1, P 1, cast off 3 sts, K 10, cast off 3 sts, K the remainder of the sts.

On the following row purl along to the cast-off sts, and here cast on 3 sts, P 10, cast on 3 sts, K 1, P 1, K 1.

Now work 18 rows in stocking st, keeping the 3 sts on the front edge in the ribbing and working into the backs of the cast-on sts on the first row.

On the next row P 1, K 1, P 1, cast off 3, K 10, cast off 3, then knit the remaining sts.

On the following row cast on 3 sts to take the place of those cast off, as before.

Work 2 more rows, working into the backs of the cast-on sts on the first row.

On the next row P 1, K 1, P 1, K 5, * increase in the next st, K 6, and repeat from * all along, ending K 4.

There are now 46 sts in the row.

Work the next 3 rows without alteration.

On the next and every following 4th row decrease next to the front border till there are 18 decreases in all, but at the same time, when the side edge is the same depth as that of the back to the armhole, shape the armhole by casting off 3 sts at the beginning of each of the next 2 purl rows, then by decreasing next to the edge st on the same edge on each of the next 2 K rows.

From here keep the armhole edge straight till the front decreasings are completed.

20 sts remain on the needle.

Continue without alteration on these sts till the armhole edge is 4 rows deeper than that of the back, then shape the shoulder.

1st row.—Working from the front edge, work to within 4 sts of the end, turn.

2nd row.—Slip the first st and work back to front.

3rd row.—Work to within 8 sts of the end, turn.

4th row.—As for the 2nd row.

5th row.—Work to within 12 sts of the end, turn.

6th row.—As for the 2nd row.

7th row.—Work across all sts.

8th row.—Cast off the 17 shoulder sts and continue on the 3 remaining sts in the ribbing for a depth of 2¼ ins.

Leave these sts for grafting.

THE LEFT FRONT

Cast on 41 sts and work 2 rows in P 1 K 1 rib.

Change to stocking st, keeping the 3 last sts in the ribbing for the front border till there are 22 rows in stocking st.

On the next row K 4, * increase in the next st, K 6, and repeat from * all along, ending K 5, P 1, K 1, P 1.

Complete this front to match the first, with all shapings at opposite edges, but without buttonholes.

THE SLEEVES

Using the No. 6 needles, cast on 12 sts.

Knit into the (*Continued on page 103*)

THE Lobis coming out to meet the Provincial Commissioner. Together with the Pygmies they are the most primitive in Africa

GETTING the car along a bush track on the way to Tamale, a bush station 240 miles from railhead

A NATIVE ferry on his thousand-mile Coast border to

West African

A FETISH stick with its attendant votaries

"YOU ought to come out and stay with me for a bit. You have never seen the African in his own home."

So said my friend the Provincial Commissioner, who was returning to the Gold Coast.

What he said was true. I had seen Africans in the West Indies, in Brazil, the United States, the United Kingdom, France, Germany—in fact, in all the places where negroes may be seen, and that is to say all over the face of the earth; but I had never in the course of ten years' world-wandering seen a coal-black negro living in his own country in his own hut.

Moreover, was not the Gold Coast the original scene of a play called "White Cargo"; and was it not once known as the White Man's Grave?

"If I can raise the money I'll come out," I answered.

So it happened that one day last November I stood on a wharf at Liverpool, under a leaden sky, with the rain drizzling down, waiting to board the SS. *Apapa*, outward bound for Sierra Leone, Accra, and Lagos.

What memories of jungles and fevers the names of those towns conjure. My mind united all three inseparably with graveyards.

The drizzling rain was infinitely depressing. I boarded the *Apapa*, went into the smoking-room and called for a drink. I found myself in the company of three lean, leathery, yellowish coasters. We had three or four rounds of drinks; it was cold and dismal in those docks; everyone was eager for the boat to start.

"It'll warm up when we get past Madeira," said one.

"Have to start taking quinine then?" said another. "Get much fever last tour, Dicky?"

"I had a bit. B'rrr! It's cold."

AN at home portrait of a typical Lobi war leader

I learnt later that Dick was warden of the gaol at Lagos; he was also the public hangman, and had personally executed fifty-four natives during his last tour of duty. His companion was attached to the laboratory for studying tropical diseases. He had seen three medical pioneers die of yellow fever; he himself looked after the monkeys that were infected with yellow fever for research work. The third member of the party was a Cornish miner going out to the Ashanti goldfields. He made good money, most of which he sent back to his wife and child at home. He said the worst of mining in West Africa was that you could get no good out of the air when you came out of the mine, the atmosphere was always dank and oppressive; beer cost 1s. 6d. a bottle. Truly some men earn their living hard. On the thirteenth day we reached Takoradi. Here I was to leave the ship and receive instructions how to reach my friend the Provincial Commissioner, who lived 240 miles beyond railhead. I was closely interrogated by a white police official. Why had I come out to the Gold Coast? Did I know anybody? Had I any money? They don't encourage beachcombers out there; they have had to bury too many at the Government's expense and send others home. In the midst of the examination a note was handed to me:—

"Have come down to meet you, old boy.—George."

George was once a subaltern with me on the China Station. Now he is a Major in the West African Frontier Force. He followed up the note in person—the whole fifteen stone of him. The white police official leapt to his feet and saluted; there was no longer any question as to my bona fides on the Gold Coast, for everyone out there knows George.

WE adjourned to the smoking-room and had two gin and tonics apiece; no one had as yet had breakfast!

"Got any luggage?" asked George.

I said that I had some luggage. We went to the customs shed, where we were held up by three native inspectors who all three seemed devoid of the intelligence of an average ape.

"In this country," said George wearily, "you will find only the worst class of white men and the worst class of black. I'm going to take you to stay with MacGregor; he is a good fellow."

We went to the house of MacGregor, where we had some breakfast and immediately afterwards two gin cocktails each. By lunch time I had no idea whether I was in West Africa or North China.

The next morning we took the train for Kumasi. The line passed through the glorious Ashanti forest. I looked out of the window, eager to see all I could of this new country. George lay stretched at full length on the opposite seat—he knew the Gold Coast well.

"Shall I see any monkeys?" I asked George.

"There aren't any —— monkeys!" George answered, turning his face to the wall.

At midday we went along to the apartment of a big cocoa buyer. He gave us gin and bitters and talked about his staff, the lads he stationed up country to buy raw cocoa from the natives and send it in to the central depot.

"I had to get rid of one the other day," said the cocoa buyer. "He'd only been out here six weeks, but I sent him home; he'd got 'funkitis.' If they come out here thinking they are going to die, they do die."

NOW this is one of the truest things ever said of West Africa. It's a man's mental state that kills him out there, not the climate;

used by the author journey from the Ivory Togoland and Tamale

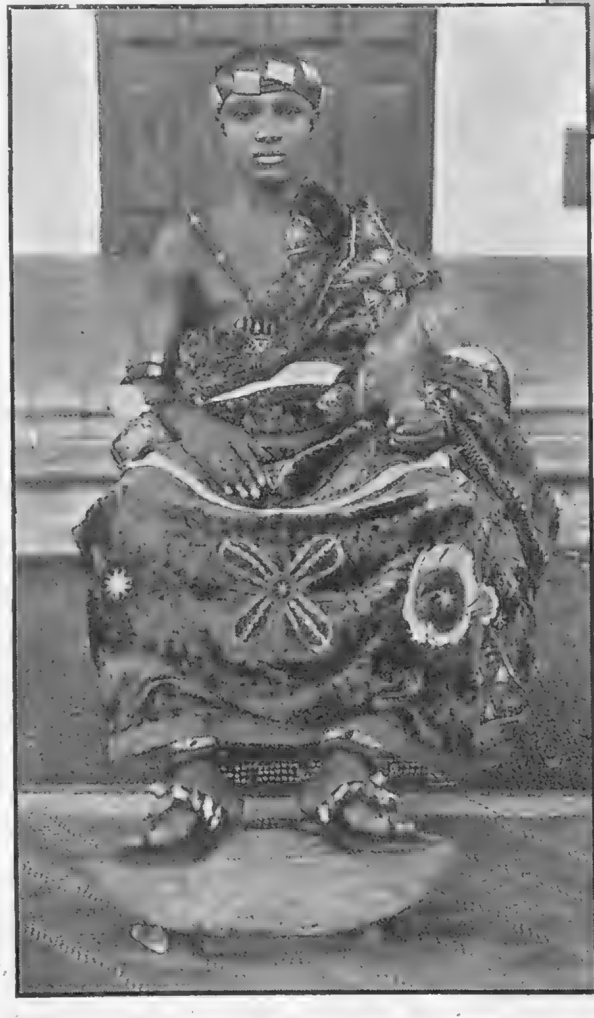
WHERE the author spent his Christmas at Tamale. At this bush station there are some thirty Europeans, including six white women

Interlude . . .

By Arthur Mills

A Globe-trotting Author writes of Peoples and Things in a land teeming with Curiosities and Strange Contrasts

A LOBI gentleman in full dress



THE Kumasihene, Paramount Ashanti Chief, photographed outside the house the British have built for him

the right sort of fellow will come up smiling after a severe go of "blackwater"; the wrong sort will die the first time a mosquito bites him.

We arrived at Kumasi; here a friend of the Provincial Commissioner I was to stay with met me; he also was a Provincial Commissioner. In West Africa Provincial Commissioners are very powerful people; they carry Union Jacks on the bonnets of their cars; paramount native chiefs bow before them; the military must obey their wishes; mere traders, even if their company has a capital of two million sterling, quake at their approach, for in the name of the King they administer the state.

George went off to the officers' mess. The Provincial Commissioner and I drove through Kumasi in our semi-royal car. I saw at once that I had come to an enchanting city; the capital of Ashanti is set in a clearing in the midst of a great forest. From time to time in years gone by the earth of that clearing has been soaked with the blood of white men and Ashanti warriors; now all is peace, the Ashantis have been subdued but not conquered; they never will be; they are fighting men; perhaps the finest fighting men in Africa.

"They have got yellow fever at Tamale," said the Provincial Commissioner. "I shall not be able to send you up to Tom till they are clear of quarantine. You must stay with me till then; you will find plenty to interest you in Kumasi."

I found only one thing to interest me in Kumasi. At the end of a week my host took me to see the Kumasihene, Paramount Ashanti Chief. He received us in the house the British have built for him, which is furnished in European style; but he wore his native dress, a robe of vivid emerald green, leaving one ebony shoulder bare. He did not bare his other shoulder to the Provincial Commissioner, as it is the custom for other chiefs to do to high British officials. The Kumasihene bares both shoulders to nobody; he is an "African King"; he knows it and he looks it. He has a strong jaw, a broad squat, negroid nose, and coal-black, bloodshot eyes. He likes the Provincial Commissioner, and opened a bottle of champagne for us. The other day an exalted British official called on the Kumasihene during a tour of duty in Ashanti. In Accra, the capital, this official sits on the Governor's right hand, and ranks as one of the most important people in the land. The Kumasihene kept that high official standing; he had seen at once that he had coloured blood in his veins; therefore he, as a pure-bred African prince, could not receive him socially. This little incident is very typical of the Ashantis; the upper classes are great aristocrats, and very few of the lower classes, even, will work as servants for white men. Throughout history the Ashantis have always raided the tribes to the north and south and employed them as slaves.

(*Continued on page 110*)

BOOKS:

Reviewed by

Arnold Palmer

Inspissating

MISS OLIVE MOORE, author of "Fugue." No reader who prides himself on reading the people who matter can afford to miss this book

MR. HUGH BROOKE, whose latest novel "Man Made Angry" is a story of a modern Jack the Ripper

GREAT-GRANDSON of Arnold of Rugby, grandson of Thomas Huxley, with Matthew Arnold for a maternal great-Uncle, with a "Double-First" for a father, with an eminent biologist for a brother, with Eton and Balliol as cradles, and with twenty-one books, rapturously accepted by an adoring public, Mr. Aldous Huxley at the pleasant age of thirty-seven may surely be said to suffer from every possible advantage. No ordinary man could support such a staggering load of good fortune. Mr. Huxley not only supports it; he seems to be barely aware of it; and we rightly deduce that he is no ordinary man.

He is not even the kind of man one might optimistically have expected him to be. On his father's side, there is a great tradition of servitude to Truth. On his mother's side, there is the famous Dr. Arnold, who cared not for science or art, who said "The flowers are my music." Mr. Huxley, our Mr. Huxley, cares for Truth, but he cares even more for beauty. He loves flowers, but even deeper is his love for music. Perhaps the passionate love of beauty which distinguishes him not only in his family but among his contemporaries is a legacy from great-Uncle Matthew. Be that as it may, come whence it may, this quality is the one I wish to discuss after reading *Brave New World* (Chatto & Windus, 7s. 6d.) The world he describes is new only to us. It is already six hundred years old, six hundred years ahead of us, and its newspapers show the respectable date of 632 A.F. (After Ford.)

The book begins with a quotation, from a Russian author, in which it is pointed out that in our age Utopias have, for the first time, become realisable, and that intellectuals, who used to amuse themselves by constructing ideal states on paper, must now turn their energies to avoiding the possibility of their dreams coming true. On this text, Mr. Huxley has written a novel to show us a world in which all the best features of the best Utopias have been realised and released, with the stamp of Hollywood, but not of the Censor, strong upon them. It is a world of unruffled comfort, happiness and ease; a mechanically perfect world; a nightmare of a world. Mr. Huxley, in depicting it, has been apparently in the highest spirits. He pokes fun at all our profoundest thinkers. Never has his ingenuity and his sense of humour been given such free play. But if anyone, after reading the book, thinks that Mr. Huxley has, deep down, been enjoying himself, I advise him to read the book again. Any pleasure the author may have had is the sort of pleasure one gets from biting on an aching tooth. All Mr. Huxley's books may be regarded as the expression of that peculiar yet familiar form of self-torture.

He has naturally, I believe, a sweet tooth. Every manifestation of beauty, both physical and spiritual, gives him a delight far more exquisite than is experienced by the rest of us. I think that, throughout his life, it is his love of beauty which has driven him on to study, to travel, to write. And it drives him on because, with his love, is mingled an agonising fear. Beauty is so perishable, so fragile, so defenceless, and even, when its claims are challenged, so unwanted. How can it exist? And if, by a miracle, it still lives, how can it survive? These questions, it seems to me, lie behind all Mr. Huxley's pages. They have brought him the reputation of pessimism. In *Point Counter Point* and other stories of contemporary life, his love of beauty has shown itself in a frantic awareness of the ugliness round him. In *Brave New World* it shows itself in a vision of the future in which beauty has become popularised and vulgarised out of existence. Nowhere and never, neither now nor in the future, does the author see any gleam of hope for the quality he values most in life. . . . It is easy to see why the world has labelled him pessimist. But if the world were in the habit of thinking a little longer and looking deeper, it would have realised that his unhappi-

The *Ladies'* Man

"Women Have Been Kind": *by Lou Tellegen.* (Jarrolds, 18s.)

LOU TELLEGEN

SOMEBODY has observed that ladies' men, when in a gathering of men only, are apt to look ridiculous. I have never seen Mr. Tellegen, never even seen him across the footlights; but I certainly am conscious of a flavour of absurdity in his complacent pages. And yet I have enjoyed his book. I always enjoy this kind of book. There is invariably a simplicity about a ladies' man which touches me profoundly. A simplicity, and a loneliness. Take Mr. Tellegen, for example. He has, it seems, attracted scores and hundreds of women—but none of them for long. The most glorious creatures, all over the world, have found him irresistible for a while, and then (the evidence is taken from his own pages) unbearable for ever. Why, one wonders, was this? That delightful simplicity—can it have palled, have turned out to be just a little too much of a good thing?

Well, these are mysteries into which the ordinary man, who is lucky if he receives one languorous glance per annum, cannot hope to penetrate. We are on safer ground if we listen to Mr. Tellegen's accounts of the celebrities he has known. True, that whenever, out of my own rare and cherished recollections of the Great, I have been able to check the actor's records, I have found them poor and inadequate. True, that there is no index to the volume, and that the only justification I can find for the inclusion of Oscar Wilde in the publishers' list of "Celebrities of whom Mr. Tellegen writes," is that the actor once slept in the room in which Wilde died. Nevertheless, Mr. Tellegen has had a varied and adventurous career, and he writes, as he has lived, with an unquestioning and untroubled belief in himself. He finds that the motto which has stood him in such good stead down the years still applicable to the task of Biography—"It's a great Life, if you don't weaken."

the Prevailing *Gloom*: Depression *à la* Mode

Mr. ALDOUS HUXLEY, whose novel "Brave New World" is a prophetic satire of the Robot age

ness springs from incurable romanticism. He knows so well what life can be; he sees, only too clearly, what it is and whither it is tending.

THERE are points of resemblance between Miss Olive Moore and Mr. Huxley. Like him, and for the same reason, she is unhappy. She has his love of the macabre (the penultimate scene in her book might have been specially selected for her by him). She writes well, too; there are many lovely pages in *Fugue* (Jarrolds, 7s. 6d.), as indeed in her previous books. And finally I feel that, in spite of the beauty of her work, she like him has not yet reached the fulness of her powers. In fact, she has quite definitely not yet written the book of which she is capable. She will write it, though; having read all her books I am convinced of that. She is not an easy or a consoling writer, but she is a real one, and no reader who prides himself on reading the people who matter can afford to leave her out. I have not described her novel. To be honest, I don't know how to. I can only bear testimony to its acrid, restless, and unmistakably genuine quality.

Since it is grim, *Man Made Angry* (Longmans, 7s. 6d.) is also in the fashion. But this curious story, a sympathetic interpretation of a modern Jack-the-Ripper, is spoilt by a persistent air of unreality. The author, Mr. Hugh Brooke, has cleverness, but he seems to me to lack the novelist's gift. However, his book is certainly unusual. Unusual, too, is *Matsu* (Collins, 7s. 6d.) a Japanese story by John Paris, author of *Kimono*. Other books worth a place on the library list are *My Sister's Story*, by the Russian writer Michael Ossorgin (Secker, 6s.), and *Morgan's Yard* (Collins, 7s. 6d.), a pleasant, slightly sentimental tale by an Englishman who has always found more readers in America than at home—Richard Pryce. But more than any of these Mr. Cecil Roberts's *Spears Against Us* (Hutchinson, 7s. 6d.) has interested me. The scene of this novel is laid in the Tyrol; and (as I kept warning myself when reading) I yield immediately to the charm of that district, in or out of a book. Nevertheless, when I have made all personal allowances, I find myself still believing in Mr. Roberts's story. He draws a vivid and sympathetic picture of Austria before, during and after the war, and he enlivens his picture with an attractive and well contrasted group of people. I particularly admire his detachment. He seems to have no favourites among his characters. He is content (every novelist will know what I mean) to try to understand them; and he succeeds so well that each of them emerges as his or her own particular bundle of weaknesses and strengths. In other words, as men and women. This is creation; and creation, though as a word defaced by confident and over-familiar handling, remains a rare gift.

Books *for* Hard Times

Benn's Ninepenny Novels.

J. D. BERESFORD

THIS series represents a determined attempt to extend the boundaries of the public for new novels. At the low price of ninepence each, well printed, and serviceably bound in stiff paper, new and original works by established writers of fiction are now available. The first batch of novels are by J. D. Beresford, Naomi Royde-Smith, Mrs. Belloc Lowndes, Eden Phillpotts, Storm Jameson, and Alec Waugh. In the next line of attack we find the names of Joseph Hergesheimer, V. Sackville-West, and H. de Vere Stacpoole. The fate of this venture will be watched with interest. Its success or failure will prove something—I don't yet know what.

The Here *and* Now *Pamphlets*

(Wishart, 1s. each.)

THE first three tracts in Messrs. Wishart's series are *Pacifists in Peace and War*, by Douglas Goldring; *A War Museum*, 1914–18, by Hamish Miles; and *Post Mortem on Politicians*, by Douglas Garman. There is an encouraging sound of purpose and unity about these titles, and I hope it means something, and that the series will not, like other promising series of pamphlets, sprawl into shapelessness. Mr. Miles's paper is to be warmly recommended. In it he serves up 54 of the more preposterous opinions printed during the War. Thanks to him, we now see that one of the horrors of war is that it reduces Sir Edmund Gosse, the *Daily Mail*, Mr. Bottomley, and the *Spectator* all to one level.

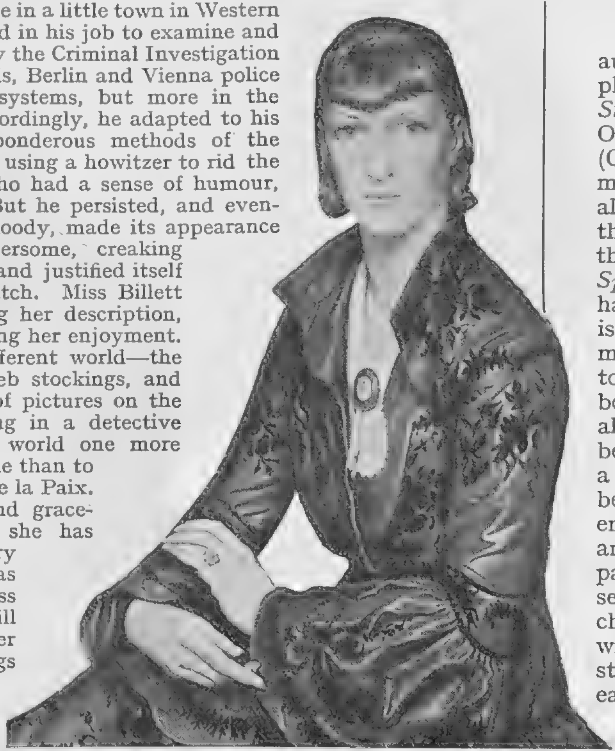
Refined Brutality

"The Robot Detective": *by Mabel Broughton Billett.* (Hutchinson, 7s. 6d.)

"What Dread Hand — ?" *by Elizabeth Gill.* (Cassell, 7s. 6d.)

THESE two shockers or, if you prefer, these two studies of leaden-footed justice overtaking the wrongdoer are both worth the attention of the connoisseur. Miss Billett's story is (for once) what all publishers claim for all detective stories—"something fresh in this line of fiction." The mystery is good, and the solution is entirely satisfactory. But the originality lies in the methods of the police. Major Kettlewell, ex-chief of police in a little town in Western Canada, was sufficiently interested in his job to examine and compare the systems employed by the Criminal Investigation Departments of the London, Paris, Berlin and Vienna police forces. He found good in all systems, but more in the German than in any other. Accordingly, he adapted to his ridiculous little township the ponderous methods of the Kriminal Archiv. It seemed like using a howitzer to rid the house of beetles. The major, who had a sense of humour, saw the fun of the situation. But he persisted, and eventually crime, complicated and bloody, made its appearance in Glenlogan. How his cumbersome, creaking machinery acquired momentum and justified itself is amusing and absorbing to watch. Miss Billett has evidently enjoyed composing her description, and she succeeds in communicating her enjoyment.

Mrs. Gill writes of a very different world—the world of first nights, and cobweb stockings, and perfect meals, and a collection of pictures on the wall such as never, surely, hung in a detective story before. In this cultured world one more often refers to the rue de la Boëtie than to Downing Street or even the rue de la Paix. And in this world, so easily and gracefully described by the author, she has set a daring and baffling mystery which, before it is solved, has taken us from Piccadilly across France to the Riviera. Mrs. Gill is a very clever writer. For her readers, she scatters red herrings by the handful, but the whole Yarmouth fleet would not make her swerve from the plan to which she works, or tempt her to do anything which she is not confident of performing perfectly and with success.



ELIZABETH GILL, reproduced from a portrait painted by her husband, Mr. Colin Gill

MAY EDG

•IT'S YOUR MONEY

•Meaning that all this cant about money not mattering won't do . . . To-day Charm is not the World's Coinage: "Be self-supporting" is Mammon's watchword

THERE was a very young man possessed of extreme charm. His women relatives adored him and the women friends of his women relatives adored him more. His mother urged, whenever defence of him was necessary: "He is so amusing and attractive that he might *get anywhere*." Even his father, whom many years of hard work had trained to take a more dour view, had to confess the popularity of his gay, good-looking son; and was secretly amazed and proud at the highly creditable doors that opened to him—which doors ignored the rest of the family—on account of the reckless and witty impudence of his dinner-table conversation, his proficiency at tennis and dancing and swimming and squash and billiards and bridge; and because of the aforesaid charm. He was always to be found staying with the So-and-So's at Le Touquet; or sailing on the Broads in a friend's boat; or at other people's restaurant parties; or trick diving in club swimming baths as the guest of other men; or caravanning with such easily made acquaintances, in Spain.

The world was to him a panorama of hot suns in blue skies; white snows on famous slopes; salt winds over warm salt waves; white moons over fringed palm tops. It was a world of happy music. He saw the stars shine above his playgrounds, but never above farms, and battlefields, industrial hives of office and factory; sweat of imperial enterprise in forest and overseas. The world was Carnival.

"And it costs him nothing, dear," his mother would urge when his father sometimes turned restless, "you see he is so charming that everyone loves to have him."

"He's lucky," said other young men in offices, in engineering works, on parade grounds; and everywhere, in fact, where men work for a living.

The boy was, in fact, a notable guest in the House of Life.

As one of the good-looking gipsies, then, of civilised society, our young man walked gaily through the world, borrowing a little here, and earning, when he must, a little there; loving a little sometimes, but never affording to marry; always beautiful to look at, always good company; *always passing on.*

In his pockets was always the very minimum of cash and sometimes not even that; but it was a joke—to himself as well as to his friends: "Darling A. never has a bean; we don't care, he doesn't care—he's got a gipsy heart. Isn't he lovely?"

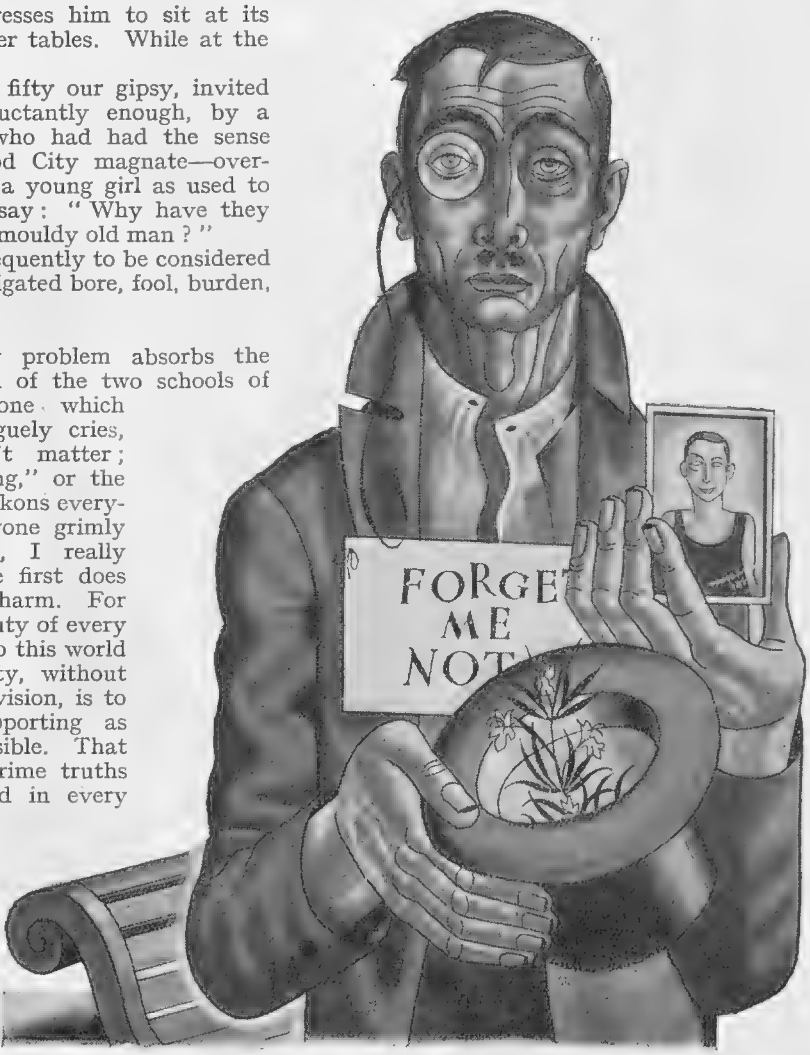
PUNCTUATING the days, and months, and years of Carnival, there were wars, and depressions and ruinations, and serious affairs happening in the ordinary way in the ordinary routine of countries. And in the ordinary way friends with sailing boats, and Le Touquet villas, and tennis courts and racing cars and bank balances grew older. In the ordinary way of maturing people they laughed a little less and their eyes were sharper. Looking less picturesque in swimming pools and caravans, not so keen on the hazards of sport, and not so amused by wasting money, as of yore, they also exchanged racing cars for limousines, and began, as years went on, to like comfort, and stability, and boiled shirts and well-found tables punctually served; and to prefer as guests at these tables nicely-groomed people with a proper place in life, and enough success—which means enough money—to make them comfortable guests, and hosts in their turn.

Then from being a handsome gipsy of life, with jolly social tricks and a devastating smile—much more interesting in his careless old clothes worn with the ineffable grace of youth, they used to say, than other people were, meticulously equipped—our young man, now young no longer, appeared to former admirers as a dismal failure; distinctly unkempt; a loafer; of no account; undesirable; a social burden; a sponger.

It was not until he approached fifty that our former young man—his insouciance given place to an uneasy humility—stared facts in the face and saw that while, at the age of twenty, the world can smile at its handsome gipsy, at the age of thirty he is looking quite inept; and at the age of forty the world is asking sharply for his account of himself before it presses him to sit at its well-earned dinner tables. While at the age of fifty. . . .

At the age of fifty our gipsy, invited to a party, reluctantly enough, by a former dryad—who had had the sense to marry a good City magnate—overheard just such a young girl as used to rave over him, say: "Why have they asked that silly, mouldy old man?"

He came subsequently to be considered simply an unmitigated bore, fool, burden, and nuisance.



THIS money problem absorbs the world. And of the two schools of thought, the one which largely and vaguely cries, "Money doesn't matter; money is nothing," or the second which reckons everything and everyone grimly in cash values, I really believe that the first does more immediate harm. For the first adult duty of every man, if born into this world like the majority, without ready-made provision, is to become self-supporting as rapidly as possible. That is one of the prime truths to be inculcated in every young boy, and each time he hears some weighty-sounding individual say: "Money doesn't matter," he has heard something that may do him infinite harm. For, coinages having been universally accepted as the most convenient and portable means of exchange all over the civilised world, it is necessary to the dignity of any human being to earn enough of it for his plans and prospects. The people who exclaim splendidly: "Money doesn't

INTON says—

OR YOUR LIFE . . .

ERIC FRASER 32

Illustrated by Eric Fraser

matter," invariably have plenty of it. Either a shortage no longer troubles them, or never has troubled them.

"I look forward," said my dinner neighbour the other night, "to retiring from the strife and the troubles of cities. I want to buy a beach out, let us say, in Hawaii, build my house, live in sunshine, and so on. And money will be of no importance." "What do you mean?" I asked. "Shall you do all that without money?" He answered: "Oh, of course I shall need *enough* money; but a surplus will be mere uninteresting." One enquired further, then, as to his ideas of enough, and was edified by his spacious vision.

He certainly would not have looked forward to retiring from the strife and troubles of cities, into some almshouse or workhouse, and very well one knew it.

The same individual—a highly successful financier—had a pathetic way of pointing out, from the grandstand of his luxurious car, the humbler denizens of the world through which he rolled comfortably. "Look at that fellow," he would say, indicating a labourer hoeing turnips or a shepherd driving sheep, "he is far happier than I am, I dare say." Or a group of poor school-children going home through a country lane would draw from him: "How lucky they are to be born into the simple life—no battle; no anxieties." Yet although it would have been easy for him to end his sufferings by handing over his fortune to the turnip-hoer or the shepherd, and himself retiring to one of their meek abodes, he has never yet done it. He clings to what has been called the Ritz Standard.

So there is a tremendous amount of sanctimonious humbug talked on this question. Money, as symbolising a share of the world's riches, is a god; a minor god to be sure; but still something to be prayed for—reckoning work as this particular form of prayer—and it is super-important that every one of us should attain the right attitude towards it.

It is of no use to compare personal expenditure of to-day with the standard of personal expenditure yesterday, either. When I was a child, driving through our village with my brothers and sisters, crowded into our donkey cart, I would stop at the little shop for: "Three farthings' worth of sweets and a farthing's worth of sugared biscuits for the donkey, please." The modern child spends in shillings where I spent in pence, and receives presents which cost a pound instead of half-a-crown. As a young girl I could manœuvre a frock for ten shillings; my counterpart to-day spends more nearly ten pounds. But all this has nothing to do with a lesser personal respect for values. It is in no degree reprehensible. To-day we expect more money; to-day we have more money. To-day we spend more money. Money is a demand; and quite rightly, considering what it can be exchanged for. It is a prize for industry and cleverness like the prizes won at school.

I AM sure that is the way to look at money; without humbug, cant, or self-deception.

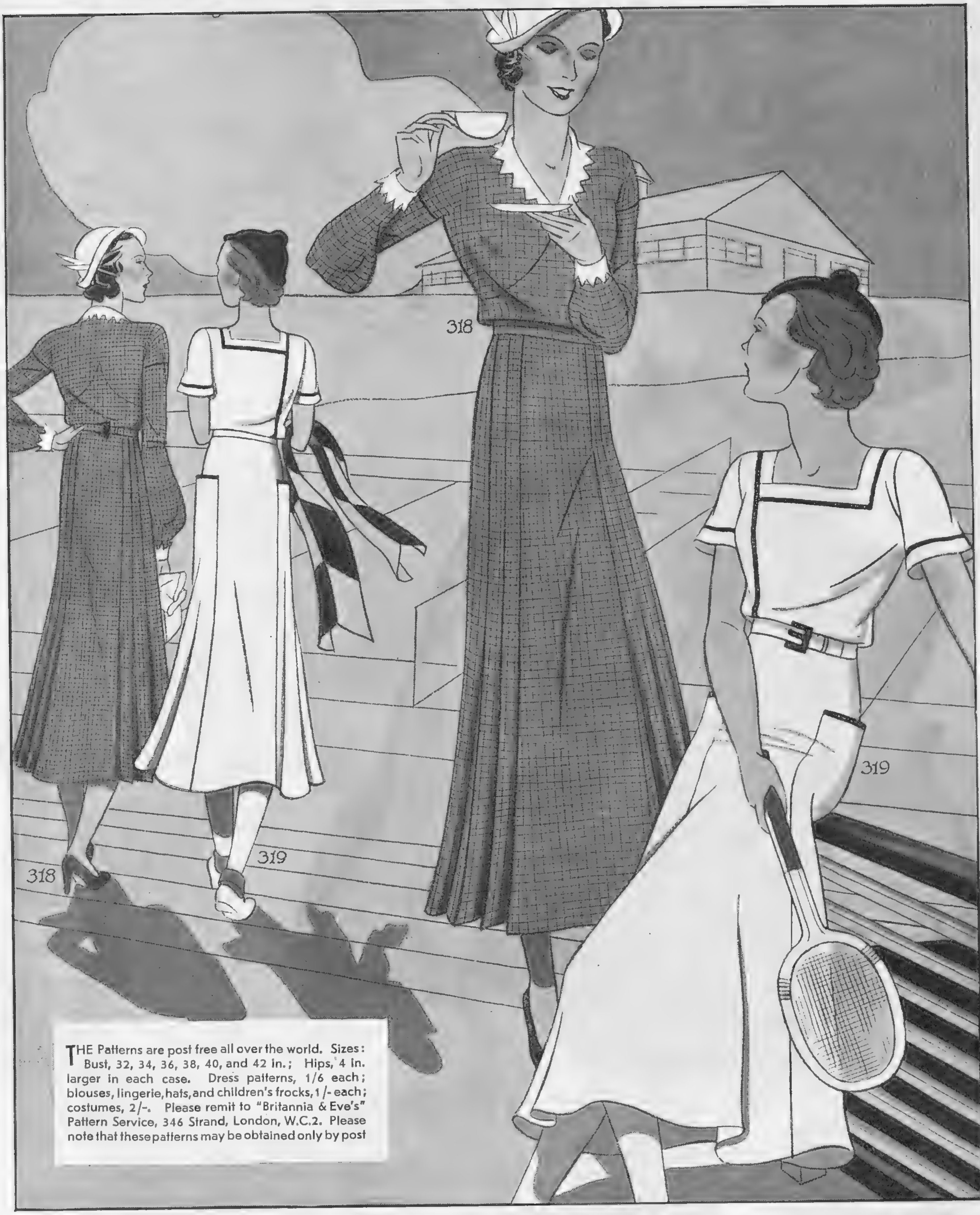
Members of two large families confided their troubles to me a while ago. Family love had gone wrong; personalities were hopelessly irreconcilable; misunderstandings had grown up. All was out of tune. There is a certain type of hopeless advice which is sometimes handed out rather indiscriminately in these cases; the You-must-bear-it-and-do-your-best type of advice. But bearing things is not always the best way to treat them. Endurance is so often no more than negation of action. There are other merits of conduct, such as courage, prudence, exercise of individuality, resolution and good sense, expressed in more healthy ways than in merely "bearing" troublous circumstance.

Their money harmonised the jangled tune of one family by parting its members often enough, sending wife-and-mother occasionally to European pleasure resorts; and her husband on a shooting or fishing expedition, while life, thus eased, was readjusted. The sons and daughters, all strongly individual, were able more or less to follow their separate bents.

Poverty kept the other family together in their mutual misery, which daily becomes greater; the earnings of the children being necessary to supplement the family income, and quarters being cramped; here minds are narrowed more and more by narrow circumstances.

It is seldom or never that poverty brings happiness, though happiness can —rarely—persist in spite of acute poverty. But money (*Continued on page* 92)

DESIGNS FOR THE HOME DRESSMAKER

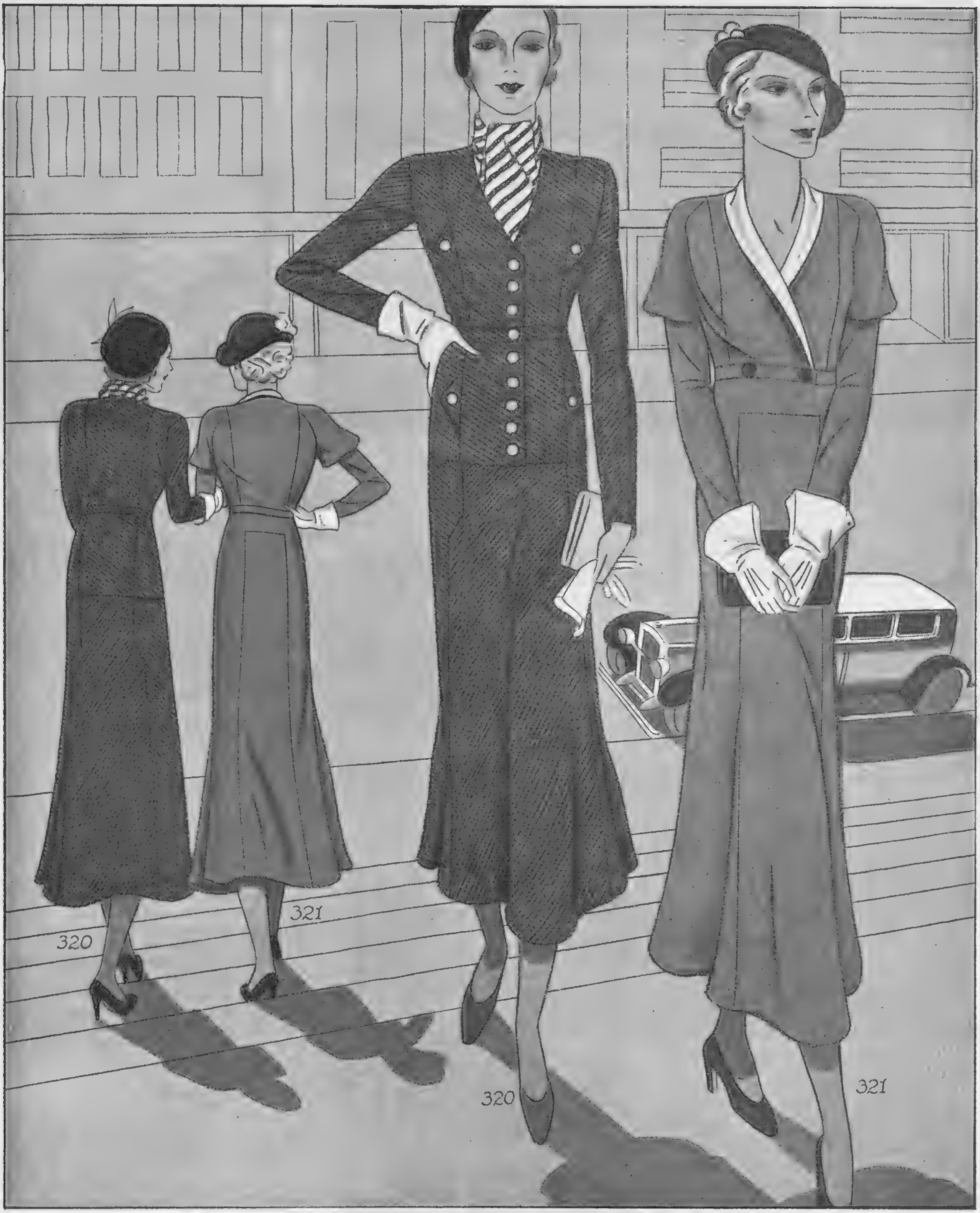


THE Patterns are post free all over the world. Sizes: Bust, 32, 34, 36, 38, 40, and 42 in.; Hips, 4 in. larger in each case. Dress patterns, 1/6 each; blouses, lingerie, hats, and children's frocks, 1/- each; costumes, 2/-. Please remit to "Britannia & Eve's" Pattern Service, 346 Strand, London, W.C.2. Please note that these patterns may be obtained only by post

318.—Blue check Macclesfield silk makes this simple frock, which would also look most effective carried out in Viyella. The lower part of the sleeve is flared and four groups of three pleats give width to the skirt. The collar and cuffs are of picot edged white piqué. 5½ yards of 32" or 8 yards of 24" material required. Price 1/6

319.—A tennis dress which could be carried out in either silk or cotton piqué, or in washing silk, is smartly trimmed with scarlet bands. The short sleeves are bell-shaped in order to allow complete freedom of movement, and fullness is given to the skirt by flared side panels which form outstanding pockets on either hip. 3¾ yards of 36" material is required. Price 1/6

THE RETURN OF THE COAT-FROCK



Materials from Marshall & Snelgrove

320.—A diagonally striped navy blue woollen material makes this attractive two-piece costume which fastens in front with a row of brass buttons. The collarless neckline is filled in with a smart silk and wool scarf and the side seams boast tiny pockets concealed by buttoned flaps. The separate skirt consists of four shaped panels. 3½ yards of 54″ material required. Price 1/6

321.—A one-piece dress which apes the appearance of a coat is made of a light-weight beige jersey material and has a cross-over neck-line accentuated by a white piqué roll collar and fastened by two large buttons. The double sleeve is very smart and gives fashionable width to the shoulders. 4½ yards of 44″ material is required. Price 1/6

FILLETS of fish cut into small pieces and cooked with potatoes and lemon juice make a most appetising dish extremely easy to prepare

VEGETABLE soups, so always attractive served

Unusual Dishes *for* the Small

Here are some suggestions which will prove the solution of many a busy woman's problems

By A. H. Adair

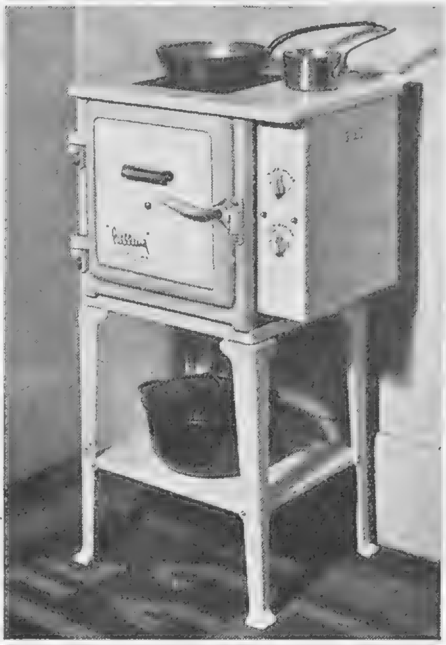
IT is very easy to give advice about cooking to those who have a well-equipped kitchen and plenty of time to devote to the running of their homes, and when the average woman buys cookery books, reads articles, exchanges recipes it is usually to gain new ideas which she can very easily put into practice.

But what of the many hundreds, thousands of people who have to do their own cooking under restricted and sometimes almost impossible conditions, usually after a hard day's work? For these people cooking is either a tiresome necessity or a pleasant relaxation, depending on their point of view, but in any case we maintain that it need not be a *frightening* affair.

There are so many easily worked stoves nowadays, so many efficient hot-plates, chafing dishes, spirit lamps and endless gadgets, that all one requires is a little intelligence, patience and a tidy mind blended with curiosity and a sense of adventure.

However tired you may be, it is just as easy to cook your eggs well as it is to "overdo" them and, since we *must* eat, how much more agreeable and healthy to cook with the idea of pleasing our palates as well as nourishing our bodies, for it is a well-known fact that the things we eat with enjoyment will be far more beneficial than food which we just consume in order not to starve, excepting of course certain things which, however much we like them, definitely do not agree with us.

THE recipes which follow have been chosen with a view to showing how many tasty dishes can be made with very little trouble. They can all be adapted and applied to individual tastes and resources, and the two specimen menus are composed of dishes which can be made on a stove with only one ring.



COOKING becomes a pleasure to the fortunate people who possess this stove. It is simplicity itself to work, and the gleaming enamel finish eliminates all bother of cleaning

Vegetable Soup.	Egg Salad.
—	—
Cold Meat Salad.	Fillets of Fish with Potatoes.
—	—
Fried Apples.	Marmalade of Pears.

For the first menu we should commence by making the soup, which once started requires practically no attention. While this is simmering we should prepare the ingredients for the salad, and the apples can be cooked before we are ready to dine, and kept hot standing over a saucepan of hot water, or else we can put them on over a low flame when we serve the soup, turning them occasionally during the meal.

In the case of the second menu we should begin by making the sweet; this can be served either hot or cold. We should then prepare the eggs, leaving the fish till the last.

Vegetable Soup

We can make endless varieties of this soup, using whatever vegetables we have: leeks, potatoes and onions; carrots, onions, potatoes and one or two tomatoes; onions, carrots and the outside leaves of celery, etc. In any case, peel and wash the vegetables and cut them into small pieces. For two people use three potatoes, two onions, three carrots, or other vegetables in similar proportions, and when prepared put them in a saucepan with a piece of butter, salt and pepper and fry them until they begin to brown, shaking the saucepan occasionally. Then add

pleasant and healthy, are in rough earthenware bowls

Household

boiling water, allowing for two people three bowls or soup plates full of water, for three people four and a half bowls of water, and so on. Put the lid on the saucepan and let the contents boil for ten minutes; remove the lid and then let the soup simmer gently until about one-third of the liquid has disappeared. Squash the vegetables with a fork, see that there is plenty of salt and pepper, stir well and serve.

As we shall want a few pieces of boiled potato for our salad we should have added an extra potato or two so that we can remove sufficient pieces before squashing the vegetables.

Cold Meat Salad

If you have some cold meat left over—chicken, beef, lamb, veal, etc.—trim off all fat and cut the meat into small pieces. If you are buying all ingredients, get a few slices of ham, and if possible a leg of cooked chicken, a few slices of pressed beef or whatever cooked meat you can obtain. Put the meat into a salad bowl and add half a beetroot cut into cubes, an apple peeled and cored and cut into small cubes, a few pieces of celery, a few slices of tomatoes, salt and pepper, and when they are ready, the pieces of potato. Meanwhile, put an egg-spoonful of made mustard into the salad spoon or a tablespoon and mix it with the spoon full of vinegar. Add two spoonsful of oil and stir the salad well.

Fried Apples

Peel carefully some apples, cut them into quarters and remove the core. Melt a little butter in the pan and put in the apples, taking care that they do not overlap. Turn them over so that they are nicely browned on all sides and, just before serving, sprinkle soft sugar over them, allowing a puddingspoonful of sugar to each apple and a pinch of powdered cinnamon.

Egg Salad

Put the eggs (two for each person) into boiling water, and boil for ten minutes. Remove them and put them into cold water or peel them under the cold tap. Cut the eggs into two and remove the yolks. Put these into a mixing bowl and mash the yolks, adding a little prepared mustard, salt, pepper and enough olive oil to make the preparation into a smooth thick sauce. Add vinegar or lemon juice to taste and stir well again. Meanwhile, line a salad bowl or each plate with washed lettuce leaves, sprinkle with a little chopped beetroot and then the whites of the eggs cut into slices. Pour over the sauce made with the yolks and sprinkle with chopped parsley. When in season, a few chopped spring onions greatly improve the flavour.

Fillets of Fish with Potatoes

Get the fishmonger to fillet a small plaice and put the fillets on to a floured board or large plate. Cut them into pieces about two inches long and half an inch wide, and roll them in flour. Meanwhile peel some potatoes, allowing one fillet of fish and one potato for each person. Cut the potatoes into small cubes and fry them in butter until golden brown. Push the potatoes to one side of the pan, add a little more butter and fry the pieces of fish until brown and crisp. Mix the potatoes and fish together, add salt, pepper, and a little lemon juice, and serve.

THIS Griller-boiler made by Bellings is invaluable to the small household

WITH this little electric grill, cooking can be done on the table. You reverse the griller over the dish to be cooked and switch on the current. It can also be used in the ordinary way for boiling

Marmalade of Pears

Take some cheap pears, peel them, cut them into quarters, remove the core and cut each quarter into two. Put these in a saucepan with sugar and just enough water to cover them, and the rind of half a lemon. Bring to the boil and simmer until you have a smooth pulp. Remove the lemon peel, see that the pears are sweet enough, and then add a little piece of butter and a pudding-spoonful of whatever jam you have open, for each person. Beat with a fork for a few minutes and serve hot or cold.

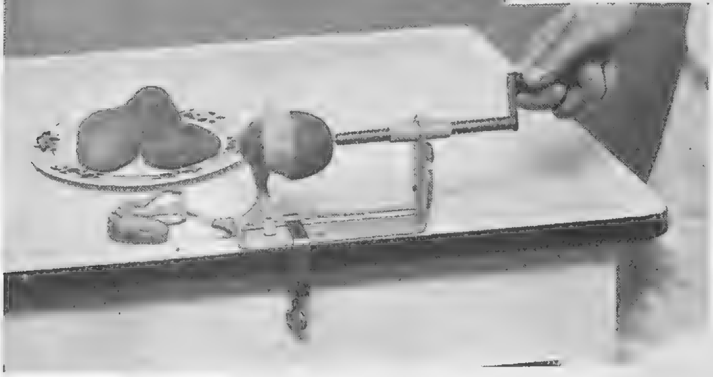
Potato Cookery

Methods of treating the erstwhile inexpensive tuber

By

Mrs. Robert Noble

AN economical method of cutting potato-rings ready for frying. After inserting the small screw of the Saratogo the blade is swiftly turned until the potato chain is cut



THE potato is fixed on the spear, then the handle is turned slowly and evenly so that the cutter gets a firm grip. This ensures the potato being peeled evenly. The cutting arm can be adjusted to peel thinly or thickly, and can be used also to cut the potato itself into ribbons

AFTER being treated as the Cinderella among vegetables, the potato is at last becoming an important item in the menu. Plain boiled potatoes, unless they are very new and nice, soon become tiresome, but luckily there are many excellent ways of cooking them.

Perhaps the peeling and preparation for cooking is the most trying part of the task, but the use of up-to-date cutters and gadgets certainly saves a great deal of time and trouble. Potatoes that are to be peeled and cut up before cooking should first be given a thorough washing and brushing in cold water and left in the basin of water until they are needed. If then a stainless potato peeler is used instead of a knife, the skin can be taken off much more nimbly.

If a large number of potatoes have to be peeled each day, a potato washing and peeling machine is a practical addition to the kitchen equipment. Some patterns have a side handle and others turn from the top. The potatoes are put into the cylinder and placed under the top. The handle is then turned, and in a couple of minutes three or four lb. of potatoes can be thinly peeled.

There are two distinct ways of giving variety to the potatoes served at table. First, they can be cut with suitable gadgets into balls, straws, trellises or ribbons, and then fried to an appetising golden brown in boiling fat. Secondly, plain boiled or steamed potatoes can be blended with many other ingredients, eggs, milk, cheese, meat or fish to form a savoury addition to the menu.

As a matter of fact, a combination of these two methods makes for the most economy. For example, when a small metal gouge is used to scoop out small balls, only three or four can be cut from each potato, and there will be quite a large residue left which can be used for, say, *potato croquettes.*

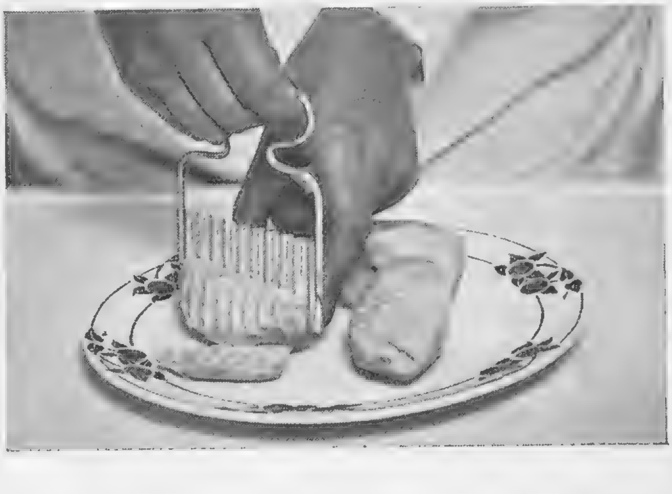
For this appetising dish you want 1 lb. of potatoes and two eggs. The potatoes are steamed and left for a few minutes to dry, and then rubbed through a sieve. One ounce of butter, salt, pepper and one egg (well beaten) are used to bind the mixture. The latter is left spread on a plate till cold, and is then formed into croquettes, either torpedo-shaped or round. Each croquette is floured, dipped in beaten egg and breadcrumbs, and then fried a golden brown in boiling fat.

Here is another light and delicious dish—*potato beignets.* One pound of potatoes is boiled and passed through a wire sieve. One ounce of butter is melted in a stewpan and the potato added, and, lastly, the yolks of two eggs, one by one. The mixture is cooked until it leaves the side of the stewpan clean. Then the whites of the eggs are whipped up very stiffly and added lightly to the mixture. Some hot fat should be in readiness, and into this some rough pieces about the size of a walnut are dropped and fried an appetising golden brown. The beignets are then drained in kitchen paper and served piping hot.

WHEN frying potatoes this patent grip fork makes it easy to lift out the chips as they brown. Pressure on the handles causes the prongs to open and release the potatoes

FOR mashing potatoes (or other vegetables) to prepare a purée, the sieve section rests on the top of the saucepan and the cutter is then used to force the food through its meshes

A VERY simple cutter which shapes the potato slices into trellises. The edge is very sharp so that it easily forces through the raw potato



By Gilliar West

OF the first importance is care of a dog's coat. Brushing should be a vigorous business

Taking *care* of *your* Dog

MANY people seem to think that provided a dog gets its meals regularly and receives a cursory brush once a week, there is no need to pay it any more attention. I have known women who spend hours each day over their own toilet neglect that of their dogs most shamefully, and express pious surprise when the bills at the vet's mount up in an alarming way.

I have still less sympathy with those who treat a dog as though it were an expensive doll, decking it out with ribbons, pretty little jackets and the like, and at the same time overlooking those details which are real necessities if the dog is to be the happy, healthy animal that nature intended it to be.

The first essentials are, of course, correct food and plenty of exercise, but these questions lie outside the scope of the present article, which deals primarily with those little personal attentions which are so often forgotten.

Of the first importance is care of a dog's coat. It is not enough to give it a quick brush if it has been out on a muddy day. Brushing should be done once a day with unfailing regularity, and should not be a mere gentle stroking with a brush, but a vigorous, businesslike application lasting for at least ten minutes. A good stiff brush should be used, which should be discarded in favour of a new one as soon as the bristles begin to soften. The primary purpose of this brushing is not to remove dirt, but acting as a skin massage to keep the pores open and so act as a tonic to the whole system. A softer brush should be used for the tenderer skin of the ears and round the eyes. A sleek and shiny coat and general air of well-being is the reward for these efforts.

FEET are another frequent source of doggy ills. After every outing the paws should be carefully examined and any little piece of gravel, grit, and sometimes even glass should be extracted. Inattention to this simple little detail will often lead to a festering sore on the dog's paw, a common cause of lameness. Here again it is curious that the same people who regularly inspect the tyres of their car after a run for flints and other things which might eventually cause a puncture are content to leave the dog's paws to chance.

Like human beings, dogs are often the victims of toothache. Under the conditions of life in a flat or small house, they often fail to get a sufficient supply of large bones, Nature's rough and ready but efficient toothbrush. Where these are lacking, the few minutes spent daily in brushing the dog's teeth with a stiff brush and an ordinary tooth preparation will be amply repaid.

Eyes should also be regularly observed and, where there are any signs of soreness, they should be bathed in a lotion prepared from boracic powder and warm water.

Where drastic methods of cleaning are necessary, Pulvex vermin powder can be guaranteed not only to kill the parasites but also to destroy their eggs. A postcard to the makers, Messrs. Cooper, McDougall & Robertson, Ltd., Berkhampstead, Herts, will bring you by return a booklet giving full details of this powder. None of these little attentions will take more than a few minutes, which surely no one will grudge to such a dear friend and companion as a dog can be.

A SOFTER brush should be used for the tenderer skin of the ears and round the eyes

A FEW minutes should be spent daily in brushing the dog's teeth

THE finished article. The happy, healthy animal that nature intended it to be

EXERCISE and rest in the open air permit the absorption of the maximum amount of oxygen

ALWAYS, whatever the weather, take your bath in front of an open window and afterwards give yourself a brisk friction

OXYGEN IS LIFE

"Nothing like oxygen-shortage for keeping an embryo below par"

Aldous Huxley in "Brave New World"

OUR attitude to life and truth has changed since this century got into its stride. Our parents enveloped the facts of life in a fluffy cocoon of fiction and administered brimstone and treacle in strawberry jam. To-day, even our fiction is permeated with biological fact, and we can only stomach jam if it has a strong medicinal flavour.

In his latest and most scintillating novel, Mr. Aldous Huxley would seem to trespass in the laboratories of his biological brother Julian, and people who would never read a scientific treatise, who think, quite correctly, that they are indulging in a daring fiction, may with advantage absorb some of the truths that are mixed with the brilliant and brutal satire on progress and humanity.

I have taken my text, "Nothing like oxygen-shortage for keeping an embryo below par," from what is to me the most terrible part of the book, in which Mr. Huxley describes how the bottled embryos of future citizens are graded and "conditioned," in order to maintain the supply of creatures adjusted physically and mentally to the life allotted to them before they are even "decanted." Therefore starve those who have a slavish existence before them of oxygen. Heredity and predestination are subjects painful enough — but scientific predestination! Horrors!

What is true of Mr. Huxley's imaginary bottled babies is true of children and men and women living in the quaint old-fashioned world of to-day. Oxygen-shortage keeps us all below par. We know that, of course; think of the miners, the slum dwellers . . . and the knowledge is even applied, spasmodically. We have our fresh-air fiends, our sun-bathers and dress-reformers; the cult of nudism is spreading throughout Europe.

But, without being cranks or millionaires to whom visits to mountain and seaside holiday resorts are possible, or even sports enthusiasts, it is comparatively easy to apply the knowledge to everyday life and keep oneself "up to par" with daily doses of oxygen.

The reason that exercise in the open air is more beneficial than the same amount of physical exertion within doors is that the body's breathers—the lungs, through respiration, the pores through the stimulation of circulation and consequent rise of external temperature—absorb the oxygen which predominates, in unvitiated air, over the nitrogen, which is one of the wastes which we exhale, a poison so potent that it will extinguish fire and even the flame of life itself, slowly when only small doses are taken daily in unventilated spaces, almost instantly when all oxygen is suddenly excluded!

IT is, one assumes, unnecessary to insist at this juncture on the importance of sleeping with windows open, of having light if warm bed coverings, and wearing clothes that do not entirely exclude air. But let me suggest a method of taking an extra dose of oxygen daily which can be put into practice even by those who cannot or do not indulge in outdoor sports or excursions to sun spots.

Add to your warm bath in the morning oxygenated bath salts. Always, whatever the weather, take your bath with the window open. After the bath, in front of that open window, give yourself a brisk friction, preferably with a loofah glove, and then do a few energetic exercises to stimulate the circulation and the natural action of the pores which the warm bath, the salts and the friction will have commenced, and some breathing exercises to fill the lungs with fresh air.

No sensation of cold will be experienced and no chill will result. There will be a subsequent sense of invigoration and the whole system will have received a goodly dose of oxygen with which to "carry on" and combat the fatigues of the day.

A repetition of this "treatment" in the evening, if the vitality is low, will be found to be much more stimulating than any cocktail that was ever mixed by the inventors of synthetic "kick."

CONTOUR

When a woman loses her " Chin Line " she loses her place in the ranks of youth

By "CHRYSIS"

IT is an insidious assault that of the encroaching years on the clean-cut line where the firmly moulded face of youth joins the " slender column " of the throat, and it irrevocably destroys what the beauty specialists have taught us to call " contour." When that is gone and the chin is marred by groove-like wrinkles, the neck scrawny, or when adipose tissue has obliterated the youthful boundaries of face and neck and produced double chins and coarse and fleshy neck, the fact that her complexion may be clear, her brow and eyes unlined, scarcely helps a woman. The lower part of her face will treacherously " give her away," and her beauty is inevitably marred.

Too often these dire symptoms of age are really the result of carelessness. Women are too apt to look themselves in the eyes when they face a mirror and not to make their observations sufficiently comprehensive. The preservation of contour is one of the most important and the simplest elements of beauty culture: its restoration is a much more difficult process.

First, then, let your home face treatment always include your chin and throat. I have often advocated *patting* instead of massage for the application of skin foods and tonic lotions at the hands of the amateur, as this stimulates the circulation and the action of the pores, thereby encouraging the absorption of creams, exercises the important facial muscles and obviates the danger of stretching the skin engendered by massage by those lacking the skilful touch and anatomical knowledge of the expert.

This patting is particularly beneficial to the facial contour. It must be regulated according to the part of the face that is being treated—very gently, with the finger-tips, under the eyes, more firmly (always with an upward movement) on the cheeks. Around the chin and the jaw muscles quite strong patting should be employed.

THE most efficacious treatment consists, after thoroughly cleansing the face at night, of steeping a pad of cottonwool in cold water, wringing it out, and then moistening it with a good astringent lotion. With this pad the face should be patted (I was almost writing " slapped ") for three or four minutes, paying particular attention to the tissues that lie under the jaw, beginning at the centre of the chin and patting backwards to the muscle in front of each ear. After this stimulation of the circulation skin food should be patted in, with the same movements, until it is practically absorbed. For the patting under the chin the backs of the four fingers of each hand should be used simultaneously.

THE preservation of the contour of the neck and chin is essential to the beauty of any woman, whatever her age

THE beauty of Greta Garbo's neck and chin needs no comment: it is the ideal of every woman and is particularly well illustrated in this charming photograph

This is a treatment advocated by one of the most famous and successful of the world's beauty specialists who prepares an astringent lotion and nourishing, easily absorbed skin food for the purpose. In addition, if there is any sign of sagging or wrinkling, a special muscle oil may be applied and left on to be absorbed during the night.

In the morning, after cleansing, another brisk patting with astringent lotion will not only freshen and revivify the skin but tone up any muscles with a tendency to flaccidity.

If there is time, either in the morning during the toilet or attention to correspondence or during an afternoon or evening rest, it is a good plan to make a good-sized pad of cottonwool wrung out in cold water and steeped in the lotion, mould it to the contour of your chin and tie it firmly in place with a knot on the top of your head with a bandage of gauze or cheesecloth. There are also chin straps and neck bandages specially adapted to individual needs. These or the bandage described *rest* the muscles and help the face to regain the *habit* of its original contour.

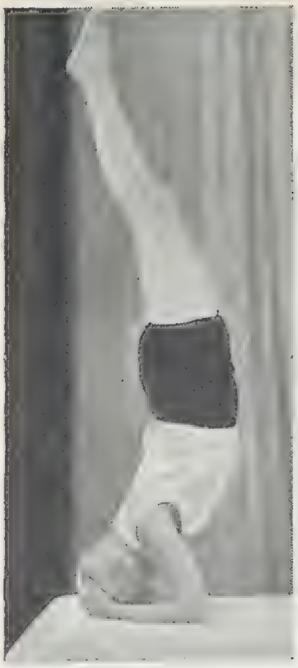
IN cases of double chin a more vigorous patting is advisable to break down and disperse the fat cells, and a special " patter " —a little round flat disc on a resilient steel stem—is very useful. A different cream, emollient but without the fattening properties of the skin food, should be used, and an excess of fat under the chin is more quickly dispersed by the application of a special reducing lotion.

It is also advisable to do special neck and throat exercises. Some of these, scientifically worked out and tested, help considerably to fill out hollows and any tendency to " scrawniness " and, in conjunction with feeding creams, even benefit those who have " salt cellars " and thin shoulders. One last word of advice both to the double-chinned and to the chicken-throated: *Hold up your head!* Hang your face down in front of a mirror and notice how many wrinkles and chins immediately appear. If you do this constantly you encourage your muscles in the bad habit of sagging, and the tissues will eventually break down and lines will form. That is why a chin-strap, when it can be worn in private while you are reading or writing, is useful to correct the tendency to drop the head.

A BACKWARD GLANCE

If your spine is rigid, the resulting pressure on your nerves will impair your energy

By MARGARET SANDERSON



IT is important to have a strong, flexible spine

A LOVELY new frock for theatre and the dance, hair sleek, shining and most becomingly arranged, a dusting of powder, a touch of just the right colour lip rouge, a wee brush of mascara for the lashes to enhance the brightness of the eyes —There! we face our mirror confidently. Surely we are looking our very best for this delightful party.

But—wait a moment. These new evening gowns are cut very low at the back. With the help of a large mirror we take a comprehensive and critical backward glance. Is there really the beginning of a little sausage-roll of fat at the back of the neck? Tip the head back. Yes, an ugly crease, a bulge, perhaps slight, perhaps prominent, but in any case quite spoiling that lovely and gracious line of beauty. Or, the other extreme, a thin and scrawny look, with unsightly hollows.

From a beauty point of view the back is important. At the theatre, at the dance, it is very much in evidence. And in a day-time costume, pads of fat or prominent bones or an awkward posture can spoil the lines of the frock.

Even more from a health standpoint it is important to have a strong, flexible, " alive " spine. Nerves, which are the governors of the entire body, descend from the brain through the centre of the spine. If a spine is stiff and rigid, the vertebræ are tightly held together so that there is pressure on the nerves, resulting in impaired nerve force and energy.

There are exercises, based on the ancient yoga system, which can be adapted to Western needs. They are of special value and significance in this matter of back perfection, as they were designed to control and co-ordinate the nervous system. They combine movements and postures which not only give tone and suppleness to the muscles of the back, but have a direct effect on the nerve centres themselves.

There are four basic and essential exercises for the back. These done persistently and faithfully will soon give quite astonishing results in appearance and general well-being.

Exercise 1. (The Cobra)

Lie face down, muscles relaxed.

Place palms beneath shoulders, elbows up.

Slowly lift head up and back, tilting chin towards ceiling. Keep lower ribs on floor.

Relax head slowly.

Repeat ten times.

This gives elasticity and flexibility to the back of neck and upper spine. It draws the blood supply to the spine and tones up the deep and superficial muscles as well as the sympathetic nerve cells. It corrects top curvature.

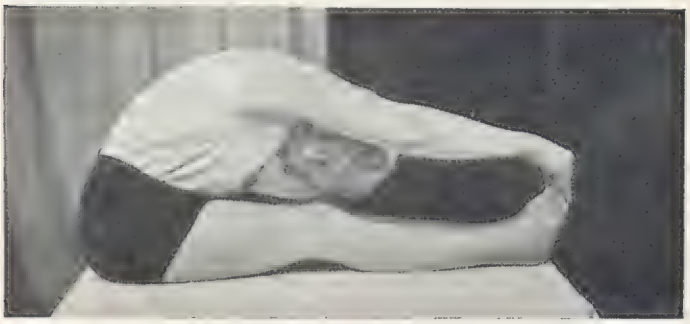
Exercise 2. (Bow Posture)

Lie on chest, face down, arms at sides.

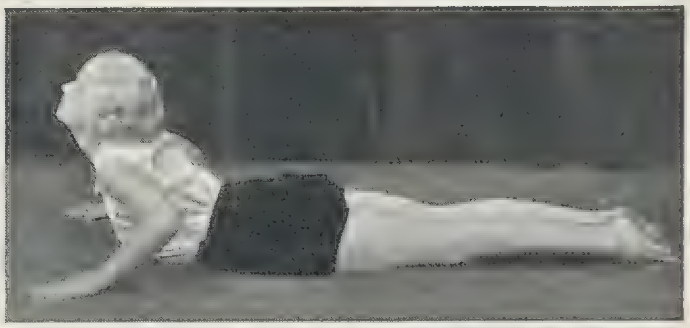
Bend knees, bringing feet as close to thighs as possible. Raising hands backwards, catch ankles and lift body in convex arch, with abdomen as apex.

This will be difficult at first, but daily perseverance will soon result in success. This exercise tones the muscles and nerves of the middle back. At the same time the backward arm stretch gives elasticity to the shoulder blades.

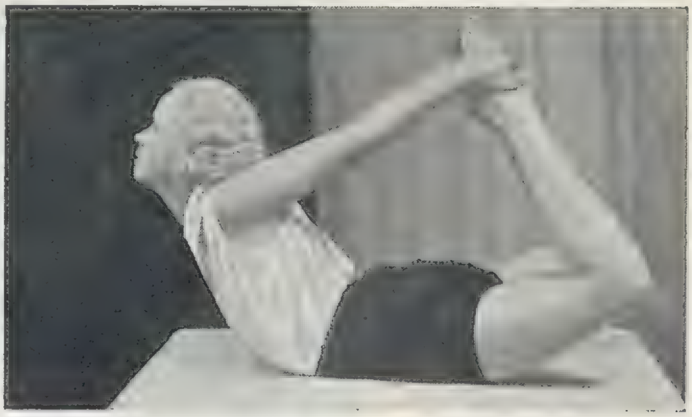
When this posture is achieved, a gentle rocking back and forth and from side to side will be found easy and gives a wonderful abdominal massage.



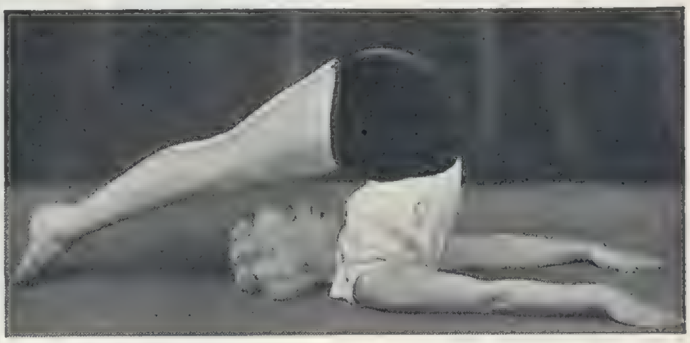
Exercise 4. A tendency to "sway-back" can be counteracted by this exercise, which stretches all the muscles of the back



Exercise 1. This exercise will give elasticity and flexibility to the back of the neck and the upper spine



Exercise 2. Daily perseverance will soon result in the easy achievement of this rather difficult pose



Exercise 3. To obtain the maximum benefit, this exercise should be done with as much control as possible

Exercise 3. (Plough Posture)

Lie on back, hands at sides, palms downwards.

Join legs and lift without bending, folding over body until toes touch ground behind head.

Slowly unfold body, letting spine gradually straighten on floor to original position. This stretches and tones the lower back muscles and " irons off " superfluous fat on the back.

As this posture becomes easy push toes as far as possible along floor until the weight of the body rests on the back of the neck.

It is important that this exercise should be done as slowly and with as much control as possible to obtain the maximum benefit to the spinal muscles and nerves.

Exercise 4. (Back Stretching)

Lie flat on back, raise arms over head.

Raise trunk and arms and bend over, legs stretched taut, without bending knees. Try to reach toes with outstretched fingers.

When this can be done easily, bend head until forehead touches knees.

This exercise helps to correct a tendency to " sway-back "; it stretches and supples all the muscles of the back.

These four exercises, each one done slowly and with concentration ten times, will take twenty minutes—not a great burden upon the day's time-table of necessities. A week will begin to show results; the habit formed will make and keep a back which will look youthful and beautiful and will be strong and vital.

A-RT
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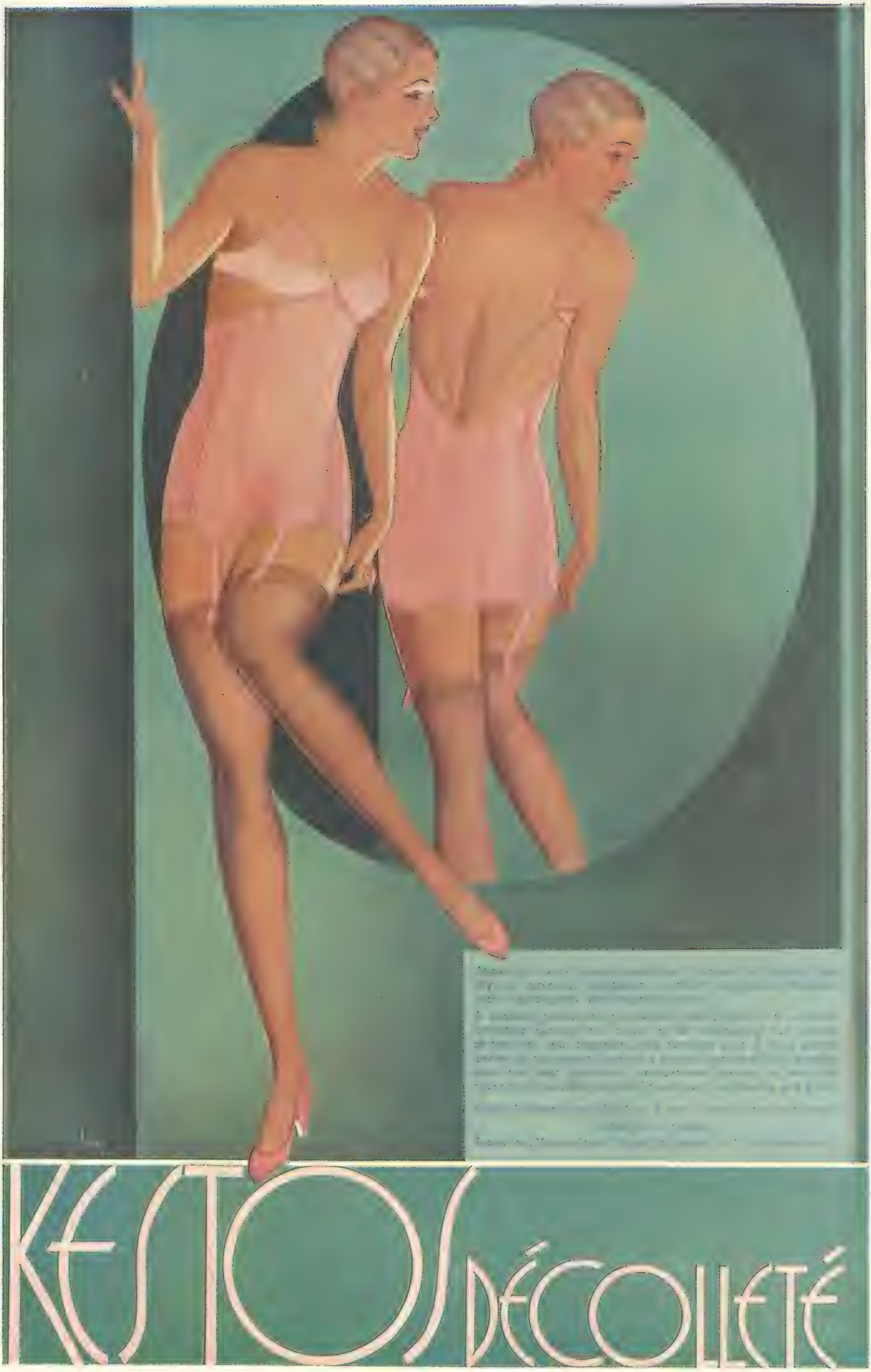
KESTOS
DÉCOLLETÉ

Lady Lags

(Continued from page 19)

Hospital service has emerged victorious from the Florence Nightingale stage and is human, humane and efficient.

In the infirmary the usual prison architecture is left behind; the future mother is probably put in a small ward for the days before the birth of her baby; all here is institutional and the only glimpse of prison is the inevitable bunches of keys that officers and nurses wear. Going round with matron the visitor (who has been handed over for this part of her journey by the deputy governor to the matron) may dare (foolishly enough) to ask for details of the misdeeds of the women she sees; the rebuff is courteous enough but definite; "I try not to remember what they are in for . . . *these are patients, not prisoners*," says the matron.

Then, when the time comes, the expectant mother is moved to the little maternity ward; if she be poor or destitute (as so many are when they arrive here) this is luxury. The room itself is wide windowed and pleasantly arranged; there are flowers on the sill and the bed itself (it is a single bedroom) is that comfortable type of hospital bed adapted to the purpose.

When mother and child are fit, the baby graduates to the prison nursery, a gay place with a huge fire behind a vast nursery fender. Mother may, however, have him with her in her cell for meals even after she has ceased to feed him, and by a merciful rule may keep him under the same roof until he is three years old.

THE scene is strange—a sunlit yard patterned with funny little gardens and enclosed by grim walls. There is a geometrical design beneath the little gardens that the flowers fail to hide, and this and the blind barred windows of the towering walls proclaim the fact that it is prison ground—in this case actually the exercise yard of the Aylesbury Long Sentence Gaol for Women.

The three of us stand talking there, the governor of the prison, a convicted murderess and the writer. It is the prisoner who leads the conversation on a subject in which she is—surprisingly, an expert—a technical matter of *pedigree rabbits*. The governor is a woman; the first and still the only woman to hold such an appointment in Britain—Miss Lilian Barker, C.B.E.—who is also at the head of an even more surprising place that stands nearby, though entirely separate from the prison, the Borstal Institution for Girls.

Go on her rounds with the governor—doing this you will see the different ramifications of this humanised (*but not sentimentalised*) "Big House." It is the usual cruciform steel and stone effect, with formidable portcullis and the cleanliness and order of a battleship. Briskly (almost brusquely) the governor rebuts any suggestion of "sloppiness" or "uplift" in dealing with these most difficult women in Britain. She is a sturdy tailor-made person, with an extremely resonant voice and a very infectious laugh with a tremendous record of practical work.

Through the prison we go in the train of the governor on her rounds; keys jangle and doors are unlocked and locked again. We emerge into another yard to see *two prams parked in the sunshine*. An unusual sight in so gaunt a setting as this; but there are several babies "in prison" and some have been born here—since expectant mothers are also guests of His Majesty and, as guests, they seem to have little of which to complain.

Back to the centre of the cross-shaped prison again, with its radiating galleries that already show the determination of the Governor and her staff to bring colour and sanity into the place of last-century drabness—flowers and posters on the walls.

On the same vast penal estate, under the same head, but entirely separate régime and roof, is the Borstal Institution for Girls, to see which visitors come from all over the world.

Watch Miss Barker as she deals with her Tough Lots—these naughtiest girls of all are a fine sturdy lot of healthy young women as one sees them here, and it needs but little imagination to turn the Borstal Institution into a College for Domestic and Agricultural Science and picture a waiting list and a fairly high scale of fees for tuition. Very little barbed wire and a minimum of locked doors; each girl with her room (not cell), and a general colour scheme, not—as used to be the usual Government harmonies—of chocolate and custard, but of verdant green and primrose. Into this arrived Ellen H——, sulky and very, very deeply dyed as an embryo villainess, and—had the surprise of her life, to find it deeply unfashionable to break rules, dull to lose privileges, and stupid to avoid good fun.

She finds herself commanded by a woman who has herself done all the work she asks of them, who herself can outdo in pluck and daring all they can hope to achieve; she finds herself swept into a community working hard and playing hard (and eating hard!) all their waking hours, with a tremendous public opinion against caddishness and resolutely no appeal to sentiment or any sort of uplift. And a steel discipline.

After the usual routine of cooking, housework and so forth, and work with the furnace and boiler squad, there is the farm for volunteers. No locked gates and the wide acres of Bucks around them; the visitors see these girls in khaki smocks and leggings, one wearing the red collar of a senior and trusted monitor, as they career over the unfenced fields in chase of an unruly litter of pink scampering baby pigs..

It is pleasant to think that perhaps the farmyard at Aylesbury is damming the stream that ultimately might reach the lady-lag stage at Holloway; that the neat, efficient young women (proficient at housework and good with pigs and hens) who emerge as eminently employable, suitcase in hand and trousseau all ready home-made, are the better alternative to a life of dreary crime.

The Backward Child

(Continued from page 65)

is the very best way to retard their progress. It is true that cases of "backwardness" are less frequent among children of the poor, for the very reason that they are thrown from the earliest age on to their own resources. There is no Nanny and no indulgent mother to wait upon their every whim. Master Tommy will either get his shoes on himself or they will remain off, for the very good reason that nobody has time to bother with him, the result being that Tommy's shoes are invariably on, necessity for once being the mother of achievement.

Much the same applies to feeding. The backward child may seem disinclined to hold his spoon or bottle and most definitely has not sufficient interest to feed himself when other children are taking pleasure in the new experience. This is possibly just lack of concentration, the sluggish little mind being, for the present, disinclined to make the effort unless stimulated. To encourage him it may be necessary just at first to convey the spoon to his mouth, though he should be made to hold it, too, and after a very short time left entirely to himself to manage as best he can. It is as well to make the process entertaining and, above all, impressive by accompanying ache movement with a tune or a rhyme—always the same tune to the same movement—so that he will remember the next time and associate it with the business of feeding. All this will require patience and sympathy, but the reward will be infinitely worth while.

ENCOURAGEMENT in every sense should be given to the little person who is learning, rather laboriously, to use his limbs and his intellect. He is often lazy and disinterested and finds it more agreeable to sit comfortably on his chair than to exert himself to crawl on the floor, but if the effort elicits a burst of applause from mother or nurse he is stimulated to further efforts. Children are tremendously responsive to encouragement—adults are, for that matter, though less disposed to admit it. Encouragement is the salt of life to the "backward" child, and to blame him for the things he really does not understand is a disastrous mistake. Confidence in himself must be stimulated at all costs and enthusiastic praise of his small triumphs is the simplest and most effective of ways.

It is entirely wrong to suppose that because a child is disinclined to use its voice or its limbs the organ or limb question is defective. It is the mind that is slow in performing its function of stimulating the limb to action. Small toys and playthings are of much less value to the backward child for this reason than larger ones. Big objects that make an impression on his mind and heavier ones that require some effort to manipulate tend to stimulate the small brain to effort which, in itself, is the first essential of progress.

Payment

(Continued from page 33)

"About an hour—half an hour ago. I don't know," said Gallot moistening dry lips.

Stollin strode up to him and quickly took both his hands.

Resignation looked steadfastly into the eyes of Gratitude.

There was little that was "Jacques Stollin" in the face of the man before whom Gallot was standing. It was the old David Neville Sterling—Rugger forward, sprinting like hell for the goal in an inter-Varsity match, with the score at five all, and one minute to play.

Gallot was the first to speak. The edges of his nostrils were white..

"You were right, vieux Jacques," he said shakily. "English blood is the finest in the world. *Bon Dieu, oui.*"

Stollin's lined face twitched.

"It seems we both have it, *mon petit*," he said with a grim smile—and then froze again.

Swiftly Cutie Casson crossed over to him.

"I know you now!" she whispered. "God, what a sportsman you are! Forgive me—David!"

"Go," he said fiercely, "and forget you ever remembered!"

A soft swish, a tang of some sweet perfume, and then the outer door clicked softly. They were gone.

A tiny gold clock ting'd three times as he took up the telephone.

"Give me 'Police' . . . David Sterling speaking . . . from Mademoiselle Casson's apartment . . . 203, rue Jean Goujon . . . I have killed a man. . . *Bien*, I shall be here."

In the silence was heard a short, sharp hissing sound.

David Neville Sterling, Battery Q.M.S. at Mons, was picking his teeth.

End

FACE TO FACE WITH YOUR OWN
LOVELINESS

●Every time you have an Elizabeth Arden Muscle-Strapping Skin-Toning Treatment, a little drama is enacted in your exquisite treatment room at Miss Arden's Salon.

●Your part is a purely objective one. All you do is lie back in the gloriously comfortable chair and dream of loveliness to come.

●It is your attendant who has the active part in this play. From the moment you enter the room, all her faculties are directed toward summoning up all the beauty that is latent in you. Correcting your shortcomings. Manipulating your facial muscles to improve your contours. Cleansing, toning, refining your skin. Patting, patting in a rhythm that makes your circulation wake up and do its share. Smoothing away each line and wrinkle. Tinting your lips, your cheeks, your lids and lashes with make-up that harmonizes with your costume. Applying exactly the right shade of powder. Every move a constructive one, working toward the delightful climax . . . that moment when you raise your head from the cushions, and search the mirror to find yourself face to face with your new-found loveliness! This is the happy ending of every Arden treatment.

In Spring these preparations will safeguard your skin:

VELVA CREAM...A beautiful, delicate cream to enrich the skin and keep it smooth. It smooths and refines without fattening 4/6, 8/6, 12/6

ORANGE SKIN FOOD...In delicate form it brings to the skin just those nutritive elements which it needs to acquire that desirable well-cared for look . . 4/6, 7/6, 12/6, 18/6

VENETIAN LILLE LOTION...This incomparable powder lotion is good for the skin. In addition to being a superb foundation for daytime and evening make-up, it promotes the healing of blemishes and acts as protection gainst wind and freckles. Eight shades 6/6, 10/6

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ARDENA POWDER...A lovely powder for those who demand ultra quality. So soft, so fine, so pure that it protects the skin from dust. Twelve enchanting tints . 12/6

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It's Your Money
or Your Life

(*Continued from page 79*)

—which means power in this life, as we have arranged it—brings rest and pleasure, adventure and delight with its coining.

Of course, to be enjoyed, it should be earned money. Earned money is like sporting trophies. It incarnates the rapture of the chase. Just so—and not more or less respectfully—would I have all young men and young women to-day look upon it.

I shall be reproached by many idealists for this material, and what they would think this limited, view of part of the conduct of this earthly life. My reply to these high-thinking legions is that this is an earthly life; we are not yet in heaven; indeed, I do not know many people who are in a hurry to get there either. And among the fundamental reasons for most of the penniless hordes thrown upon rates, charities, public institutions, and doles, is this one: that somewhere back in the ancestry of each unfortunate individual—if the reason is no nearer—some lazybones and lazy thinker, with no sense of his personal duty towards the growth of the world, took so vague and idle an attitude towards money and the results of money as to start his share of posterity on a downward path. This downward path can and generally does include decline in health, in character, in morals, in mental wealth as well as the other kind.

"Your money or your life!" cried the highwayman. And the alarmed world will repeat that pretty sharply to the young man to-day.

It is women and male mediocrities—mediocre, that is to say, as far as earning the earthly prizes go—who have sentimentalised the world on the subject of money.

"Money is nothing": a lie. "Money can't bring happiness": a half lie; money "may not" bring happiness is nearer the truth. "Marry for love": yes; but a practical basis for love is necessary for most of us. Women, not having been until recently, and now in small proportion, real moneymakers, have dealt in and capitalised the softer sentiments. Woman always counts her world in terms of human material; man, the go-getter, does his arithmetic in intrinsic figures. Put woman's hard-kept cloudy idealism and man's hard-gotten practicality together; make them companions and not antagonists, and we have the composition of life as we need it now.

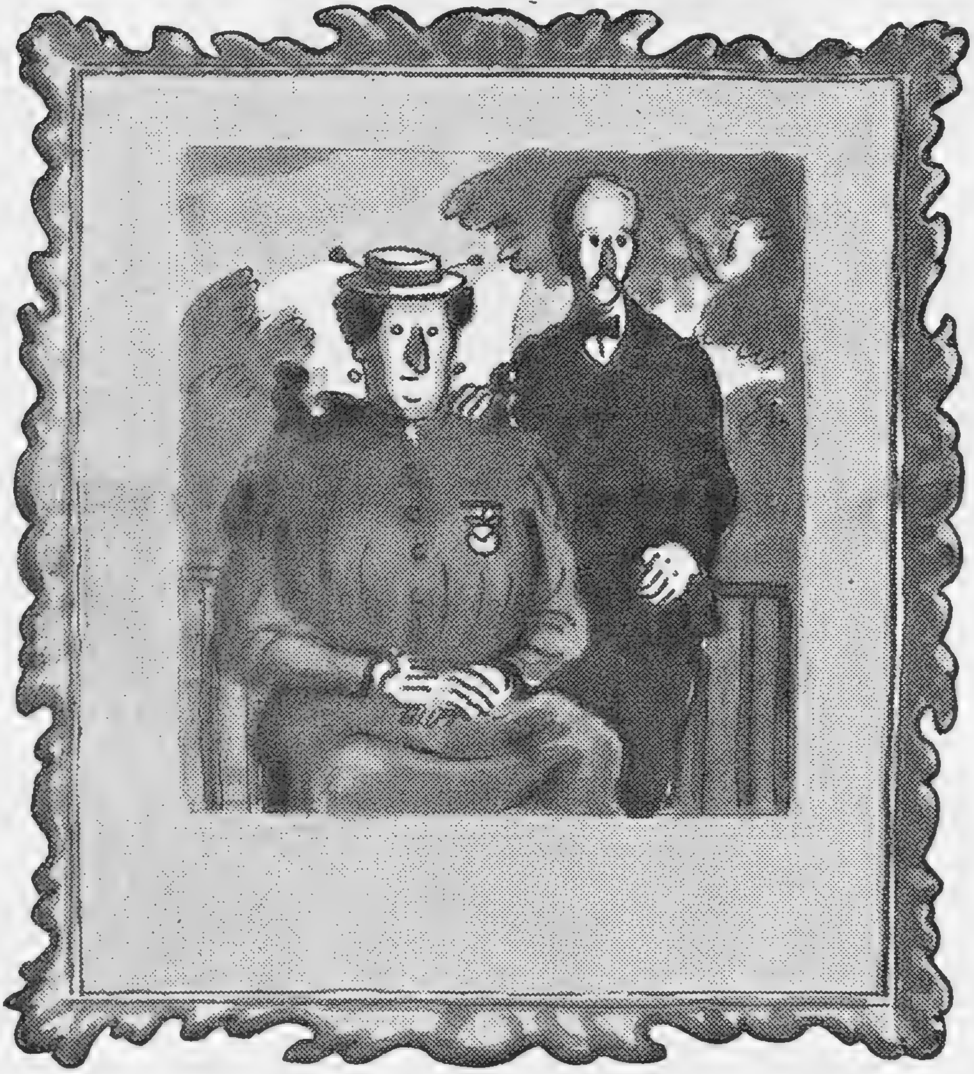
NOT much longer than one generation ago we had the smug gospel of meekness. Meekness was a virtue taught to the young as a certainty for rewards. It was all wrong. It was the save-face creed of unambitious ineffectives. In the same way, not so long ago, poverty ranked almost as one of the positive virtues whereas now we know it as merely negative, or none. We know that meekness is a mental deficiency and has nothing to inherit.

I like the clean, quick, athletic modern young. Their hearts are gallant for all the shrewd hardness of their minds. I like their standards of physical efficiency; their firm and early grasp on life; their lack of subservience to precedents; their simplicity; their acquisitiveness. I like their disbelief in old tenets and their prompt finding of new ones. I like their expectancy and their open search for the truth.

Because the old standards are dipping in salute to the new. Eyes are clearer. Morals are simpler and more real. Since the war there came into being the almost international word "morale." It means much of courage, pride, cheerfulness, and truth. It includes a readiness to look facts in the face. "Your money or your life; my money or my life," a multitude of harassed men are daily whispering to themselves. The right to live has to be bought, in cash or in kind; and now we all know it. For all leaders and all peoples there is a long, brave journey ahead in weary lands; and no more manna in the wilderness. END

YOU CAN BE SURE OF SHELL

Mr. Wallop was; read what his wife says—



From

Mrs. Sounding-Wallop of Catchum Flats

Gentlemen,

My husband has fled on your petrol because he said he could be Sure of Shell. What, as honourable men, do you propose to do about it?

Yours indignantly

Winifred Sounding-Wallop

The blend of Shell petrol is seasonally adjusted to suit the prevailing temperature

Kinship

(Continued from page 23)

laugh at me, you old sweep ! " he snarled, and overpowered by fury, raised his fist and struck Ben under the ear. Ben had little strength left. He pitched headlong from the gratings and crashed against the lee rail. The mate was looking forward, and did not see. The moment the blow was struck Porteus knew he had done the unpardonable thing. But it was too late to think of that. The ship, hard-held for hours, yawed wildly, the squall shrieked, and she broached-to in a thunder of leaping seas.

Her foremast went. No wheel could save her then. She rolled over, over, until her maindeck was a welter of broken water, and her hatches were submerged.

" All hands aft ! " yelled the mate ; but no hands answered. The foremast, of steel, lay across the forecastle doors. Porteus clung to the useless wheel, his legs in water. Ben Jollif, abruptly shocked back to consciousness by the immersion, dragged himself out of the lee wash by the uncoiled end of the weather vang.

" She's going ! " bawled the mate. " You old wooden man, you've murdered us all ! " He shook his fist at Ben.

The second mate crawled out from the chartroom door, hauling the quaking steward after him. Up through the skylight of the galley clambered the cook and two seamen, wild with panic. Instinctively Ben Jollif reached for the wheel, though he knew how futile that was. As for getting the ship before the wind, the rudder had no grip at the angle at which it lay, and without forward sail the ship had already taken up a position side to wind.

" Save yourselves, men ! " shouted the skipper, rising to his responsibilities now the end was sure. " Make for the longboat. She has stores. Luck to you, lads," he added, with a gulp.

Another sea crashed over the stricken ship. When it passed, she was swept clean. The galley and the longboat floated together, and the forward house rolled free, capsized, and sank ; but in going spilled out the carpenter and sailmaker. Right into the longboat they were spilled. There clung the shivering steward. And one by one there floundered along the mate, and Ben Jollif, and the cook, all beaten and all but drowned by the broken shards of the second boat that burst about their heads.

" Where's the Old Man ? " whimpered the steward, who could not imagine life at sea without a captain.

" Get busy and bail ! " growled the mate, thrusting at him the bailer. Ben Jollif already had out an oar, swinging the boat about head to the sea. The ship was about to turn bottom up. Two figures remained, clinging to her mizzen chains—the second mate, and the master, the one trying to force loose the hold of the other, who clung stubbornly, bound to self-destruction. A sea roared over them. Then the ship was gone. One of the figures was gone. The other came rushing down upon the longboat, borne on the crest of the murdering sea. They pulled him aboard—the master, bloody of head, cursing the sea for ruining him and refusing him peace.

Porteus sat holding his head, staring at his feet. He gave no look to the sea that had buried his ship, gave no word of gratitude or encouragement to the pitiful remnant of his crew. Once he glanced up at the oarsman next to him, and his gaze fell before Ben Jollif.

The longboat rode to a sea anchor, made by bridling the mast and sail rolled into a bundle. She drifted fast to the northward, and the sea made sport of her leaky seams.

" What d'you want to do, sir ? " demanded the mate sullenly. He had done all that seamanship called for, with the means at hand ; but the safety of the men was the master's concern, not his. Porteus looked sick, and his bandaged head with frosted eyebrows under gave him a weird aspect.

" Do ? " he snarled back. " Do as we must, you fool ! Can we pull in this sea with two oars ? A damned smart mate you are—no gear in the boats ! "

" And a damned smart skipper you was ! " screamed the steward, suddenly sitting upright and pointing a shaking finger at Porteus. " Sockin' the helmsman——"

Porteus kicked savagely and the man fell back whimpering again, but must spill what was in him no matter that the master stopped part of it : " Yes, and drownded a fine gentleman too ! I'll tell the Board how smart you are ! "

The mate regarded Porteus queerly, saying nothing.

The steward handed the tin opener to the skipper.

" I ain't havin' nothing to do with it ! " he muttered. The store of food was pitifully scant ; of water there was one bareca, filled in the guano port and far from sweet. Porteus silently took charge of the stores, and fed his men, mentally calculating rations for the future.

Ben Jollif crouched in the lee of a gunwale, keeping a lookout. Dawn was near, the wind was bitter. The steward babbled about daisy fields, and gripped Ben's knee in a frenzy of confidence.

" I was in the chartroom, I was, Ben. I saw him punch you in the jaw, Ben. I'll tell 'em all about it, I will. He'll lose his blessed ticket, no error ! Him and his swell kid ! I'll settle him, Ben."

" You're talking like a silly fool, steward," said Ben quietly. " Men don't talk guff like that, my son." He gripped the steward's cold hand, and soon the miserable man's babblings ceased. When the bleak day broke, the steward lay stiff and cold, his eyes staring up at Ben, his hand fast held. Ben didn't know the hour of his dying.

A murmur went about the boat. The cook said openly that Porteus had let him die because of what he had said. Ben shook his head.

" Talking slush 'll never get us home, laddie," he said. " Men ain't let die because of what they say in shipwreck, or we'd all stand a mouldy fine chance, wouldn't we ? The steward said nothing sensible. He was raving from the minute the ship went."

THE snow ceased, though the gale blew on. Standing on a thwart the mate stared around the leaping grey seas. Nothing. He stumbled down, and sat as far forward as he could get, his scowling eyes fixed upon Porteus's face. The water in the keg froze, bursting the keg. Ben took the boat axe, chopped the wood clear, and stowed away the ice, covering it with the steward's jacket taken before the burial.

Chips stole the boat axe, and slipped it up his jacket. Ben gently took it from him, and laid it beside Porteus. As if it was his rightful place, Ben shared the stern sheets with the master, and from time to time chipped off bits of ice and handed them to the other men.

The gale fell away to a strong breeze ; a mildness crept into the air. A man awoke, laughing, swearing that he heard music. Another man struck him savagely, bidding him get on with his dying. Ben stood up, curious, for he too had heard music. Suddenly he shouted.

" There's a vessel, sir ! Get up, lads ! Here's help ! "

There, a mile away, the blaze of a liner slipped across the sea. Like a street it was. And music came from it. People danced in a snug glass-sheltered promenade. A pleasure liner, world cruising.

" Shout, lads ! " barked Porteus. They shouted. They shouted long after the swift liner vanished into the night. Then they fell back into their broken boat, hopeless.

" They'd find it hard if they were here, sir," said Ben.

" Damned good for them to be here ! " growled Porteus.

The wind was but a moderate breeze at dawn. Ben crept forward to where the mate lay with the cook huddled between his legs.

" We could haul in the spars and make sail, sir," said Ben.

" Tell the Old Man about it," muttered the mate. " He's in command, ain't he ? "

" He isn't well. His head's troubling him," said Ben.

" Good for him ! He'll be troubled worse, yet ! "

Ben crawled aft again. Porteus was shaking. His battered head tortured him. To Ben's suggestion he only moved his head from side to side. So Ben tried to rouse the men. They huddled closer together. He dragged in the makeshift sea anchor himself, grinning with rheumatic pains. The washing of the sea had kept the canvas and gear from freezing, and he got it aboard and stepped the short mast. The boat all but capsized as he hoisted the lug sail and swept her around before the wind with the steering oar. He asked the course, and Porteus muttered " North ! " Ben knew better than that. The skipper was all in.

The sun shed a little warmth at noon. Men stirred. The mate gazed darkly at Ben and smiled. Ben saw that smile, and made bold to suggest that the mate relieve him at the steering. Porteus dozed.

" You're a wise old dog ! " said the mate, agreeing. " We'll get him home, and let the Board have a whack at him, eh ? Serve him right ! "

Another night Ben issued food, and bits of ice. He had kept the ice from melting when the sun shone by wrapping it in his own oilskin coat.

Near midnight Ben nodded at his tiller. The carpenter had been muttering to the mate. He crept aft, and Ben roused up to find him raising the axe to strike the skipper.

" None o' that, my lad ! " growled Ben, quietly, and, scarcely moving, drew in his oar and thumped the carpenter in the stomach with the butt of it. The carpenter sat down with a grunt. The boat sailed on.

Towards dawn Ben stood on a thwart and scanned the sea. He remained for a long time, then resumed his seat gloomily. He found the skipper steering ; and as he sat down their eyes met squarely.

" I heard what the mate said," whispered Porteus. " I can't blame you. Let the Board settle me." A pause, then : " They'll do that without a doubt."

" On a crazy steward's ravings ? And him dead ? " Ben returned sharply. Porteus gazed at him with eyes burning feverishly, and Ben avoided his gaze. In mid forenoon the mate stood up to look about him. In a minute he flung up his hand with a yell :

" Sail ho ! Here's a steamer, boys. She's seen us ! Rouse up, my lads ! "

Porteus showed no eagerness. The steamer was slowing down, not half a mile away. Ben rallied him. Rubbed his legs, adjusted his bandage. Spoke quietly to him.

" Buck up, sir. No Board 'll ever blame a shipmaster for losing his ship the way the *Forfar* went. There's the steamer's master looking at you, sir. Give him a wave."

" I don't understand, I don't understand," muttered Porteus vaguely. " You —— "

" Don't say anything, sir," pleaded Ben. " Men will talk loose when they're in a tight place. Take no notice of them."

" But you—why should you —— ? "

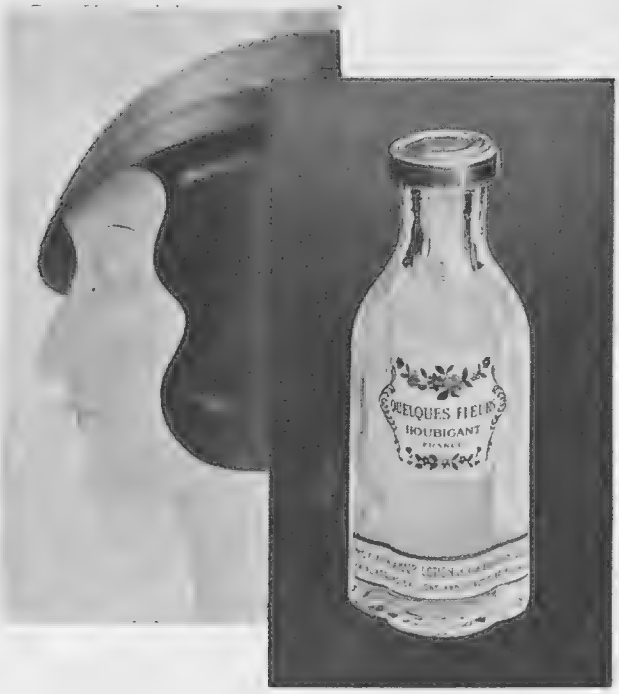
" Hush ! Your girl's my girl's chum. You ought to see the letter I got just before we sailed. Why, if it wasn't for Nancy Porteus my lassie would have a thin time in that school. Everybody knows she's kept there by old friends of mine, and young girls can be cruel as the sea. Here's the boat, sir. Try to chuck a chest. Let the men chatter. I was on deck when the ship was hove down, and I never saw a thing out o' place. There's a sort o' kinship—You know all about it."

Porteus heaved himself painfully into the steamer's boat.

" I didn't, but—I'm learning," he said humbly.

END

HAT MODES WILL BE MORE THAN EVER HAIR REVEALING



As fashion decrees that the "tilt" shall be more pronounced this year, your hair must become part of the intriguing ensemble. You will become hair-conscious, just as you became hat-conscious.

Houbigant's Single Friction Lotion comes now to make it easy for you to be sure of soft, lustrous, fragrant hair by a simple, single method.

From a sealed **individual** flacon your hairdresser will apply it as a last rinse—after the shampoo, but before the wave—to free your hair of clinging oil and soap residues. Your hair will then emerge soft, supple and ideally receptive to the wave... On your next visit, ask your hairdresser about Houbigant's Single Friction Lotion.

Fragrances
QUELQUES FLEURS _ AU MATIN
BOIS DORMANT _ FLEUR BIENAIMÉE
LE TEMPS DES LILAS, etc.

SINGLE FRICTION LOTION

obtainable at and applied in
Hairdressing Establishments exclusively

HOUBIGANT

PARIS

YOUTHFUL BEAUTY
by
W-5
BRAND
TABLETS
Rejuvenation of the Skin

REJUVENATION OF THE SKIN FROM WITHIN

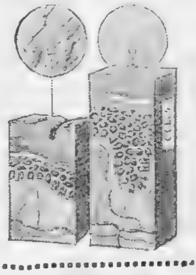
Really beautiful skin is the creation of Nature and no external application can charm it on to the face. As you grow older the skin becomes loose, wrinkles and crows' feet develop and your youthful appearance gradually fades. This ageing process takes place in the deeper layers of the skin and cosmetics applied on the surface merely conceal the evidence of age. Creams, lotions and powders do not reach these deeper layers and are helpless to induce natural renovation and growth of the skin tissues which are undergoing the process of ageing. If the skin is to retain and regain its youthful beauty the tissues must be revitalised from within.

A discovery which will do more for you than all the cosmetics and face-lifting in the world.

A skin specialist of great repute in the scientific world—Dr. J. F. Kapp—made a discovery which created a sensation in medical circles. After sixteen years of research Dr. Kapp evolved a preparation, now known under the name of W-5 brand tablets, which is the first and so far the only one to regenerate the skin—rebuild it from within. Its secret is that it enlists the aid of Nature herself in this process of regeneration.

Section on left shows ageing skin: surface wrinkled and dry scales peeling off; poor layer of active tissue, cells shrunk to three rows.

Section on right shows skin after treatment with W-5 brand tablets: surface smooth and firm; rich active tissue; increased rows of cells some of which are growing; improved nutrition and therefore skin fresh, clear and youthful.



A most interesting and absorbing book, beautifully illustrated, explains this important discovery in the most comprehensive manner. *This book should be in the hands of every woman.* It will be sent gratis and post free.

W-5
BRAND
TABLETS
Price 21/- per box.

WRITE FOR FREE BOOK
which tells you everything about the skin and its REJUVENATION by W-5 BRAND TABLETS.

From: John Bell & Croyden, 50 Wigmore St.; Savory & Moore, Ltd., 143 New Bond St.; Heppells; also obtainable through all branches of BOOTS, and from Harrods, Army & Navy, Barker, Whiteley, Lewis's (Liverpool, Birmingham, Manchester), and from all first class Chemists,

Or direct from distributors: GELTY DISTRIBUTING CO., 162 Oxford Street, London, W.1.

ROWLAND'S
MACASSAR
OIL
FOR THE HAIR
A Necessity since 1793!

It was realised 138 years ago that Rowland's Macassar Oil was the perfect hair dressing, because it was something more than just a dressing. The secret is its very close resemblance to the natural oil of the scalp. It gives life to all varieties of hair, keeps it rich and thick and prevents greyness.

Of Chemists, Stores and Hairdressers—3/6, 7/- & 10/6. Red for dark hair, golden for fair or grey hair.

Rowland's Macassar Oil

A. ROWLAND & SONS, LTD., 22, Laystall St., Rosebery Ave., E.C.1.

Seven Miracles *of* Movieland

(*Continued from page* 37)

semi-public existence, the road mounts up the coast until it comes to Malibu Beach. Malibu, that select, expensive stretch of curving sand, dotted with houses belonging to film stars. Houses that cost a lot to build, no matter how simple they may *look*; houses that offer no chance of privacy, and that revert to the wealthy lady who owns the foreshore on which they stand after a few years.

Turning back into the centre of Hollywood, there is a modern-day miracle in progress at the Assistance League, close to the Fox Studios on Western Avenue. This Assistance League is proving a genuine godsend to dozens of poor women who need work, and have found it mainly thanks to the enterprise of Mrs. Abraham Lehr, whose husband is one of the business associates of Samuel Goldwyn. The Assistance League began as a shop and tea room, and was so badly managed that it got into debt and announced itself as a hopeless failure.

Mrs. Lehr came along, and made up her mind to reorganise it. To-day she has made the restaurant over the attractive shop one of the most popular eating places in Hollywood. About five hundred lunches are served there every day; the waitresses are mainly film stars, who give their services, and are only too happy to do what they can to keep the place going. Thus on Tuesday you may be waited on by Bébé Daniels, on Wednesday by Mrs. Clive Brook, on Thursday by Anita Page, and so on.

The popularity of this restaurant has brought hundreds of customers to the shop below; they have to pass through it on their way to and from the lunch room, and nearly everybody stops to make a purchase.

Thus a staff of seventy-five women is kept employed, regularly, making lingerie, embroidering table linen, mats, cushions, making jam, pickles, candies. They are paid as highly as possible for their work because this League is not a commercial proposition.

Hollywood, which is such a selfish, grasping place in so many ways, has every reason to feel proud of the work it is doing, through this Assistance League, for the less fortunate people in the Studio City.

Films

(*Continued from page* 51)

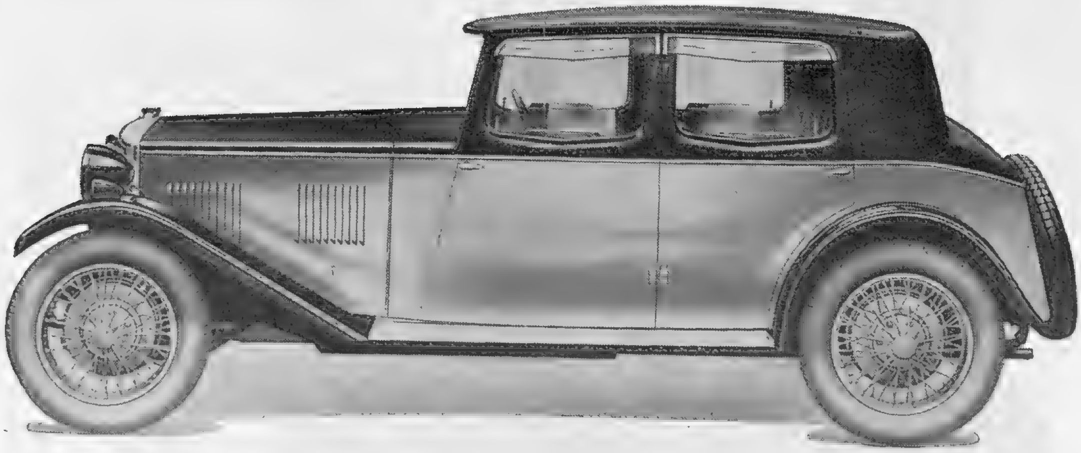
Hyde" exposition) and the more romantic Warner Baxter, Barthelmess and Ramon Navarro. We must remember, too, that the public invariably supports films in which the Beery brothers, Charles Robinson and Walter Huston are starred. But I should like to approach the appeal of really fine acting—apart from sex or sentiment—differently at some other time.

There is a young actor I could wish to "tip" as a coming star, but it seems to me that in his debut in a leading part he has been handicapped by wretched material. This is Jack Lloyd, featured in "Lloyd of the C.I.D." in the picture of that name which is the first of the "Universal" productions made in this country. It was heralded as "the most sensational mystery story of modern times" and announced as a story of Scotland Yard. There is no mystery, except for an exceptionally unsophisticated audience, and the obtuse detectives in the play, and it gives no idea of police activities as they really exist.

Henry MacRae, one of Laemmle's most experienced and successful directors, came to England to make this picture and showed flair for type and talent when he "discovered" Jack Lloyd, then acting under the name of Claude Saunders in "The Silver Box" at the Savoy, and gave him the lead. He has the manly good looks and acting experience which justified MacRae in saying he would make a star of him, but if the prophecy is to be fulfilled he must be given character parts in which heroism is expressed by something more than a convincing display of brute force against murderous gangs of impossible criminals.

JOHN HAIG & CO. LTD
MARKINCH
GOLD LABEL
LIQUEUR SCOTCH WHISKY

AT THE NINETEENTH the stroke of genius most appreciated by all is the soothing hospitality of Haig. To avoid disappointment at the Club House **AND ELSEWHERE SAY 'HAIG'** — *"why be vague?"*



THE Riley "Alpine" Six Saloon, costing £365, which the Earl of Cardigan's road test will further commend to the motorist who wants thoroughbred qualities at moderate cost

The Riley "Alpine" Six

A Small Car capable of a big Performance put through its paces by

The Earl *of* Cardigan

MRS. C. S. Staniland with the Riley Nine she drove in the R.A.C. Rally at Torquay. The "Alpine" Six described in this page is a development of the Nine. Mrs. Staniland also drove hers from John o' Groats in the Monte Carlo Rally, winning tenth place

NO one, I suppose, will deny that the modern illustrated motor catalogue is a very fascinating form of literature. To the hypercritical, however, it appears to suffer from a very general tendency on the part of the author to overstate his case. If we turn from the coloured drawings to the letterpress, we are compelled to wonder whether, here and there, the sober truth has not been—shall we say ?—embellished.

For this reason, I am particularly struck by a phrase from the Riley catalogue which lies before me. Mr. Victor Riley, speaking of the car which bears his name, states that it is built to cater " to the desires of those who seek in the car they drive something more than that which will ensure just satisfactory transport." This is something more than a neatly turned phrase ; it is, in my opinion, a perfectly fair and accurate description of the role which his car does actually fulfil.

I am prompted, therefore, to discuss the " Alpine " Six, which I have recently been driving primarily as a means of " satisfactory transport," and then to locate, if I can, that " something more." It is, in the first place, a genuine " light six," having the economy which is implied in the rated horsepower of 13·5. This unusually low figure (the tax is £14) does not involve any lack of actual power. The Riley is willing to accelerate from very modest speeds without a change of gear, and the top-gear performance on hills is definitely above the average.

In the course of a week-end I drove in both directions over the Maidenhead-Henley road, and also toured some of the narrow country lanes between Henley and Oxford. On only one occasion, when no " run " was available, did I require third gear, and the fact that nearly 70 m.p.h. is obtainable is proof that the top gear is not unreasonably low. The engine runs at fairly high " revs," but it is never " fussy," has no vibration period, and appears positively to enjoy hard driving.

The gearbox, of course, is intended to be used, and the easy engagement and wide range of the third gear should prove an inducement to any driver who is not a confirmed " top-gear fiend." An occasional change down naturally makes all the difference between adequate and really good acceleration.

THE brakes are excellent, being very powerful, smooth and progressive, and give the driver an immediate sense of confidence. The springing, at low speeds, would be considered a little on the hard side, but it improves consistently as the speed increases, and is at its best when the car is travelling really fast over an indifferent surface. At 50 or 60 m.p.h., for instance, on the now devastated Colnbrook by-pass, its efficiency is admirable.

The steering is irreproachable, and provides a particularly good lock. Indeed, the only serious criticism that I can offer is that the head-room in the back of the very attractive half-panel saloon body is insufficient by two or three inches. It would be a pity, perhaps, to alter the very graceful " lines " of the coachwork by raising the roof to this extent, and I would, therefore, suggest a lower back-seat cushion for the benefit of six-foot passengers.

It is perhaps scarcely necessary to say of any Riley model that its appearance is a notably attractive feature. It is a good many years now since the first Riley saloon with the then novel and somewhat " rakish " lines made its debut on the road. It drew one's attention at first sight, and the comments aroused by it were almost invariably favourable. It was copied in some cases—my own car has very similar lines and, from a little distance, is admired accordingly—but the Riley company, without ever producing anything of a freakish nature, has contrived each year to maintain its reputation for individuality. New ideas have been grafted on to the original conception of balance and proportion, and it can safely be said of the 1932 saloon that it remains one of the prettiest small cars on the road.

It is a moot point, of course, to what extent the ordinary motorist appreciates good "lines." My own opinion is that for the first year he appreciates them very little. To most people a car with new paintwork is a smart car. After a year, however, I believe that the car with good lines begins to be generally appreciated. The paintwork now is shabby, but somehow it still remains, and must always remain, a good-looking car. Certainly I have always bought my own cars with this in view, and the result has generally been good. The few people who see these usually decrepit machines at close quarters realise their shortcomings in the matter of paint and polish, but the many who see them from across the street admire the good lines, and give them full marks for general appearance.

TO turn now to Mr. Victor Riley's " something more," it is never very easy to explain why one car is more enjoyable to handle than the average. In the case of the "Alpine" Six I imagine that the enthusiast will be chiefly attracted by the fact that it definitely is at its best when faced with a strenuous run. The more vigorously the little engine " revs " the more thoroughly " healthy " is the purr of its exhaust, and the more scrupulously it avoids the vices of the " buzz box " type of power unit.

He will also appreciate the businesslike way in which it " sits down " on the road and makes light of rough going. It has, in fact, an ability, unusual in cars of this size and power, to get over the ground at a relatively high rate of speed without seeming to require any urging from the driver.

In short, the Riley " Alpine " Six combines with the handiness and economy of a small car many of the virtues of a large one. It is chiefly for this reason, I imagine, that it has already attracted to itself a considerable public. The 1932 models, very wisely, incorporate no material changes, but a number of minor improvements have resulted in an all-round performance which is perceptibly better than that which I remember from last year. With the saloon model still moderately priced at £365, this should be praise enough.

Is Skidding *a* Proof *of* Dangerous Driving?

A GREAT number of suggestions are always being put forward, from private or semi-official sources, with the object of defining that much-debated term—dangerous driving. The latest is this: that if a car is involved in a skid there should be a *prima facie* presumption that it was being driven in a careless or dangerous manner.

There is no doubt that, if such a generalisation could fairly be made, it would be distinctly useful in establishing the guilt or innocence of those concerned in motoring accidents. A criterion by which such matters can be judged is badly needed. At one time the criterion was speed, and it was generally assumed that high speed was a proof of danger. Gradually, however, it has been realised that this is not necessarily so, and such an assumption does not now carry much weight.

Can skidding be regarded as a more reasonable criterion? Many motorists will say "No," and I see that a prominent writer on motoring topics has already characterised skidding as a proof not of dangerous driving but of dangerous roads. He suggests that it should be taken as evidence against the road-making authorities rather than against the motorist.

This is hardly a fair argument, for the first thing which a motorist has to learn is to take things as he finds them. A dangerous corner is no excuse for coming round on the wrong side, and I am not at all sure that a dangerous surface is any excuse for proceeding sideways. These are dangers which we know to exist, and against which it is our duty to guard. Even a wobbling cyclist or hen-minded pedestrian is scarcely an excuse for accidents, since we all know that such individuals exist and are liable to behave in this manner.

To this extent, therefore, I am inclined to agree that skidding does indicate a lack of reasonable precaution. On the other hand, there are certain cases where a skid is difficult, and occasionally impossible, to avoid. Thus the question, to my mind, is this: Are the exceptions sufficiently numerous to disprove the general rule that skidding is avoidable and therefore blameworthy?

The easiest way of arriving at an answer is, I think, to estimate the number of skids which an ordinary careful driver will have in the course of a year, and then to eliminate those which he might, with a little more caution or foresight, have avoided. Few of us, I suppose, will deny that a good proportion of our skids can be eliminated in this way.

In my own case, I find that this reduces my score for the last twelve months to two skidding incidents which I can claim to have been unavoidable. One occurred when I was driving a car which was new to me, but which is advertised everywhere as the supreme example of reliability and good behaviour. It has, in fact, a wide sale, and is in many respects a good car. I had no possible reason to suppose that it would behave in anything but a normal manner when driven on a wet road.

Actually, however, it selected a moment when I was turning very quietly through the gates into Hyde Park to execute a glorious front-wheel skid. I was fortunate in avoiding the gatepost, and was afterwards told by an owner that this particular model always tried to get out of hand under these circumstances. Having no means of knowing this at the time, I confidently pleaded "not guilty."

The other incident occurred when, as occasionally happens, the tarred roads were covered by a thin but unbroken surface of ice. I had to go out before this had thawed, and it was literally impossible for rubber tyres to obtain a grip. The most that one could hope to do was to proceed in a series of carefully controlled skids until the conditions improved. Unless it is claimed that I should have stopped and walked home, I can again claim to be absolved.

If this is a fair average there must be hundreds of cars involved every day in skids which the drivers cannot be reasonably expected to avoid. This, I think, does provide us with a sufficient number of exceptions to disprove any general theory that skidding is a proof of dangerous driving.

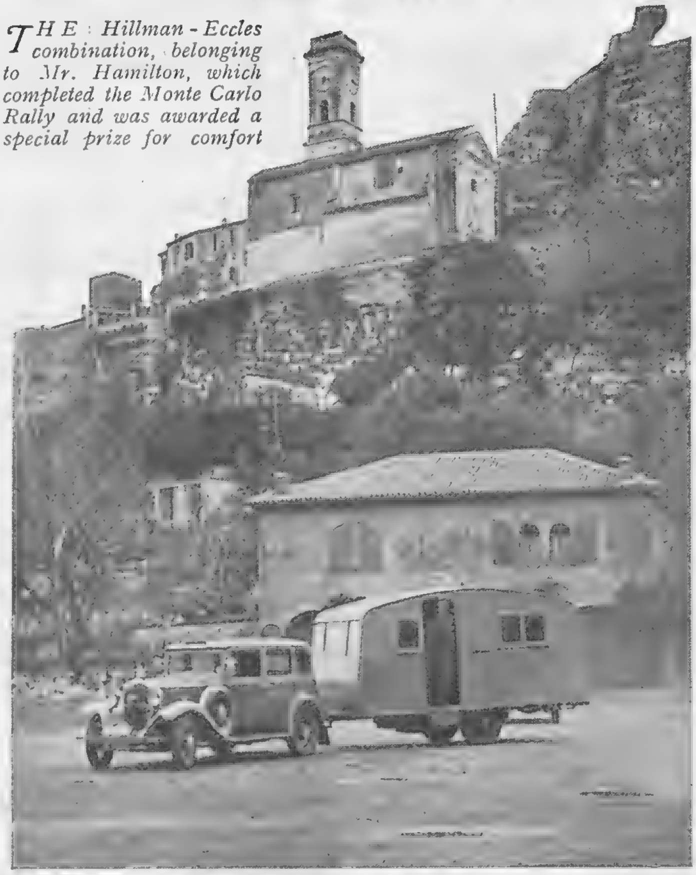
MANY accidents, of course, are caused by sheer ignorance, which allows a quite ordinary skid to develop into one of unmanageable proportions.

Having just exposed the fallacy of one generalisation, I shall not perpetrate another by stating that all skids can be quite easily controlled. The great majority of skids, however, can be quite simply corrected by anyone with a cool head and a little knowledge.

Both these attributes, unfortunately, are very often lacking, for the average driver knows nothing of skidding beyond some diagrams which he has seen in a paper and only imperfectly understood. He remembers something also about "steering in the direction of the skid," but on the spur of the moment is too flustered to see what this means. He therefore turns the wheel the wrong way, hits the kerb and overturns.

To say that skidding accidents are evidence of incompetent driving would be at least as true as to say that the skid itself is evidence of reckless driving. Neither statement, certainly not the latter, can be made with absolute truth, but both contain a sufficient element of veracity to make them well worthy of consideration.

THE Hillman-Eccles combination, belonging to Mr. Hamilton, which completed the Monte Carlo Rally and was awarded a special prize for comfort



This Month's Motoring Hint

Country Drivers in London

DRIVING in London, as I occasionally do, I am struck by the alarm with which visitors from the country appear to regard metropolitan traffic. Personally, I have always regarded London streets as exceptionally safe for any driver of moderate ability who can keep his wits about him and avoid the one fatal error of becoming "rattled."

I say this because I honestly believe that the standard both of driving and of traffic control is definitely higher in London than elsewhere. The point-duty police have intelligence, and use it.

Drivers are usually courteous and nearly always skilful, so that, although emergencies occasionally arise, they are ably dealt with and trouble generally avoided. It is the fool who causes the majority of accidents, and he is a very small minority in London.

THE 16-20 h.p. Daimler Standard Saloon fitted with the Daimler fluid fly-wheel and self-changing gear

striding days . . refreshing ways

**Gibbs Dentifrice
the ideal accompaniment**

This is the windswept generation—out and away in Sun or Rain. Glorying in the joy of cleanness—of physical well-being and fitness—knowing how health and the joy of living depend upon sound, clean teeth. The moderns of today choose Gibbs Dentifrice because they revel in the delicious refreshment it affords teeth and mouth, and they know Gibbs does its job well. They appreciate too, the compactness of the neatly modern Gibbs Dentifrice tablet in its dainty case—so convenient for packing and carrying.

Gibbs Dentifrice cleans teeth thoroughly—polishes them perfectly. The fragrant antiseptic foam sweeps away everything that could harm or may cause decay and leaves the teeth sound, white and sparkling.

Buy a case of Gibbs Dentifrice to-day. Popular size 7½d;
Large size 1/- ; De Luxe 1/6 ; Refills 11d.
Gibbs Dental Cream : Tubes 6d and 1/-

Your teeth are Ivory Castles—defend them with

Gibbs Dentifrice

BRITISH MADE

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Gibbs dainty Trial Box, containing 5 useful sized samples, is specially made up to acquaint you with the excellence of Gibbs Toilet Preparations. Send 6d in Stamps or P.O. for each box required, under cover of sealed envelope to :—

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Please send me...........Ladies'...........Gent's Trial Boxes.

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PLEASE WRITE IN BLOCK LETTERS GD28N

Kissing the Rod

(*Continued from page* 16)

the one who's standing things. If you're wise you'll make a clean breast of it."

"What have you come here for ?" demanded Swinfen, and pushed by into the room.

Wyndham smiled as Swinfen hastily made for his writing-table, half-opened a drawer and with his hand almost hidden inside, faced round.

"Not to shoot or be shot, you fool," he said. "You're wondering how I got to know and why I'm taking it like this. Well, I'll tell you. When Vervain and I married we vowed we'd not butt in on each other. So when she told me that——"

Wyndham purposely hesitated to allow Swinfen to ejaculate incredulously :

"She told you ?"

"About you ? No. Oh, I'll clear that little mystery up ! Dozens of balls get lost in that pond, as you know. It's larceny for unauthorised people to fish 'em out. An old rascal, once one of my father's keepers, apparently makes quite a hobby of it. He had just scooped out his tenth ball when he heard you and Vervain coming along. Having no boots on is a handicap to running away—especially where there's gorse about, so he hid in the locker you subsequently perched on. Last night he came to see me and gave you away. Let's sit down and talk comfortably. I've not come to kick up a row or even to have an unpleasantness. I admit Vervain's right to do as she pleases. But there's one thing she and you ought to know. This morning the admiral—he was her guardian as, perhaps, you know—sent for me."

Succinctly Wyndham repeated the admiral's story of the loss of Vervain's trust funds.

"You mean she lost—*everything* ?"

"Every penny, he says. The fellow's shot himself and hasn't left a cent behind him."

"I've spent hours trying to get hold of Vervain to break the news. It'll naturally be a ghastly blow to her."

"Ghastly's not the word. Nor's blow It's—a K.O."

Swinfen handed Wyndham a tumbler and turned back to mix himself a peg.

"I'm desperately sorry for her," he declared, having noisily gulped. "It's—horrifying. It's worse for her than it would have been for tons of other women. She loves lovely things. She's so used to them."

"You aren't exactly well off, are you ?" Wyndham inquired.

"Me ? Lord, no ! I'm a pauper. Wish I weren't. If only I was rich enough to make it all up to her ! Wish I was Midas !"

"The long-eared chap ?"

Swinfen swung round and grinned.

"Oh, I'm not such an ass !" he observed. "No, not quite. Well, you can trust me to break the news to Vervain as gently as possible. So, if you really mean that you aren't going to butt in, p'raps you'll—push off ?"

There had been a growing sense of ease and satisfaction in Wyndham. He couldn't help liking the rather novel style with which the conversation between husband and lover had been conducted.

But now, eyeing Swinfen, everything seemed to him uncertain and disturbing.

"You mean—you'll—go through with it just the same ?"

"What do you take me for ?" demanded Swinfen sharply. "Has it changed her ? I may be as mercenary as most men, but Vervain and money are poles apart. In rags she'd be just the same. I'm glad of the chance to show her how much I——but I won't sentimentalise."

"And how are you going to keep her ?" demanded Wyndham, dismayed.

"Isn't that our business ? Aren't you butting in now—with both feet ?"

Wyndham said mechanically, "Only an Irish bull can do that," swallowed his heel-tap and said "Yes, but——"

"I've—resources," broke in Swinfen. "You needn't worry. It seems rather queer your bothering to

(*Continued on page* 102)

AS · DEPENDABLE · AS · AN · AUSTIN

Says MISS BINNIE HALE:

"I should like to think that every article I bought gave me as much satisfaction as my latest Austin!"

WE did not ask Miss Binnie Hale, the famous musical comedy star, to write this tribute . . . she sent it voluntarily. Like thousands of owners who have voiced their appreciation of Austin's dependable service, she felt she *must* express to us her satisfaction. And this is what she says:

"You may remember that I purchased one of your 16 h.p. Saloons last summer, and although it is by no means the first Austin car I have owned, as a practical motorist of considerable experience I feel that an expression of my appreciation of this model might be of interest. I would like to thank you for the excellent service I have always had from your cars, *and should very much like to think that every article I bought gave me as much satisfaction as my latest Austin Saloon.*

All motorists who require efficient and care-free motoring and who wish to invest their money wisely, would find it exceedingly hard to select any other car but an Austin."

Any Austin dealer will be pleased to demonstrate the Austin Sixteen for you, without obligation.

THE AUSTIN SIXTEEN BURNHAM DE LUXE SALOON *(as illustrated)* **£325**

The Sixteen Range includes: Burnham Drop-head De Luxe Saloon, £325; Sixteen Westminster De Luxe Saloon £350; New Windsor Saloon £298; Tourer or Two-Seater £290. Prices at works. Chromium finish, Triplex glass throughout and Dunlop tyres standard . . . .

With Twin-Top gear-box, £335

AUSTIN

The Austin Motor Company Limited, Longbridge, Birmingham. Showrooms, also Service Station for the Austin Seven: 479-483 Oxford Street, London, W.1. Showrooms and Service Station: Holland Park Hall, W.11.

"What . . my LIPS Look PAINTED!"

"I COULD have killed Tom for saying a thing like that . . . but afterwards . . . I saw just what he meant. . . ."

Don't be too sure that you yourself don't offend by over make-up! Colours that look pretty by themselves may be cheap — garish — tawdry on *your* lips. And that painted look is one thing no man can overlook.

Be safe. Stop using ordinary lipstick—begin now to *Tangee* your lips. Tangee can't make you look painted. It isn't paint. It changes *on your lips* to the one colour most becoming to you. It brings you new charm and loveliness.

Tangee is waterproof — permanent. It won't smear off. Its special cold cream base soothes and heals your lips . . . can't chap or cake.

Get Tangee at once . . . before you make up again. It costs no more than ordinary lipsticks. At all druggists and cosmetic counters.

CHEEKS MUSTN'T LOOK PAINTED, EITHER

Tangee Rouge changes on the cheeks—just the way Tangee Lipstick changes on your lips. It gives the colour most becoming to you.

Tangee Rouge keeps your cheeks from looking painted. And it makes the colour on your cheeks match the colour on your lips.

When you get Tangee Lipstick, ask for Tangee Rouge.

TRY TANGEE LIPSTICK AND ROUGE

Week-end 1/- Package sold at all Hairdressers, Chemists and Stores

LUFT TANGEE LTD.

TANGEE

BRITISH MADE

come here. I mean to say if you never meant to interfere——"

"The admiral's news altered——"

"It's altered nothing," declared Swinfen. "Everything's just as glorious as it ever was. Lord, it's nearly 2! Vervain must have fallen for a new frock or a hat! Queer how women rank raiment before romance. Well, I don't want to seem rude, but——"

He sauntered to the door and held it open. Wyndham stood up.

"I'm sorry all this has happened," said Swinfen. "But—well, she's been very unhappy, as you know, so I don't feel I need defend myself."

"No. Only Vervain has to do that," said Wyndham, as he went into the narrow hall.

"Vervain? Why?"

"For falling for such a blasted waster," said Wyndham, opening the front door.

SLOWLY he walked into Oxford Street, and there was surprised to find himself questioning that initial pact that he had made with Vervain. It didn't seem quite playing the game—the married game.

Well, all this moralising was too late. The time for all that had gone by. The opportunity had been lost. Vervain was gone. . . .

He trudged to the car park and drove leisurely home.

It was as Pratt, with Chaka tumbling behind him, hurried out to run the car round to the garage, that Wyndham suddenly realised that in all his calculations he had forgotten Vervain's reactions. The £2,000 a-year Vervain of yesterday might think she could afford the luxury of a Swinfen: but would the penniless Vervain of to-day? No fool Vervain, he thought as he stepped out and made for the lit front-door. How would she take Swinfen's story and his babble about money making no difference? To-day, although her own money was lost, she was the wife of a comfortably-off man: to-morrow she might be the mistress of a pauper. That was the alternative Vervain had to face and decide between.

Mary brought tea to Wyndham deep in a chair with Chaka at his feet in front of the smoke-room fire. He sipped and thought: "Queer. I was secretly wishing to God she would come back, and now I'd tell her to go to hell if she did. I want to see her and I'd hate to see her. I like her and loathe her. I'm well rid of her and damned lonely."

"*What* a fool I've been," he was muttering to Chaka when the sound of the latch made him glance round and sent the spaniel, askew with ecstasy, running to the opening door.

Vervain came in.

It was impossible to deduce her rôle from eyes or demeanour.

"Hallo!" she said casually and shut the door, bent to fondle Chaka, then sauntered towards the fireplace.

Wyndham merely stared.

"So you knew this morning," she abruptly said.

She knelt down before the fire and then sat back on her heels.

"If you had—fought for me then, I'd have stayed," she volunteered. "If I'd had the slightest idea that you cared whether I went or stayed, I'd have told you what I meant to do. You could have prevented me—if you had wanted to."

"Could I?" was Wyndham's comment, and his heart sank at her fatuity in believing him to be such a crass fool as to be so easily hoodwinked.

"I know," said Vervain, "because you'd promised never to butt in, because promises to you are such sacred things. Just now—it seems years ago—when Swinfen told me how you'd come and tried to bluff him into believing that all my money had been lost; when Swinfen laughed and said that for half a second you very nearly took him in—I couldn't help thrilling. We were having a very late lunch. I'd got hung up at the dentist's—toothache on a trip to Paris is such an anti-climax. Swinfen said——"

"He told you I'd come and—tried to take him in about your losing your money?"

She nodded.

"He didn't believe me?" asked Wyndham and knew he was a fool to put the question.

"I'm afraid you aren't a very good actor," observed smiling Vervain. "Ordinary people like me don't suddenly lose every cent and have trustees who shoot themselves. Swinfen kept chuckling. But I didn't. I sat there, and he got smaller and smaller and I thought 'He'—that's you, Wyndham—'he must like me a bit to think this trick out and come and try it on.'"

She glanced round at him and asked earnestly:

"It wasn't just—because of the chatter, because a divorce would kick up such a dust? You didn't come just for that? Something else sent you?"

"I didn't come for that," he answered. "No."

"I see I'm to—to be put through it," she said and sighed. "Well, I don't kick. I deserve it. I'm ready."

She turned, still on her knees, and put her elbows on his knees, looked up at him and said:

"I thought 'Everything's not so dead as I'd believed. He does care a little bit though he hides it so damnably well. He's come here and lied and would have—brawled, if duels had been in fashion. It was—jolly of him.' And Swinfen laughing on the other side of the table looked—like an ape. Suddenly I knew that I wasn't going to Paris or anywhere else—only home again. You failed with Swinfen, but you've beaten me. Want to—really beat me, Wyndham?"

"Of course you do or you'd meet me half-way. Well, I went the length and I've got to crawl back—like Chaka does. Beat away. Wyndham, I'm sorry I nearly let you down. I'm sorry for—oh, such lots of things. There I've—spilt it. All the sentiment in me. And it's all true. But I'll never say it again. So if you haven't heard me this time you never will."

Her smile faded away at Wyndham's silence. Her elbows no longer pressed on his knees. She leaned back, her face quite colourless, then abruptly stood up.

"So I've made a fool of myself," she observed and laughed shakily. "What sent you then? Why did you go to see Swinfen? I never thought of any other explanation."

He stood up beside her and asked gravely:

"Suppose it had been true. Suppose you had suddenly become penniless, what would you have done?"

"When I got to the flat I might have seen his tail through the dust of his swift retreat," said she.

"You," he said. "You, Vervain. What would you——?"

"Felt small and furious, I suppose. And then, I expect, I'd have gone to the club to think things out."

"You wouldn't have come back here—like this?"

"If he'd turned me down? What d'you take me for?" she said, chin held high, eyelids drooping. "Wyndham, there's a limit and you've gone beyond it."

She made a movement to go, but his arms stayed her. They whipped round her so tightly that she gasped.

"Then I'll—crawl back too," he said, "and we'll meet. So, Vervain, we've—met. But we won't turn over a new leaf—that's a cowardly way. We'll carry on from this very moment with all the mistakes behind us. Are you on? Yes? Then give me a kiss."

"Wyndham!" she gasped, drawing a deep breath, then smiled and asked as though incredulous "All that?"

"And more," he answered.

She caught her lower lip, no longer steady, between her teeth, then slipped from his clasp, went to the telephone and lifted the receiver.

"Yes. Speaking . . . Hello, Mums! How are you, darling? . . ."

He feared and stared apprehensively, in miserable indecision, utterly at a loss. He saw her start, shudder at the shock, and met her horrified eyes.

"My money. Mums is telling me. It's true?"

He went to her, put one arm round her and took the receiver from her cold hand.

"Wyndham here. It's all right. Don't worry about Vervain. We're weathering it together. She'll ring you later."

He hung up in order to free his other arm so that he could master Vervain's struggle to get free.

"Then you didn't——! I—I *was* wrong! I just flung myself at you and you've picked me up and lied to save my face! You——"

"Shut up," said he dispassionately. "And keep still, Vervain. Look here, I don't want to be cruel to you. I remember your prejudice against the husband who trespasses—especially on the prerogatives of a lady's maid. But I warn you that I'll stick at nothing. We're going to make a night of to-night. We're going out. We're dashing to London, to dine and dance and—honeymoon at an hotel."

When a church clock had clanged three next morning Wyndham ejaculated:

"Hell. We've forgotten your mother. She'll be worrying. Better ring her up, Verve darling."

Vervain put through a call, waited and then said:

"It's Vervain. . . . Yes, I know it's late, darling. Frightfully sorry. But about the money—I just wanted to tell you that we—we're bearing up wonderfully. Fate's had a frightful whack at us, but we aren't giving a damn—no, not one! We're glad, Mums, awfully glad. In fact we're just—kissing the rod."

Then Vervain pattered swiftly back to bed.

END

A Smart Knitted Coat

(*Continued from page 73*)

backs of these sts and cast on 2 sts at the end of the row.

On the following row purl into the backs of the 2 cast-on sts, purl the remainder and cast on 2 sts at the end of the row.

Continue casting on 2 sts at the end of every row till there are 52 sts on the needle.

Work the next 8 rows without alteration.

On the next and every following 8th row decrease next to the edge st at both ends of the needle till 32 sts remain.

Purl the next row.

Change to No. 10 needles and work in K 1, P 1 rib for a depth of 3 ins., then cast off.

Work the second sleeve in the same way.

THE REVERS

With the 3-ply wool and No. 10 needles cast on 5 sts.

Work in P 1 K 1 rib for 4 rows, working into the backs of the sts on the first row.

On the next and every alternate row work 2 sts into the first st of the row, being careful to keep the ribbing correct.

Note that all increases are on the same edge of the work—the opposite edge being kept quite straight.

Continue with the increases till there are 50 sts on the needle.

Work 3 rows without alteration.

Now decrease on the same edge as the increases were made on *every* row till all sts are worked off.

Work another rever in the same way.

TO COMPLETE THE COATEE

Sew the shoulders of the back and fronts together.

Graft the sts of the narrow ribbing tog., then sew one edge of this to the back of the neck.

Sew the tops of the sleeves into the armholes.

Sew the straight edge of the revers to the edge of the fronts, from the beginning of the front shapings to within ½ an in. of the shoulder seam, the short slope of the rever being placed at the upper part of the front.

Press out the work on the wrong and then on the right side with a hot iron over a damp cloth, taking care not to open the ribbing.

Sew up the side and sleeve seams and press these on the wrong side.

Fold the right front over the left and sew the buttons in position to meet the buttonholes.

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Remember that teeth that are not exercised will inevitably decay. Safeguard your child's teeth with "Ovaltine" Rusks.

'OVALTINE' RUSKS
APPETISING · DIGESTIVE · & · NOURISHING

Sold at 1/6 and 2/6 per tin.

R83

The *Real* Truth

(*Continued from page* 49)

lines of personal reaction as now. And occasionally, when there was a Royal Visit or something of that kind, it "got in" again. Otherwise, it had to look to the Divorce Courts for its publicity!

But when the Gossip paragraph came along, news of a kind had to be found, and press agents came into being to help find it.

To-day there are a host of writers on the stage and on the film. So there must be a lot of people to retail the news they seek. It is to them the newspaper men look for information, and they are most properly qualified people who deal with the situation efficiently and effectively.

Few people have any idea of what a press agent has to do. He is always on his job; he can never go away in case a story breaks. He has to have a news sense; he has to know a lot about Fleet Street and the ins and outs of newspaper methods; he must always have a good temper, nor kick against the pricks of criticism; he must be possessed of infinite tact; he has to persuade prominent people that something which they think should be in the papers should *not* be; he must know how to pose people for photographs, and all sorts of technical points about what sort of pictures are wanted; he must be out and about and in his office at the same time; and he must know the answer to every question which he is asked.

And he is always one of the people who are blamed. He never gets any credit.

If he is engaged to publicise a show and it fails, it is his fault. It is not the actors and actresses, it is not the management, it is not the awful nonsense called a play with which he has had to struggle. It is *his* fault; there has not been enough publicity. And then, if by some flash of inspiration he has found a way of "putting a show over" (it has been done and will be again, where the play was worth it) then everyone else but him takes the credit.

He is just a reporter, when it is all boiled down; but he very often gets paid a lot less than a good reporter, and often does not get his money at all if the show dries up suddenly.

It's fine to be a press agent sometimes. He has a girl in the chorus who has passed the London Matric., let us say. It is a good story—very few chorus girls do that even to-day. So he gets along the photographers, gets a picture, gives them a good caption. Then in the morning he sees the pictures. "Chorus Girl in London Production Matriculates." Not a word about the show she's in. He is blamed again.

Press agents are a race apart—they are born, not made. They have to be press agents—or they would not be. If there is an argument in favour of predestination it is the press agent.

It is not an overcrowded profession, there's that about it. Many call but few are chosen. Many try it and are tried themselves and sentenced.

I have been mixed up with actors, actresses, oratorios, opera singers, boxers, circuses and showmen, advertising ramps, composers, dancers, producers, managers, dramatists, elephants, lions and tigers, even lobsters, giants and dwarfs, and have found stories and fun in the lot.

It's a great life—if you don't take it too seriously.

The brainless press agent must know a great deal about everything or he is no good. He must have the news sense of a news editor and the ability to write like a highly paid journalist. He must know about a thousand and one things—or have the ability to pick up the information like a shot.

And the world lives to-day on publicity. Even this country is beginning to tell the world. The newspapers tell the world—and mostly the press agent tells the newspapers.

Where is the harm?

END

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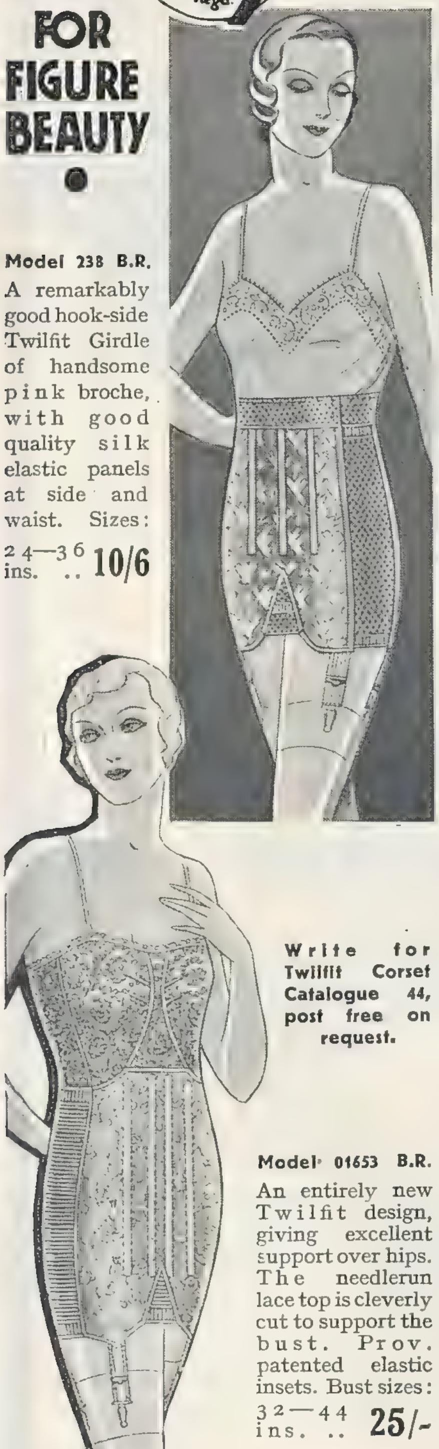

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Smugglers Ahoy!

(Continued from page 27)

bread is even higher: a penny a pound in Holland and twopence-halfpenny in Germany. The high cost of nearly all necessities in the latter country, plus the common distress, have led to the populace making common cause with smugglers, who are further aided by the ease with which they are able to operate, in desolate Dutch Limburg and the hilly Belgian area round Aachen, and by their having a distributing agency ready to hand in the German unemployed. In the main, tobacco, coffee, grain, and mill products form the contraband, and here is obviously no case for finesse—the stuff has to be handled in bulk, and therefore by large parties. The smugglers, working for Belge-Dutch syndicates, who must be reaping a fortune, are organized in two divisions—groups of trained and armed youths who carry out the actual smuggling and a decoy brigade, of German unemployed, who walk abroad for three marks a day and watch the customs officers. Sometimes they carry harmless sacks of hay or kindred produce, and while the frontier guards are examining these, over go the real smugglers close at hand.

PROBABLY Belgium, alike on account of its geographical position, and for its still being the cheapest, least-taxed country on the Continent, is assuming the rôle of nerve centre in the great hidden war already under way. Belgium feeds Germany on one side, as we have seen. She literally pours tobacco over the frontiers into France, and I shall be surprised if shortly she is not operating on an extensive scale in another direction. Drugs come into Antwerp in considerable quantities, while the flat sand dunes of the Belgian coast offer special opportunity for motor-boat running. The thing to do, in one sphere, is to land spirits for running clean through the country and beyond to Germany and further. Another method is to bury the stuff in the dunes, pending a more favourable moment for transport inland. The customs officers—who have recently been ordered to use their firearms—thought they had countered this by rearing dogs on alcohol, and letting the dissolute canines sniff out the buried booze. But the smugglers soon put a spoke in that wheel by leaving alcohol around that also contained poison, with the sequel that its finders tottered home on four legs, to expire. And so the game goes on—a mammoth one, ranging far and wide.

Recent discoveries in America show how sharpwitted customs officers have to be if they are to keep pace with smugglers. It is a common practice to declare and pay duty on a box of cigars. The cigars, hollow, contain dope. How can you tell if a woman has hollow shoe heels? You can't, unless you suspect and unshoe her. Who is going to suspect a Mexican who blows into Santa Barbara in an ordinary panama hat? The band inside concealed cocaine for the film colony on vacation. A more sinister innovation is that of smuggling in dope by carrier pigeon. This has already made its appearance in the U.S.A. and is much less expensive and safer than the aeroplane. Small packages are tied to the homer. Who on earth is going to do anything about that—save crash all carrier pigeons on sight? Shades of those clumsy louts of "gentlemen!" We progress. We of this fine century.

This happened in Germany. A consignment of Belgian gloves arrived at Hamburg. The consignee, after a cursory examination, indignantly refused to take delivery. They were all left hand! Good. Nothing else but for the shipping company to put the crate-full up for auction; when it was naturally, knocked down for next to nothing. Meanwhile, the same thing was happening with a crate of right-handed gloves at a neighbouring port. And so the mammoth game goes on. It even still extends to traffic in human beings. We yet keep a sloop in the Red Sea to prevent Arab chieftains buying boys and girls from Egypt and the Soudan. Boatloads full of pitiful, cowering creatures, have before now been intercepted. Or, take the human chain which exists to get Italians, tired of the regime, out of Italy. This smuggling across the Alps is now an organised business, once the snows melt, and not a few of the "merchandise" are women anxious to rejoin their husbands in exile. And, then, there is the smuggling of Jap and Chinese "brides" into California. No more yellow breeding is allowed in those parts, and so, after a photographic betrothal across the broad Pacific, the "bride"—read in most cases slave-girl—arrives secreted away in some tramp or cargo vessel. Smuggling has ever devolved to an incessant battle of wits.

I gave the first of three major changes that have occurred of late years. The second is the appearance of women on the scene. And the third, the ever-growing tourist traffic and the notion of so many to defeat the excise and import laws of their own country. No one, hardly, travelled in the days of "the gentlemen." All the smuggling was to these latter. As for a woman being engaged in the business! In point of fact, smuggling has come to be split into two distinct fields: the organised professionals and the vast army of amateurs. We always took a delight in "getting something past the customs," that is but human nature, but nowadays, the matter is rather different. Not that it is all our fault, if we don't play the game. Things that we brought in with impunity before the war, and after it, are now ruled right out. We very easily, indeed, can become smugglers. Added to this is the undoubted fact of numerous travellers wanting to benefit materially, these hard times, from visits abroad. The temptation is that stronger.

One unfortunate side of tariffs is that, with their enhancement of smuggling, they send up the cost of "safeguarding the revenue." As we saw early on, a century ago this charge rose to be 10 per cent. of all that was collected on imports. Let us devoutly hope that that figure may not be repeated in like connection in the years ahead!

From now on everything we take into England is, technically, dutiable. If we take back presents, these will certainly be routed out; while plutocrats who voyage with jewel cases or costly furs should make quite sure the customs people know that such articles are their property *before* they leave the country. It is going to be a grim and long fight, this time. So many of the forbidden articles being so eminently crushable into small space—scents, silk, lingerie, gems, luxury articles, even attenuated gowns, not to mention gloves, hats, shoes, and toilet requisites.

END.

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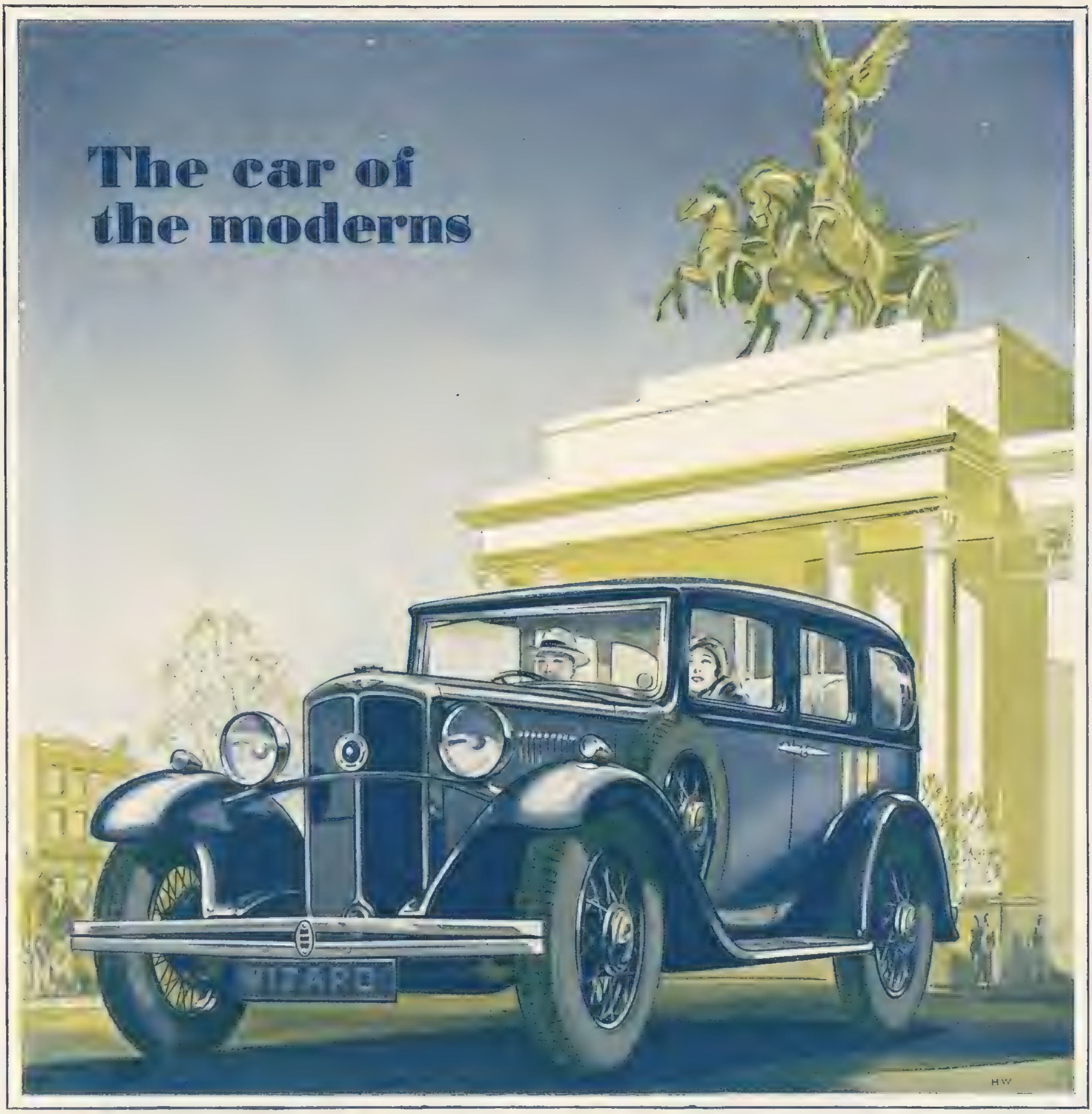

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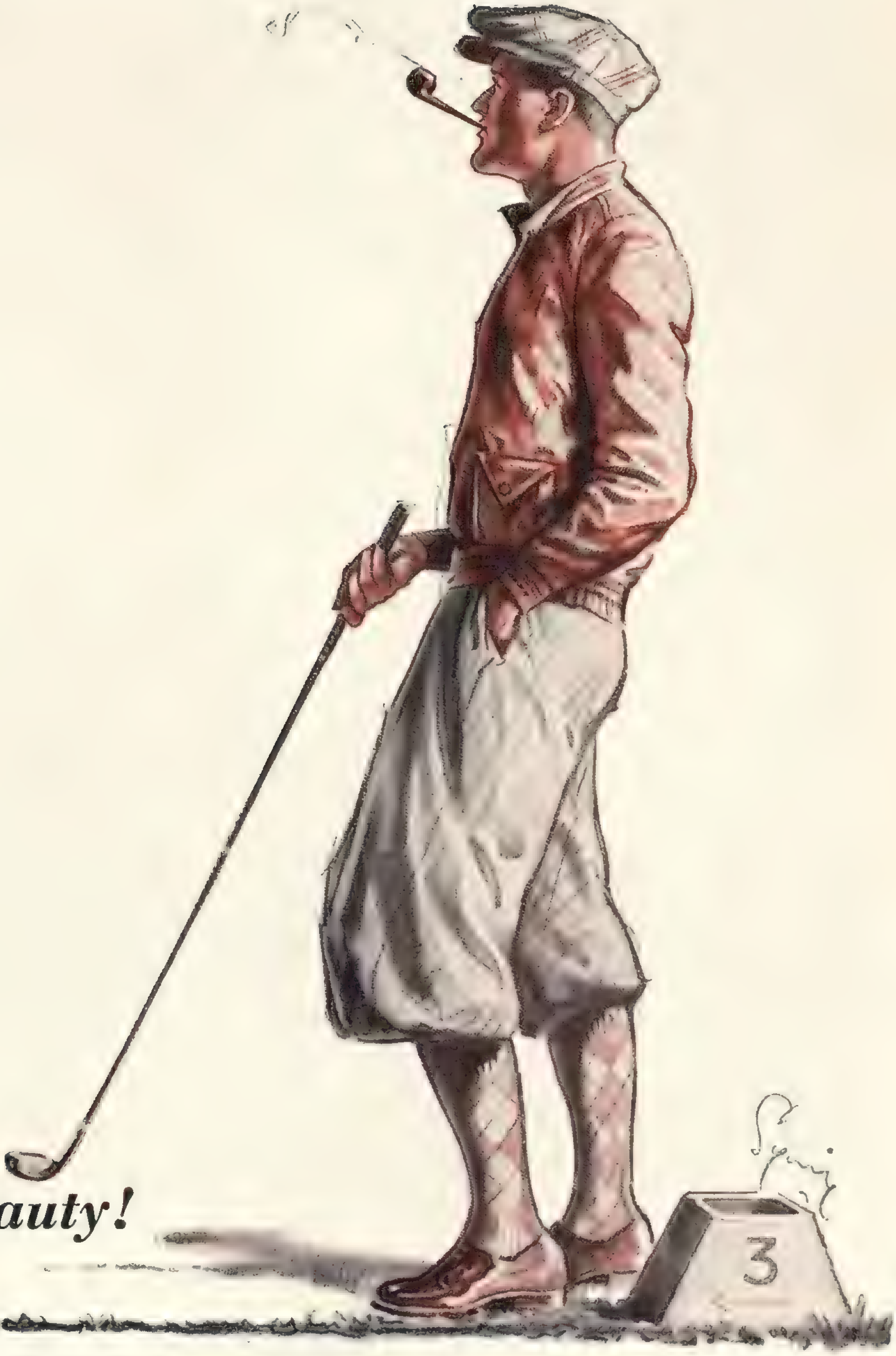

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Tinker, Tailor

(*Continued from page* 64)

matric., and only "quite liking" some suggestion that has been made at haphazard, by their parents. For here is a point which must never be forgotten by my amiable readers. Charles and Diana have been kindly treated, and never bullied, they realise that their parents mean well, and may thus prove alarmingly willing to abide by their decisions in big things. Some people never decide at all!

Quite simple, you say? Choose something to study, and then stick to it? Yes, but remember that up there there is a young man reading law, and down yonder another studying medicine, both at great sacrifice from the rest of their families, and neither of them will ever make a successful lawyer or doctor.

But there are ways in which skill can be used and the problem met with understanding. Skill here is really a matter of careful observation and coherent thinking.

Three points have to be considered, and they are in most cases of about equal importance. First, exactly what are Charles or Diana's capabilities and character? Second, what do they themselves want to do and be? Third, what has the world to offer?

Let us suppose for a moment that there is no expert vocational guidance available.*

Is there any way in which parent and child can themselves arrive at anything they did not know before? I believe that in most families a great deal of new light could be shed with no other apparatus than a notebook, a pencil, and a great deal of honesty, and that, further, child and parent would find the task of "finding out" fascinating.

I have given three forms with which to begin your investigation.

Form I is a list of questions about your Charles or your Diana. Could you, do you think, fill it in quite honestly, not letting your parental pride or their natural desire to make the best of everything delude you?

FORM III.—

FOR CHARLES AND DIANA TO FILL IN THEMSELVES.

WHAT YOU LIKE DOING		WHAT YOU MIGHT BE
In School History, Civics Languages Literature	*Out of School* Debating, Acting, Seeing people, Reading	Barrister — Solicitor — Diplomat — Consul —Politician — Civil Servant — Social Investigator—Historian—Journalist—Producer
"Art" Drawing	Drawing Painting Sightseeing	Illustrator — Cartoonist — Pottery or Textile Designer — Interior Decorator — Sculptor— Camera-man — Scenic artist (stage or cinema) —Architect—Townplanner—Cartographer
Mathematics Chemistry Physics	Experimenting Inventing Making things	Engineer — Chemist — Physicist — Quantity Surveyor — Accountant — Actuary — Statistician — Naval Architect — Aeroplane Designer — Bio-Chemist — Bacteriologist — Plant Physiologist — Entomologist
Natural History Biology Botany	Keeping animals Gardening	Doctor — Veterinary Surgeon — Biologist— Zoologist — Farmer — Bailiff — Stockbreeder — Nurseryman — Forestry Expert— Planter—Rancher
Games	Camping Riding Sailing	Civil Aviator — Merchant Marine —Railway Official—Surveyor

Do not confine yourself to the form; jot down other notes, try memory games, such as the jewel game, or play consequences, or cricket, or set everyone telling stories, or try the ordeal by packing or by picnic.

Now, it may well be that when you have done this, a very distinct picture of a real actual boy or girl will have emerged. Now is the time when Charles's and Diana's own ideas as to what they would like to be should be considered in the new light that has been shed. Now we may in all seriousness ask, "What do you *want* to be when you grow up? Let us suppose, for the sake of argument, that the answer is decided, "a doctor" or "a teacher." Now, the successful doctor in general practice must have at least "fair" intellectual ability and "fair" intellectual interest, and besides that he or she must have "good" practical ability and "good" "sociabilty" and "equanimity."

But suppose Charles, who says he wants "to be a doctor," has, along with "good" or "very good" intellectual ability, only "poor" practical ability, sociabilty and equanimity. Then the answer is probably not that he should not be a doctor at all, but that he is the sort of person who would be likely to make his mark as a medical specialist, or as a research worker in one of the many fields of science (such as bacteriology) that "march with" medicine.

Suppose Diana wants "to be a teacher," but along with thoroughness and good intellectual interest and ability she lacks leadership, then her best work will probably not be done working with a big class. Second-rate as a school teacher, she might be a first-class librarian.

These are only instances, the principle to bear in mind in using Form II is that as a rule the child has only a broad (and often even vague) idea of what he or she wants to do, and that within "being a doctor" or "being a teacher" there are many subdivisions, and thus a chance for the child to fit his or her idiosyncrasy into a job just the right shape.

Consult, then, with someone you know who is "an engineer," or "a teacher," say: "My boy or my girl longs to work abroad, hates the idea of working abroad, has only fair mathematical ability, has particularly good mathematical ability; but on the other hand. . . ."

"Now (you go on) would some such job as teaching this or that branch of engineering—or roadmaking outside Timbuctoo—or being a science mistress in Bombay. . . . ?"

GRADUALLY, after you have asked a great many questions and filled in that form in regard to several possible sorts of job, and compared each analysis with your detailed conclusions about Charles or Diana, you will find that you know a good deal more than you ever thought possible about what your child (*a*) wants to be, and (*b*) could become, and that you are much less likely than you were before to join the ranks of the many disappointed parents whose children either fail entirely, or never rise above a minimum mediocrity.

But there remains, however, the third of the questions, asked at the very beginning of this article, "What has the world to offer?" Here we come to a very real difficulty which has not really been touched on here. True, questioning your friends will have opened some new vistas, but not all there are to look down. All children and most of us who are busy parents have a very sketchy idea of what the "range" of careers may be in the modern world. All kinds of new professions, trades and occupations have grown up. The last census lists not less than twenty thousand professions and occupations.

I have been trying lately to arrive at some idea of what these new careers may be, what they have to offer to the new generation, and, if the Editor allows, shall hope later to share some of the results of this brief investigation with the readers of BRITANNIA AND EVE.

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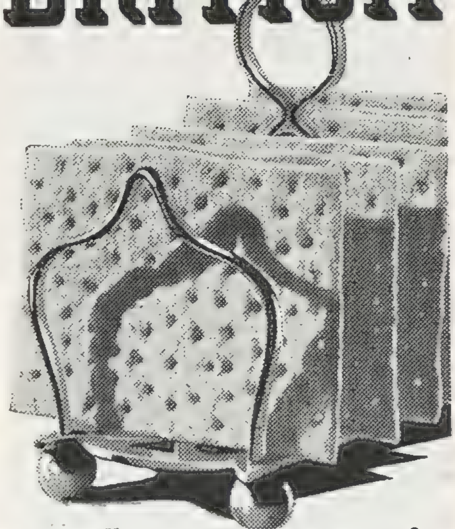
* In London the National Institute of Industrial Psychology undertake thorough tests.

This

crispbread is

BRITISH



and its name is

VITA-WEAT

Naturally you want to spend your money on British-grown and British-made commodities. Vita-Weat is made by Peek Frean, a British firm, in Britain, by British labour, of only British wheat, British-milled and British-baked. Every penny you spend on it goes to your own people. And every bit of the golden grain, with all its precious vitamins, its wealth of nourishment, is preserved in Vita-Weat in a form that *must* nourish you.

If you have not yet enjoyed its fascinating, appetising crunchiness, and the glorious feeling of lightness it gives you in its freedom from unconverted starch, buy a trial supply next time you're out.

Vita-Weat

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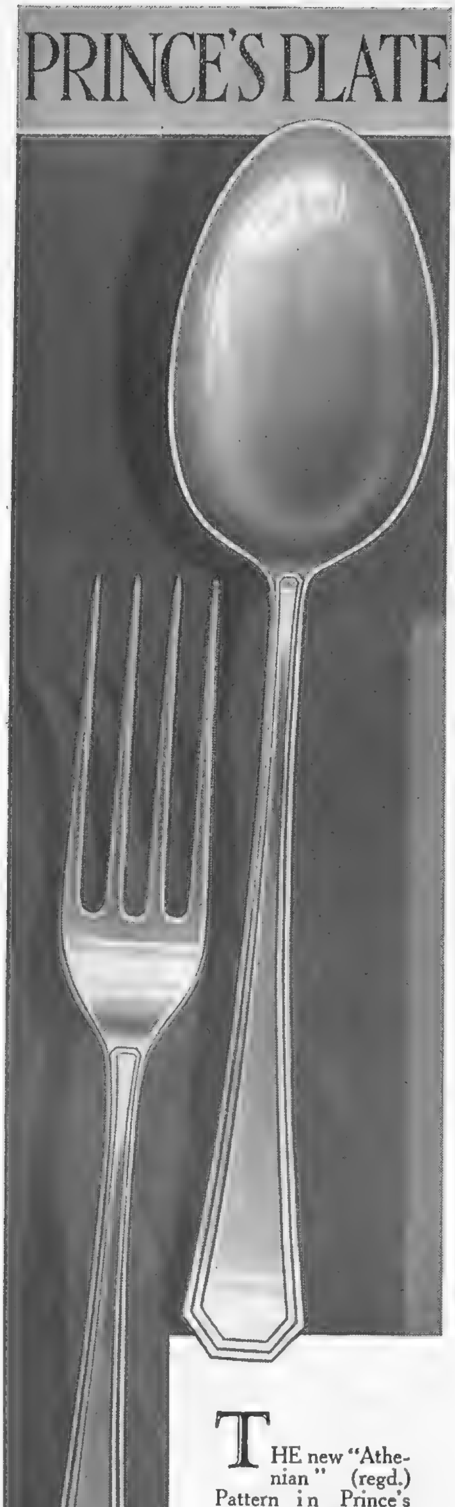
WHOLE-WHEAT CRISPBREAD

Made by PEEK FREAN

Makers of Famous Biscuits


PRINCE'S PLATE

THE new "Athenian" (regd.) Pattern in Prince's Plate Spoons and Forks was specially designed to harmonise with modern schemes of Decoration. May we send a Catalogue? Prices are quite modest, and there is a pattern to suit your taste—for the range is so diverse.

A full range of Prince's Plate will be shown at Mappin & Webb's Stand (No. 25 Grand Hall), at the Ideal Home Exhibition, Olympia).

MAPPIN & WEBB Ltd.

156-162, OXFORD ST., W.1; 172, REGENT ST., W.1; 2, QUEEN VICTORIA ST., E.C.4, LONDON

Manufactory - The Royal Works - Sheffield

Big Business

(Continued from page 39)

the firm's secrets of success. As the founder said: "The public like to know where they can get a certain article at a certain price. It saves them trouble. It doesn't occur to them that the rent is higher in Piccadilly than in Aldgate; but in spite of that it would never do to raise our prices in the West End."

THE newly formed public company prospered amazingly. Shop after shop was opened in London and in the provincial cities. Great bakeries and factories were established at Cadby Hall, in Kensington, and the demand for the firm's tea became so great that a vast factory was built a few miles out of London, at Greenford, in Middlesex, where tea, coffee, chocolates, cocoa and confectionery were handled.

Concurrently with the growth, both in numbers and popularity, of their shops, the firm quickly planned to build "super cafés." Thus came into existence the Corner Houses in London, and State Cafés in other cities. The Corner House in Coventry Street alone seats 4,500 people, and is an example of "luxury for the masses at popular prices" which has no parallel in the world of restaurants.

Further emboldened by the success attending their shops, the firm embarked upon a bold scheme for a popular West End restaurant in which the cuisine would be equal to the best existing on the Continent. So, some 36 years ago, the Trocadero Music Hall in Shaftesbury Avenue was acquired and the Trocadero was built on the site.

That the "Troc" should have been built at all was a tribute to the courage and enterprise of Lyons's directors, who were faced with disaster at the outset. Some months elapsed before the venture got going, when it was found necessary to spend four times the amount originally proposed—an addition of over £100,000. That was a serious matter to a young firm, and at a meeting of the shareholders, held in the grill room, where now consort a midnight galaxy of choral pulchritude, the necessity for further capital was explained.

There was a wild uproar—not altogether unexpected—but the directors managed to satisfy the shareholders. And the necessary £100,000 was eventually raised. The total amount subscribed by the grumbling shareholders at that historic meeting was £100. Later, some of them felt they had lost an opportunity!

Meanwhile, the firm's outside catering activities grew apace. Garden parties, banquets and wedding receptions were provided for in great numbers. Contracts were entrusted to the company for garden parties at Buckingham Palace during the reign of King Edward and up to the present day.

The firm that thus grew out of the popularity of a simple cup of tea has carried out some of the world's largest catering contracts.

The Wembley Exhibition contract was the most stupendous on record, for Lyons employed 8,000 people in its service.

With the growth of the teashops there came a demand for the outside sale of their tea.

It is distributed in practically every country in the world, including—strangely enough—India and Ceylon, where so much of the raw material is grown.

Their own tea factory was opened in 1929, by the Governor-in-Chief of Nyasaland. The site was chosen because the soil in the district was uncannily similar to that in the tea-growing districts of India and Ceylon.

The factory, which at present produces but an infinitesimal portion of Lyons's Tea, was an all-British product, erected by British mechanics, British carpenters and British builders—an unusual achievement being the transportation from England of 4,000 panes of glass, each pane measuring 10 inches by 12 inches. This was accomplished without a single pane being broken or cracked in transit.

THE firm's figure-head all over the world is "Nippy." The aim of the firm being to dignify and, if possible, glorify service, they decided to remove from the garb of the waitress every possible semblance of servitude, and, in its place, designed a stylish frock and cap. So, on January 1st, 1925, the public found the old waitress gone and a new, smart, modern "Nippy" in her place, the word being used to indicate alacrity, smartness and alertness.

Overlooking the vastness of Cadby Hall to-day, there now sits a directorate which includes five Salmons and three Gluckstein. It is a team, discussing, vetting, checking, criticising, testing, theorising, probing, constructing, and visualising for the future. Every member is an expert in the various angles of our business.

Every detail and every possibility is examined; and then re-examined.

The public rarely knows that when it buys something new which appeals to it at one of the shops, it is being charted up by vigilants who are watching the results of the experiment as closely as a scientist watches the reactions of his subjects.

All this vast £10,000,000 enterprise, working day and night, from the first cup of tea served in the humble pavilion at the Newcastle Exhibition forty-five years ago!

For, while 30,000 men and women toil in the service of the cup of tea, there seems to pervade the whole organisation the philosophy of the spiritual founder: "The world is so full of such wonderful things," said Sir Joseph, "that I think we should all be as happy as kings."

West African Interlude

(Continued from page 75)

AS we drank our champagne, the Kumasihene eyed me quietly. I knew he was wondering what I was and why I had been brought to see him. It was explained that I was one who travelled so that I might go back to my own land and tell stories of what I'd seen.

This explanation produced a remarkable invitation. The Kumasihene invited me to sit with him in Tribunal the next day. Now very few white men have sat with an Ashanti Chief when he is holding tribunal among his subjects.

With the exception of my visit to the Kumasihene, I did little but go out to a round of dinner parties and play golf when the sun was low. I was longing to get away from it all and see the bush.

At last word came down that the Northern Territories were clear of yellow fever and that I was to go up to my friend, the other Provincial Commissioner, who was about to make a tour of his district.

So much has been written about trekking in Africa that I will not give a long description of the thousand-mile journey that we made. We went from the Ivory Coast border to Togoland, and thence struck north to Tamale, where my host had his headquarters. My host's wife came with us. In West Africa white men invariably take their wives on trek; I do not know the reason for this, but it is the custom. Another unwritten law on the Gold Coast is that no white child may be born in the Colony. As soon as a young wife becomes an expectant mother, she must get on a boat and go back to Europe; this is a sensible rule, for it would be a terrible climate for a child. There are no white children out there; their absence makes a queer gap.

A woman must love a man to follow him to West Africa, for she knows that the climate will play havoc with her looks. There are no hill stations to which she can go as in India; she must just stick it out—the damp heat and the fever—like the men; most of those who have been out there long become fine-drawn and haggard-looking.

NEARLY all the unmarried men keep black women. I do not think there is any secret about this. All the old-timers I have talked to say it is the best thing to do; they say black girls make good mates; in bush stations they run their master's house, relieve his loneliness, and keep him from the gin bottle.

The most distant point we touched in the West was Bole, on the Ivory Coast border. Here we found a lone Commissioner, who sometimes did not see another white man for months. We all dressed for dinner every night we stayed with him.

The Lobis came out of the forest to dance for us. The Lobis and the Pygmies are the two most primitive tribes left in Africa. The Lobis are stark naked, except for brass bracelets round their arms and legs and cowries in their hair; they file their teeth, like certain other cannibal tribes, and are dead shots with bow and poisoned arrow; their dance is a vivacious version of modern jazz. They wanted my host to leave his wife behind as a present; they themselves will always give some of the women of their tribe to an honoured guest. We were really sorry to say good-bye to the Lobis, they are so happy and carefree.

We got into Tamale for Christmas. Tamale is a bush station 240 miles from railhead; there are some thirty Europeans there, including six white women. A few short weeks before Tamale had been in the grip of one of the most terrible of all tropical diseases. Yellow fever had swept the tiny colony, attacking and killing five whites. While the plague is sweeping the station the white population live in mosquito-proof cages from sunset till daybreak. None but the doctors are allowed abroad, for a mosquito bite may mean death. It is a grim business, sitting in those cages, knowing that your friends are dying in their bungalows on either side.

However, for Christmas Tamale shook off its troubles and came out of quarantine; there was a polo tournament and a dance at the Chief Commissioner's house. Brave-hearted little Empire outpost—I shall always remember my Christmas there.

The time came for me to leave the Gold Coast and I went down to Accra to wait my boat. George had been sent to Accra to command the troops; he insisted I should stay with him at the mess.

The annual race meeting took place the day after I arrived. George said that we must go to it; between races he introduced me to innumerable friends, who all in true Gold Coast fashion offered hospitality. We got back to the mess at 9 p.m. and went in to dinner. George had lost money racing, which had brought on a "Gold Coast" liver. He scowled at the subalterns, who hastily gulped their wine and left. One hardy Captain remained (George, it must be remembered, commanded the station). He ordered the waiter to turn off the fan; it was a stifling night, and the sweat began to pour off the Captain and myself.

George was pouring with sweat, too, but nothing would have induced him to allow that fan to be turned on. I got up and said I was going to my bungalow. George said I should find it very dark. I ignored his warning and set off. Within a minute I had fallen into a ditch in the darkness and twisted my ankle. As I could not walk on account of my foot, George and the Mess waiters had to carry me to bed.

When I could walk George took me to the harbour, where I got on board a French cargo boat for Europe. My last view of him was standing there—the whole fifteen stone of him—grinning cheerily and waving farewell to the man who was going home. One must have been out there to know what it means to be "the man who is going home" to those who have to stay behind. The Gold Coast is a much healthier place than it used to be, but it is no Lido yet.

END

Argentina

Argentina, the celebrated Spanish Dancer, says

"The Belt by Roussel is a marvel"

The numerous artistes and fashionable women who wear belts designed for them by Roussel are unanimous in their enthusiasm for this exquisite garment.

Very light, supple, without bones or lacing, a Belt made by J. Roussel, the master corsetier of Paris, is slipped on in a few seconds, fits your body like a glove, adapts itself to every movement, moulds the figure to beautiful line — slims you, and keeps the body young.

Woven in fine resistant elastic tricot with its Brassière in hand-made lace, it enhances the elegance of your frocks and gowns, and, being décolleté at the back, is perfectly adapted to evening wear.

As your complete satisfaction depends on the perfect fitting of your belt, the creations of J. Roussel are sold only in his shops. Every belt is guaranteed for 6 months. You can try it without any obligation on your part.

Write for beautifully illustrated Catalogue

On sale only at

J. Roussel (of Paris)

93 Oxford Street (Dept. AC), London, W.1

Manchester: 6 King Street Birmingham: 6 Midland Arcade Paris: 166 Boulevard Haussmann

R32a

Where there are children

FOOD MUST BE KEPT FRESH

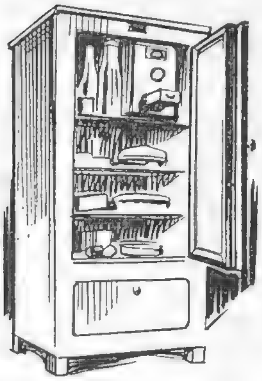
PURE FOOD means everything to your kiddies. You can't be too careful to avoid tainted foodstuffs. Milk foods especially are liable to "go off," particularly in warm weather.

Your best safeguard is the Electrolux Refrigerator. In this, perishable food of all kinds can be kept fresh for days whatever the temperature. Not only is the health of the children safeguarded, but that of the entire household.

THE BRITISH
ELECTROLUX
SILENT, AUTOMATIC
REFRIGERATOR

is simplicity itself and reliable.

It has no mechanism and operates on gas, electricity or paraffin. Send coupon for particulars.



Get particulars of the new Electrolux "MINOR" Model Refrigerator. This is a revolution in Domestic Refrigerators, delivered in the home for 15/- down.

Cash price £19 15 0

See this wonderful new refrigerator on our STAND No. 128 at the Ideal Home Exhibition.

BY APPOINTMENT

ELECTROLUX, LTD.
153/5, Regent Street,
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Works: LUTON, BEDS.

VISIT OUR STANDS
NOS. 91 Ground Floor
128 Ground Floor
273 Gallery
Grand Hall
IDEAL HOME EXHIBITION
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COUPON (B. & E.)
Please send me particulars of (1) Electrolux Refrigerators.
(2) New Electrolux "MINOR" Model.
Cross out that which does not apply.

Name ....
Address ....
....

E.I.H.

John Bull's Pups

(Continued from page 25)

Others, like Mr. Winston Churchill, call for a lowering of fees to enable the sons of the poor squire, the impoverished parson, the retired army and navy officer, to get to the school their father went to, schools now choked up with the sons of plutocrats and profiteers.

Is it probable that, under the rapidly changing conditions of life, the public schools of England will again turn out men able to hold their own against all comers? I cannot see that happening, unless the schools radically change their outlook (now conditioned by the elder, not younger generation).

They are still occupied in producing a type of man who fits into a ready-made world and a static imperial machine. They are manufacturing gentlemen for a gentleman's world, and that world is already in ruins. They do not produce men of energy, of resource, of wide mind, fertile, able, quick.

Tens of millions of pounds of trade have been lost to Britain because an administration packed with public school trained men in key places had been taught that it is vulgar to push, to advertise (a gentleman's son being presumed to have a stall reserved for him in the theatre of life). Big men had to break down that stifling tradition, and get the Prince of Wales to advocate advertising and pushfulness. Obviously, new traditions have to be made, new ideals formulated. The ideal of losing like a gentleman, of committing a sort of *hari kari* to the tune of a British public school song, is not enough. It is at least equally important to win like a man.

The underlying philosophy became much the same among the slackers of the inherited-income class as among the young proletariat who would rather draw the dole than work. It may be summed up thus: "Why should I work if I don't want to and I can live in a way that suits me well enough without working or risking anything? Why?" It is exceedingly difficult to give an answer to that question which does not look forced or false. The elder generation have made such a mess of things.

So one finds whole sets of territorial society, where fathers have died, and the heirs, youngsters in their early twenties, hang on to the family property, a few hundred acres and an old-fashioned mansion, although their income is no longer adequate for the efficient upkeep of the estate.

Their fathers, grandfathers and great-grandfathers made the original family fortune, adventuring in war or trade, often getting out of the home island and spending a lifetime in some distant dominion. But they are not now prepared to adventure and endure hardships like that. This backbone class is full of wasted young lives, youth, character, fine public-school-and-university education, intelligence, health, capital—all going to seed in a country which, God knows, needs these qualities harnessed to the wheel of the national and imperial life.

Looking up the crime statistics, I found that the Home Office people, trying to puzzle out the riddle of the rise in juvenile crime, found the probable main factor in the industrial depression . . . "a factor which is likely to be especially detrimental to the young, for it removes the good examples that are afforded to children who grow up among a prosperous working population and also destroys the direct incentives offered to children in prosperous times by the certainty of prospect of employment."

In Italy, Germany and Russia youth has responded to the call of service and of sacrifice. The Prince of Wales a few weeks ago put over a call to youth to respond in a manner more suited to British needs. Youth is enigmatic, but one certain thing about it is that it will go Spartan and devote itself heart and soul to a cause, if it can find a cause worth while, and a leader who will give it something it can bite its teeth into.

END

He isn't HELPING you much! . . . *but he's using up* TWICE as much energy

It's not *what* he does that exacts so much energy, it is *his way of doing it!* Notice his concentrated expression, and the vigour with which he is pulling up the blanket.

This boy is no exception. Science demonstrates that all young people expend two to three times as much energy as their parents in growth and physical activity.

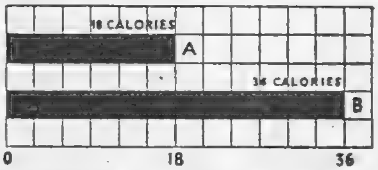
"Energy-giving foods are of vital importance," doctors say

For this reason a balanced diet that will quickly replenish used-up energy is of vital importance to fast-growing children.

Doctors everywhere recommend Horlick's Malted Milk as a regular feature of nursery meals. They know that Horlick's contains, in the right proportions, the body-building, energy-giving elements which active children must have. Try giving Horlick's to *your* little ones regularly as a meal-time drink, at mid-morning, and before they go to bed. They will love its delicious, sweet, malt flavour, and ask for "second helps."

Energy is chiefly expended in maintaining body *heat and activity*, and in a child the outlay is relatively much higher than in a grown-up. Consequently a child needs food that will give an extra supply of energy. This chart shows that the daily calorie or energy outlay of a child (B) is twice as great as that of an adult (A).

(Based on calorific needs per lb. of body weight.)



HORLICKS
Horlick's
Mixer

Chemists and grocers have Horlick's in sealed glass bottles in four sizes, also the handy Horlick's Mixer, small size 6d., large size 1/-. Horlick's Malted Milk Co. Ltd., Slough, Bucks.

HORLICK'S

PLAIN OR CHOCOLATE FLAVOURED

BRITISH THROUGHOUT

KEEPS GROWING YOUNGSTERS FIT

"Let's go on to a matinee"

A busy morning shopping, then on to a matinee, back in time to cook dinner —a typical busy day. Yet the modern girl has no thought of personal anxiety —because Kotex has made worry a thing of the past. Kotex security, its safety and, above all, its immaculacy, have overcome old-fashioned methods.

Kotex is the world's standard sanitary pad. It is imperceptible in use... its layer upon layer construction renders it soft and comfortable. Kotex is 5 times as absorbent as cotton wool, moreover it deodorizes by a special process in manufacture. Yet Kotex is instantly disposable . . . the greatest hygienic advance science has known. Your chemist or draper sells Kotex . you owe it to your health to benefit by the comfort and assured protection of Kotex.

You can buy a box of Kotex for a shilling
Sold in sealed boxes 1/- (6 pads), 2/- (12 pads)

Write to Nurse Adams at Kotex Ltd., Room C, 317, High Holborn, London, W.C.1, for information vital to you, and a copy of the instructive booklet, 'Preparing for Womanhood.'

KOTEX
An Empire Product (Made in Canada)

THERE'S ABSOLUTE SAFETY WITH KOTEX

The Secret of Good Health is good circulation

Get a "Tinglow" today—use it in the morning bath and feel the difference. The perfect bristle stimulates your skin into glowing healthful activity, sends the blood skipping and coursing through the tiniest veins and leaves you refreshed and fit.

BRITISH MADE.

In Assorted Colours. From Boots, Timothy Whites, Chemists, Hairdressers and Stores.

Standard Size **5/6** Large Size **8/6**

HINDES LTD., 60 PARKER STREET, LONDON, W.C. 2.
WORKS: BROMSGROVE STREET, BIRMINGHAM.

It makes the body tingle.

It makes the body glow.

HINDES "Tinglow" BODY FRICTION BRUSH

Registered Great Britain, U.S.A. and other countries. British Patent No. 352330. Canada Patented 1931. Other Patents pending.

T. I.

Open Letters

(*Continued from page* 49)

that, even before the advertisement was inserted, the actress had been chosen.

Yet some of the women were so sure that they were going to get the job that they had not even brought their return fare. What became of them, I do not know, except that they told the most pitiful tales.

Always realise that the first part of your job is to learn how to make newspapers do things for you for nothing. Actually, your show ought to be advertised in the advertisement columns, for which newspapers charge so much an inch, quite honestly, as a regular part of their business.

You must make them forget this and so pull the wool over their eyes that, instead of charging you so much an inch, they will do much more for you in their news columns than they do in their advertisement columns, and for nothing. More than that, some of them will be pleased to do it.

If, after the first night, the management sell to the libraries, say, £2,000 worth of seats a week for twelve weeks, send out the statement "£200,000 Deal." Everybody will believe it. Nobody will contradict it. Some of the papers will send up to get some more!

Always exaggerate, or nobody will believe you. Always lie, or no one will take the slightest notice. Say to yourself, three times, "I know nobody will believe that," and then magnify the lie twenty times, and then it will be swallowed entirely by everybody else in the world.

Say that the author of your play earns more money than any dramatist in the world. They will print that. Say anything—so long as it is not true.

You are not in a serious business, you know. You are paid for lying. So lie. Besides, if you left off lying, one of the great sources of my perpetual amusement would cease to exist. I like to see lies in those papers for which I do not write. It is that which makes my little bit of truth stand out all the more.

If everybody took his job seriously, nobody would pay the slightest attention to me. If everybody told the truth about the theatre, everybody would be thrown out of it, or have his face smacked, and then I should have to wear two black hats, one on top of the other, and three old stocks. I come from an old stock, anyway.

Never give a drink to a newspaper man. If you do, he may suspect your motives. Never buy him a cigar. Never offer him a free seat.

Just simply merely lie, and always tell him that you have told that lie to nobody else, but kept it specially for him. Immediately he leaves you, he will read it in some evening paper which you called up, just before you saw him, but that does not matter.

You have to compete with a lot of other liars, so, for heaven's sake, take no care. There are honest publicity people, of course, but no one takes any notice of them.

In your trade, nothing used to succeed like excess. Now, nothing succeeds like failure.

Truth, they say, lies at the bottom of the well. In going down to get it, people have usually kicked the bucket.

Remember that, in publicity, it's a wise child that knows its own par. No, it's not a child. It's kid.

Never be hoist with your own canard.

Oh, yes—and if any newspaper prints anything right about your show, call up immediately and complain. They will then put it wrong.

Truth must be martyred to make a showman's holiday. In your business, the Christians must eat the lions and the lion must lie down, *inside* the lamb. And the lamb must not turn the other cheek, but cheek the other turn. Then all will be bad in the worst of all possible worlds.

I wish all your shows "Bad luck." For no news, in your trade, is bad news. And bad news goes on the front page.—Yours ——.

END

LADY MARGUERITE BLIGH, *whose skin is radiantly fair, says: "Pond's keeps one's complexion exquisite."*

LADY DIANA WELLESLEY, *daughter of Clare, Countess Cowley, says: "I find Pond's suits my skin perfectly."*

TWO OF LONDON'S LOVELIEST DEBUTANTES

keep their skins fair as youth itself

RADIANT young debutantes—dancing through their 'teens into their twenties...

Blonde and brunette... each one distinctive, individual in her loveliness... yet both with this essential beauty in common—a skin smooth as velvet, fresh as flowers...

"No girl can afford to neglect her complexion," says Lady Diana Wellesley—whose skin is smooth and white as alabaster. She always uses Pond's.

Keeping your skin lovely is easy if you follow the simple Pond's method—agree these fascinating debutantes. Lovely Lady Marguerite Bligh says: "My secret is Pond's—I want every girl to share it with me." Follow the Pond's way to beauty.

TO CLEANSE the skin, apply Pond's Cold Cream over face and neck every night and always after exposure to wind or fog. Let the gentle oils sink deep into the pores and float the dirt to the surface. Wipe off with Pond's Cleansing Tissues—and then dab on Pond's Skin Freshener to close the pores.

TO PROTECT your skin and give it a velvety finish, smooth on a thin film of fragrant Pond's Vanishing Cream—the perfect powder base. You can buy Pond's preparations at all chemists and stores.

POND'S
VANISHING CREAM
POND'S
COLD CREAM

* * *

For sample tubes of both Creams, send 2d. in stamps, in a sealed envelope, to:

Dept. BR3 POND'S EXTRACT COMPANY
103 St. John Street, London, E.C.1

Name..

Address..

BONNIE SCOTLAND

By ELEANOR E. HELME

A REMINISCENCE of last year's Scottish Foursomes, held at Gullane. The finalists, reading from left to right: Mrs. Hudson (Trilford Heath), Miss Purvis-Russell-Montgomery (St. Rule), Miss S. A. Walker (Dunbar), and Miss P. Cotgrave (Berkshire)

THE beauty of Bonnie Scotland, in the form of BRITANNIA AND EVE Scottish Foursomes, is that anybody can come, whatever their nationality. English, Irish, Welsh, American, French—any other race you like to name, is eligible to compete at Cruden Bay on Tuesday, June 14th, and (if they survive) following days. If they do not survive, there is still the National Playing Fields Association Competition, in which the defeated ones can take out as many cards for single medal rounds as they like, and in so doing put money into the exchequer of that splendid organisation. There is no need to praise Cruden Bay to those who know it, which means practically all the Scottish players; for those unfortunate others who do not, it need only be said that theirs is a pleasure to come, and that they would be well advised to let it come this June.

OF course nobody has money this year to spend on extra golfing trips; that fact must be faced up to, for on every hand the players are saying that their competition play will be cut down to a minimum, but everybody must have a holiday at some time of the year. Now it is notoriously rash to suggest to anybody that such and such a place is perfect for a holiday: they are as likely to be disappointed as if you send them to your pet preacher, actor, dentist or author. But, without running too big a risk, perhaps one might be allowed to point out that June is an extraordinarily beautiful month in Northern Scotland, with daylight lasting almost till midnight, with gorse and broom ablaze on the hillsides, and that Cruden Bay has a glorious sandy shore, whilst on either side of it are cliffs with a mighty population of sea birds well worth watching just then, when the nesting season is still in full swing. Incidentally, the hotels are offering wonderfully good terms. So that, even if there should be no "following days" for the Foursomes themselves, it would be well worth making an attempt on them just for the sake of a holiday at Cruden Bay. As for the course, it has some of the most delightful holes, real seaside, that you can well imagine; the Cruden Bay Hotel sits just above the first tee, and the Kilmarnock Arms less than ten minutes' walk away, so that there is no need to indulge in those little extra items, meals at the clubhouse, which run up a week's holiday in so disconcerting a fashion.

Of course, invaders should beware! The Scotties will give them the warmest of welcomes and be perfectly delightful to them all, but they will almost assuredly beat them in the end! Only once has an invading couple succeeded, and that was when Lady Alness and Miss Leetham won at Turnberry in 1930. (But then, being married to a Scotsman, Lady Alness perhaps ought not to be counted an invader at all.) Miss Wethered once, Miss Enid Wilson last year, Miss Rudgard and Mrs. Bradshaw, Miss Fowler and Miss Lobbett—these and other famous Sassenach names have figured in the Scottish Foursomes draw, but the Cups are still innocent of them. One never knows, of course. It was touch and go last year at Gullane before Miss Purvis-Russell-Montgomery and Miss Susan Walker got home on the last green in the final from Miss Cotgrave and Mrs. Hudson. What is to be the history at Cruden Bay in 1932? The entrance form is on this page and entries close on May 26th.

"Britannia and Eve" Ladies'

SCOTTISH FOURSOMES

(9th Year) at Cruden Bay, Aberdeenshire, JUNE 14 to 17, 1932

Holders: MISS PURVIS-RUSSELL-MONTGOMERY and MISS S. WALKER.

Entries close Thursday, May 26th. Enter NOW

Open to all players with L.G.U. Handicaps, whether they are Scottish, Irish, Welsh, English or Overseas. Entries will also be accepted from foreign competitors at their home handicaps.

CONDITIONS

Joint handicaps for any couple limited to 30 L.G.U. Couples over the limit may compete on the limit, Handicap certificates to be shown before play.

Competitors may choose their own partners, and entries should be made in couples, stating handicaps, to reach Miss E. E. HELME, BRITANNIA AND EVE Office, 346, Strand, W.C.2, not later than Thursday, May 26th.

"BRITANNIA AND EVE" reserve the right to close the entry list before that date should more than 128 couples enter, but will accept entries beyond 128 couples and from these will fill any subsequent vacancies as far as possible.

Play under three-eighths of difference of combined handicaps, limited as above, in a knock-out match play tournament.

Halved matches to be played to a finish, strokes being taken at the same holes as in a complete round.

Challenge Cups (to be held for one year) and replicas will be given to the winners and prizes to the runners-up and unsuccessful semi-finalists.

HOTEL AND RAILWAY FACILITIES

The BRITANNIA AND EVE Headquarters for the Scottish Foursomes will be *The Cruden Bay Hotel, Cruden Bay,* where the special terms for competitors will be 15s. per day each, inclusive of room, attendance, breakfast, lunch, afternoon tea, dinner, baths, and after-dinner coffee. *Kilmarnock Arms Hotel, Cruden Bay:* Similar inclusive terms, 12s. each per day. *Special cheap railway fares* (a single fare and a third for the return journey) will be available from June 11th to June 27th or intermediately for parties of not less than four travelling together. Apply to the Passenger Traffic Superintendent, King's Cross (L.N.E.R.), London.

NATIONAL PLAYING FIELDS ASSOCIATION COMPETITION

The Competition for the National Playing Fields Association Challenge Cup and other prizes, conducted by the Scottish Ladies' Golfing Association, will be played at Cruden Bay on June 14th and following days. ALL ENTRANTS FOR THE "BRITANNIA AND EVE" SCOTTISH FOURSOMES and members of clubs affiliated to the S.L.G.A. ARE ELIGIBLE TO COMPETE.

CONDITIONS

Medal play under L.G.U. handicap.
Entry fee, 2s. 6d. first card, and 1s. for every subsequent card.
Holder of Cup: MRS. VAN MARLE, Inverness.
Entries received on day of play only.

SHOTS OF THE MONTH: Holes in One

BRITANNIA AND EVE has much pleasure in congratulating the following players on holing in one.

Mrs. S. Nickson	8th, at Blackpool.
Mrs. Stronao	15th, at North Hants.
Mrs. W. J. Conybeare	4th, at Sherwood Forest.
Mrs. Beatrice Foster	2nd, at St. Austell.
Mrs. Arthur Coote	7th. at West Essex.

All entries for BRITANNIA AND EVE'S *Monthly Medal Competition must be accompanied by the coupon which appears in the issue of* BRITANNIA AND EVE *for the current month.* **Coupons must be attached to the Cards** *and addressed to the Golf Editor of* BRITANNIA AND EVE, **346, Strand, W.C.2.** *The scratch score of the course must be clearly marked on each card, otherwise no responsibility can be accepted for errors.*

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY.

"BRITANNIA AND EVE" GOLF COUPON **APRIL**

Name {*Mrs. Miss* ....
Address ....
....
For Club Competition this card to be entered in the total of ....*of which I am a member*

CRUDEN BAY **NO ENTRANCE FEE**

ENTRY FORM.

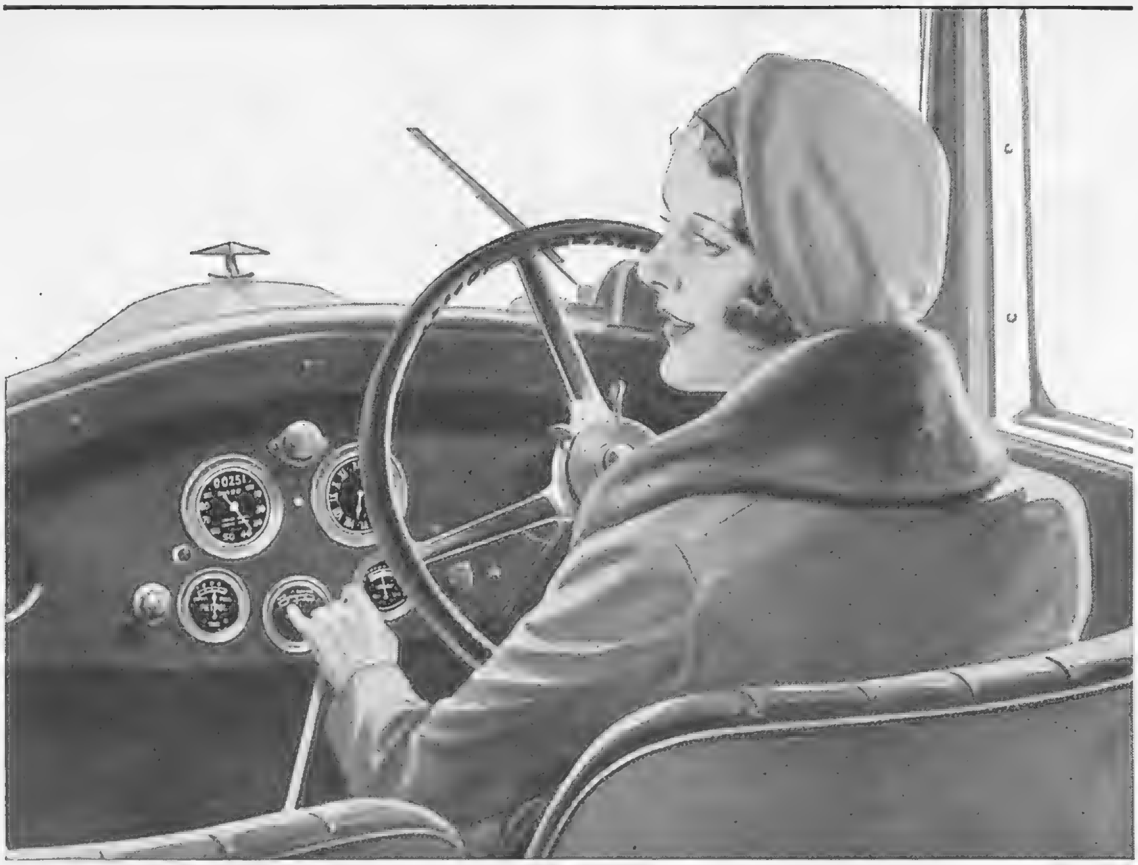
To reach Miss Helme, BRITANNIA AND EVE Office, 346, Strand, W.C.2, by Thursday, May 26th, 1932.

"BRITANNIA & EVE'S" Ladies' Scottish Foursomes at Cruden Bay, June 14, 1932, and following days.

Please enter
Mrs. Miss } ....
of..*Club. L.G.U. Handicap*..........
Home Address ....
Telephone No...
To play in the above Handicap Foursomes at Cruden Bay with
Mrs. Miss } ....
of..*Club. L.G.U. Handicap*..........
Home Address..
Telephone No...

Please notify change of address or partner to Miss Helme as above; or after June 10th to her at Cruden Bay Hotel, Cruden Bay, Aberdeenshire. Telephone: 3 Cruden Bay. Telegrams: "Helme Health, Cruden Bay."

READ "THE TATLER" EVERY WEEK FOR MISS HELME'S "EVE AT GOLF" ARTICLE



Nothing to learn in gear-changing *now!*

FAULTLESS GEAR-CHANGE

No double-declutching, no "feeling" for gears, no stalling, no noise—you never need make a bad gear-change on the Vauxhall Cadet. Synchro-Mesh gears give you a feeling of expert control; the Silent Second makes it pleasant to use your gears as you should. And in performance and appearance the Cadet is all you could wish for. Ask any dealer for a trial run, or write to General Motors Ltd., The Hyde, Hendon, London, N.W.9.

"UNCLE BILL," said Daphne, demurely, "do you remember last year, when you were teaching me to drive, how I always made an awful mess of gear-changing?"

"I do," rumbled Uncle Bill, genially. "Young rascal! Never had the vaguest idea of engine-speed, and couldn't double-declutch to save your life!"

"Well," continued Daphne, with her mischievous side-long glance, "I never try to double-declutch now, and I don't trouble about engine-speed, and I don't fiddle about at what you used to call 'feeling for the gears'—and yet I make a perfect change every time, up or down. The question before the House is, how's it done?"

"Ah, you can't catch an old bird like me, my dear! You've got a Vauxhall Cadet. Synchro-Mesh and a Silent Second—not a chance of clashing your gears. Splendid idea—nothing like it when I was a boy," concluded Uncle Bill, regretfully.

4-DOOR SALOON **£285**

(ex-Works, Hendon)

Flush-type, weatherproof sliding roof £10 extra.

Fixed-head Coupé - - - £295

All-weather Saloon and Drop-head Coupé - - - - - £325

Special 26-h.p. model for overseas.

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(17-H.P. — 6 CYLINDERS)

It's British

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The "Britannia and Eve"
GOLF COMPETITIONS

Results of the FEBRUARY Monthly Medal Competition

Class I (Handicaps of 18 and under)

The Divisions for "Britannia and Eve" Monthly Spoons are in accordance with present L.G.U. division of handicaps, namely :—18 and under in the Silver division : 19 to 36 in the Bronze.

Name.	Club.	Gross Score.	Handi-cap.	Net Score.	Scratch of Course.	Strokes above or below S.S.
Mrs. D. Jones	Rangoon (India)	86	17	69	73	4 below
Mrs. Thomas	Formby	78	8	70	73	3 ,,
Miss K. Holdsworth	Huddersfield	88	13	75	77	2 ,,
Miss M. Vereker	Camberley Heath	88	13	75	75	equal
Mrs. W. Swannell	Northampton	85	10	75	75	,,
Miss D. R. Wooding	Kingsthorpe	88	14	74	74	,,
Mrs. H. B. Sproat	Rawdon	81	13	68	68	,,
Mrs. M. Panikkar	Ashton-under-Lyne	79	8	71	71	,,
Mrs. John Heaton	Wilmslow	78	4	74	74	,,
Miss E. F. Tetlow	Huddersfield	87	10	77	77	,,
Miss Reynolds	Sale	91	16	75	74	1 above
Miss E. Ashton	Worsley	82	8	74	73	1 ,,
Mrs. A. Bason	Prestbury & Upton	82	4	78	76	2 ,,
Mrs. Harry Prichards	Sandwell Park	80	5	75	73	2 ,,
Mrs. D. J. Mellor	Chesterfield	90	15	75	73	2 ,,

Class II (Handicaps of over 18)

Name.	Club.	Gross Score.	Handi-cap.	Net Score.	Scratch of Course.	Strokes above or below S.S.
Miss Alice Gregson	Blackmoor	91	25	66	75	9 below
Mrs. W. S. Allan	Calcutta	94	28	66	73	7 ,,
Mrs. Bonsey	Gorleston-on-Sea	97	31	66	72	6 ,,
Mrs. D. M. Shaw	Erewash Valley	106	36	70	74	4 ,,
Miss G. Loader	Ryde	96	30	66	70	4 ,,
Mrs. A. B. Blanksby	Sherwood Forest	93	21	72	76	4 ,,
Mrs. F. W. Stones	La Moye	97	28	69	73	4 ,,
Mrs. F. Jackson	Ashton-under-Lyne	97	29	68	71	3 ,,
Mrs. H. Hipkiss	Sandwell Park	91	20	71	73	2 ,,
Miss Mayo	Cowes	101	31	70	72	2 ,,
Mrs. Goldsmith	Ryde	87	19	68	70	2 ,,
Miss Joan M. Harris	Camberley Heath	93	19	74	75	1 ,,
Mrs. W. Bigwood	Aston Wood	99	23	76	77	1 ,,
Mrs. N. Scott	Northenden	99	25	74	75	1 ,,
Mrs. Sames	Blackpool	102	27	75	76	1 ,,

The "BRITANNIA AND EVE" CLUB COMPETITION

Leading Results for February

Club.	Member-ship.	No. of Cards.	Per-centage.	Club.	Member-ship.	No. of Cards.	Per-centage.
Langholm	68	60	88·23	Tyneside	130	2	1·53
Tamworth Ltd.	70	26	37·14	Sale	150	2	1·34
Thonock	58	13	16·25	Huddersfield	150	2	1·33
Cowes	80	9	15·51	Birkdale	168	2	1·16
Ryde	64	4	6·25	Gorleston-on-Sea	87	1	1·15
Sandwell Park	90	3	3·33	Timperley	107	1	0·93
Camberley Heath	140	4	2·85	St. Anne's (Old Links)	120	1	0·83
Northampton	144	4	2·70	Wilmslow	135	1	0·74
Chesterfield	78	2	2·56	Worsley	150	1	0·69
Hockley	80	2	2·50	Prestbury and Upton	144	1	0·69
Kingsthorpe	87	2	2·29	Sherwood Forest	145	1	0·69
La Moye	45	1	2·22	North Hants	150	1	0·67
Aston Wood	50	1	2·00	Aldeburgh	150	1	0·67
Datchet	60	1	1·67	Tollygunge	186	1	0·53
Alderley Edge	60	1	1·66	Formby	256	1	0·39
Bramall Park	129	2	1·55				

Positions of the leading Clubs for the Yearly Challenge Cup

Club.	Per-centage.	Club.	Per-centage.
Langholm	77·20	La Moye	2·22
Tamworth, Ltd.	22·14	Hockley	1·87
Thonock	13·75	Kingsthorpe	1·72
Cowes	11·20	Sandwell Park	1·66
Ryde	3·90	Northampton	1·25
Camberley Heath	2·85	Aston Wood	1·00
Chesterfield	2·56		

SIDE PSYCHOLOGY

By ELEANOR E. HELME

WITH the coming of spring a flood of team golf begins to sweep over the countryside. In due time will come the Internationals and a fresh set of conundrums for those who have to pick and captain the team. Captaincy has been discussed before in these pages, and for the moment it is enough to discuss team play from the point of view of the player. Should a golfer playing for her side tackle the business in any other way than she would an ordinary match in which nothing but her own gratification depends on the result ?

Now it is undoubtedly the greatest possible mistake to take any game, even a game for your side, too seriously. All the same I do consider that if you are going to play for a side you should take some reasonable amount of trouble to be in practice for the match, and that you should not sit up to all hours the night before if you know that plenty of sleep alone makes you capable of hitting the ball properly the next day. If, on the other hand, you know that you play no worse for dancing all night, or hunting the day before, or skating, or swimming, or doing any of those other delightful things which are supposed to be so dangerous to golf, by all means do them and let your captain say what she will. What suits one golfer does not suit another, and particularly if you are at all inclined to be nervous it is just as well to take a team match as far as possible in your stride, without any special preparations which will produce in you the mental attitude. "This is a great occasion; can I possibly live up to it ?" There again temperaments differ so much that it is difficult to give advice which will be helpful to everybody alike. Some people need the spur of knowing that their side depends on them; some are overwhelmed by the sense of responsibility and fail to do themselves justice. To the first type of player one would say, "Remember your side"; to the second, "Forget it"; to both one would like to add a reminder that there is very great moral support in playing for a side because a number of other people are wishing you well and taking an interest in your fortunes. I remember when Bobby Jones had just won his fourth championship hearing an eminent psychologist say: "What a wonderful help it must have been to Bobby Jones that the whole world was wishing him to win, and so to achieve something unique in the history of golf." Without attempting to touch on the subject of thought transference, the dullest of us can understand the truth of that remark and feel that it applies even to us in our puny little efforts if we have a team who are backing us up by wanting us to win.

It is amazing in a team match where there is real keenness, such as in a well-captained county side, how the spirit of victory or defeat seems to communicate itself from one member of the team to another on any particular day. Often there seems no accounting for it by any other explanation than that of telepathy. The moral of it would seem to be that if we really want our side to win we must not indulge in any catty feelings that we would prefer So-and-so playing for the side to lose (such things do happen now and again even in the best regulated teams), and for ourselves let us play our own natural game thinking as little as possible about anything but the shot of the immediate moment.

The "Britannia and Eve"
SPRING MEDAL FOURSOMES
(1932)
At St. George's Hill

The "Britannia and Eve" Spring Medal Foursomes (8th year), at St. George's Hill, will be played, by kind invitation of the club, on the Old and New Courses, on Thursday, April 21st, 1932.

Holders : MISS RUDGARD and MISS COTGRAVE.

CONDITIONS

Joint handicaps limited to 30: play under half combined handicaps. Entries from couples over the handicap limit will not be accepted. Handicap certificates to be shown before play. Entries will be accepted from foreign competitors at their home handicaps if they have no L.G.U. handicaps.

Entries limited to 100 couples. Entries beyond that limit will be placed on a waiting list to fill any vacancies that may arise.

Competitors may choose their own partners and opponents, and in the event of their original partner failing may substitute another up to the time play starts, if they will kindly notify Miss Helme.

Competitors may request a starting time, these being allotted in order of request, but not before 9.0 or after 11.15. Competitors will start their second round approximately three and a half hours later than their first round. Play will be over 36 holes, eighteen holes on the Old Course and eighteen on the New Course, and it will be decided by a draw which couples shall play on which course in the morning.

Entries close on Thursday, April 14th, or earlier if the limit of 100 couples is reached before that date. Starting times will be posted to each competitor at latest in the week preceding the competition.

The Directors of BRITANNIA AND EVE reserve the right to add to or alter these conditions, and the decision of the Golf Editor will be final on all points.

PRIZES

Challenge Trophies and Replicas for the best scratch aggregate of 36 holes. Prizes for the best scratch return on the Old Course. Prizes for the best scratch return on the New Course. Prizes for the best handicap aggregate of 36 holes. Prizes for the best handicap return on the Old Course and on the New Course.

Ties for the aggregate will be decided by the scores returned by the tying couples over the Old Course; ties for the 18 hole prizes by the last nine holes of the tying cards.

Exclusive of any sweeps that may be arranged, the winners of the Challenge Trophies cannot take any other prizes, nor may any pair take more than one prize. No card taken out in the second round can compete for an 18 hole prize unless the pair returning it have completed and returned their first round card.

The Entry Form is below.

ST. GEORGE'S HILL **NO ENTRANCE FEE**

ENTRY FORM

To reach Miss Helme, BRITANNIA AND EVE Office, 346, Strand, W.C.2, not later than Thursday, April 14th, 1932.

"BRITANNIA AND EVE" One Day SPRING MEDAL FOURSOMES, 36 holes (Eighth Year)

To be played at St. George's Hill, Thursday, April 21st, 1932.

Please enter

Mrs. / *Miss* } ....*of*..*Club*

L.G.U. Handicap..............................

Home Address..*Telephone No.*................

To play in the above Foursomes at St. George's Hill with

Mrs. / *Miss* } ....*of*..*Club*

L.G.U. Handicap..............................

Home Address..*Telephone No.*................

Our opponents will be

Mrs. / *Miss* } ....and *Mrs.* / *Miss* } ....

who will send their own entry. OR, please fix us up with opponents.

If that time is not already taken, we should like to start the first round at....................*or if there is no free time within fifteen minutes of that we should like an earlier/later one, if possible at about*..........

(No starting time can be allotted before 9.0 or after 11.15 for the first round. Competitors will start their second round approximately 3½ hours later than their first round.)

READ "THE TATLER" EVERY WEEK FOR MISS HELME'S "EVE AT GOLF" ARTICLE

Wind Among the Palms

(Continued from page 57)

He found a seat beside her, and began to talk upon the current topics of the hour. Alicia quietly melted away. They were alone on the great verandah, with the rumour and glitter of the reef before them, and the wind among the palms all round.

Weeks after, Romany found it difficult to remember anything that had been said, in that first interview with her cousin of colour, he whom she was to think of eventually as the cast out, the disinherited. His physical aspect occupied her mind almost to the exclusion of everything else. So like, yet so unlike, her father's people, her dead father and herself! So charmingly mannered, so well educated, yet with the curse of the ineradicable chi-chi accent chirping through his talk; the throaty laugh of the " coon " breaking in upon some well-told anecdote. Grandfather Zeke Lyle, indeed, had sinned against his race when he married this luring island queen, and Zeke Lyle the grandson was paying, had paid.

She thought it more and more of a tragedy, as weeks passed by. Zeke was so pathetically glad of her society, so delighted to talk with a white woman, who, for family reasons, recognised him as an equal, that she had not the heart to carry out her intention of going back to the port. Alicia did not openly dissuade her from leaving; the Queen was too clever for that.

And Romany remembered what Alicia once had said:

" Be a little kind to my poor Zeke. Life has been one long cruelty to him."

Her own heart, soft with the remembrance of late sorrows, understood (or so she thought) the lifelong sorrow of Zeke, her cousin. He could not hope to marry the sort of woman whom, alone, he would have cared for, and so he would go lonely through life. She, Romany, could never marry because her heart was buried in Frank Ireland's grave. They were a pair of sad pilgrims, bound along the same melancholy road. If they could lighten the weariness of it for each other, so much the better.

" What nonsense people talk about half-castes," she thought, remembering things heard on the voyage out. " That woman who said that you couldn't trust the dying oath of one of them upon his death-bed—the man who said that a black-and-tan's sole idea was to marry a white woman, but that she'd better cut her throat every time than do it. . . . Zeke is as determined to stay unmarried as I am myself. How little they know of the hearts of these sad people! "

In these days Romany began to feel as though she were drifting, slowly, not unwillingly, to a goal as yet unknown. For the first time in many months, the constant pain of loss was soothed away. She did not cry for Frank, in the night watches, any more. She seemed to see him only as a shining spirit, far above her little needs and longings.

And the woman's need of sacrifice, the passion for mothering and helping something, encompassed her more closely every day. Yet it was a long while, many weeks, before she began to understand that which Alicia and Zeke were constantly, wordlessly asking of her. They were asking her to save the fallen branch of the Family. She could do it, and only she. The marriage of cousins, even step-cousins, was likely to magnify, in their offspring, whatever qualities the parents held in common. Zeke and she had in common the white blood of the Lyles, that unusually fair race. The corollary was plain.

As for Zeke himself, the outcast, the disinherited, what would it not do for him? He left her in no doubt upon that point. He had begun to make love now, delicately, tentatively, almost irresistibly. Romany, who had known only the straight-from-the-shoulder, almost awkward lovemaking of Frank Ireland, did not realise that Zeke's delicate handling was the product of long practice and experience. She thought him wonderful. She regretted, honestly, that she had so little to give him;

(Continued on page 120)

The world's finest shoe dressing costs you only ½d. a week

For this absurdly small sum you get a shine every day that will make your shoes look twice as good. Under the shine the leather will be clean and 'healthy.' And this life-preserving cream will penetrate right into the pores of the leather. Your shoes will last longer, be more comfortable to wear and keep their shape better. Surely a halfpenny can never be spent to better purpose.

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TUBES AND JARS
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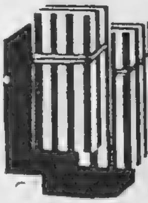

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Advice and treatment can be given by Madame Sueur herself by appointment.

"I am absolutely delighted with the result, which is, to my mind, perfectly wonderful. After having tried other things which were of no use whatever to me and only made me completely fed up, **I think this treatment of yours a perfect revelation** and I am ever so pleased with it." *This is an extract from a letter which, with many others, may be seen at my office.*

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On NO account to be confused with any other preparation GYPSIA is the indispensable aid to all who desire to observe the formalities of fashion.

The complete treatment box costs only 25/6 (for the face), or 28/6 (for the body) (abroad 2/6 extra for postage), and will be forwarded by return of post upon receipt of remittance.

Order at once, stating exact particulars:
Madame Sueur, (Dept. M), 35, Albemarle Street, Piccadilly, London, W.1.

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ANTWERP—HOTEL DE LONDRES

THE MOST MODERN AND THE BEST CLIENTELE.

CELES
(PURE SILK)
LATEST
MODELS

5854. A thoroughly practical sports shirt—in stripes, ivory and all plain shades.

3751. A useful and very pretty tennis frock, finished at neck with spot embroidered lapel—in ivory and all plain shades.

3808. Dress and Coatee. The dress finished at neck with white slip and frill—in ivory and all plain shades.

CELES
(PURE SILK)
LATEST
MODELS

she whose heart was dead. All she could do was to take that dead heart, lay it on the altar of sacrifice and let it burn, so that Zeke himself, and his race, which after all was hers, might be saved. Perhaps that was worth the doing.

What would the port think, what would the Shebas say, what would one's own people do about it all? Romany did not care.

IT was not until Alicia came to her one day, put her great arms around the girl, stifling her in a cloud of musk and soap and frangipanni flowers, and said: "Romanie, dearee, the missionary come to-morrow," that Romany realised just where she stood—at the end of the long road down which she had been drifting: almost in the arms of Zeke.

He had never even kissed her. Zeke knew. . . .

"Oh!" was all that Romany had to say. Alicia embraced her gently, and softly let her go. She seemed to understand without a word the girl's swift longing to be alone.

Now, for the first time, Romany began to feel the want of solitude on that island, the flatness, openness of it all. Wherever you went, you couldn't get out of sight of the houses. She went as far as she could, to a quiet place on the beach, and sat down there, careless of sun, to think.

Missionary? To-morrow? One of Alicia's launches had gone out some days earlier, returned the night before. That boat must have brought the news. They must have been very sure of her. . . .

She could not think consecutively; the suddenness of the news had set her head spinning. Was it her fancy, or did the whole island, the sea itself, look different? Why should the landscape change because . . . .

But it had changed. The brightness of the sky was gone. The sun showed pale and greasy behind an impalpable veil that was scarcely cloud, scarcely mist; a smear, rather, spreading sinister and ugly across the entire heavens.

"There's weather coming," Romany thought. "Perhaps he won't be able to get here." And she scanned the heavens anxiously.

She got up and turned towards the shelter of the houses. Not now could she find the solitude she desired.

"Anyhow," she said, "I don't believe he'll manage it."

The words had scarcely formed themselves in her mind before she caught sight of a small black V far out beyond the reef.

"It can't be the missionary," she exclaimed. "Surely he was to come to-morrow."

But she had to find out whom this newcomer might be. Callers were few on Queen Alicia's island. Romany had a vague idea that neither Alicia nor Zeke encouraged them. All the more curious she felt as she hurried down to the wharf. But curiosity was not rewarded. The boat turned out to be a Port Sheba launch, with stores on board. There was a black engineer, a black pilot. The latter handed Romany a packet of letters. "For de house, missus," he said hoarsely. Romany carried them up, not without a glance to see whether there were any letters for herself. There were none, only a handful of bills and invoices addressed to Zeke, and a queerish scrawly scented note for Alicia.

Alicia took them from her, smiling. "That's my friend in Port Sheba," she said, "my mother's half-sister. She married the store manager. A sweet woman, Romanie, you must meet her some——"

She was still smiling as she opened the letter. Suddenly her face grew dark, changed, in one moment, to the likeness of a wild Sheba savage from the bush. Romany stared, hardly believing her eyes. Alicia, whom she had so often compared to Blavatsky, to Queen Elizabeth—Alicia, glaring, mouthing, looking like a head-hunter's woman!

In another moment the look was gone. Alicia had regained command of herself. She was even smiling as she folded the big sheet of pink paper

(*Continued on page 122*)

"I do assure you sincerely I can make your skin lovelier"

"If you were to use my Special Lotion to-night, you'd see the difference *to-morrow morning*. You could look in your mirror—in the most candid morning light—and see your skin clearer, smoother, actually *fairer* than when you went to bed. And if you followed my simple routine faithfully for two or three weeks you'd see that difference *every day*...until you'd got your skin back to the utter clarity, the flawless *natural* loveliness it had when you were a child.

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"So—scientifically, methodically, Cyclax brings your skin back to perfection; cleansed *within* with Special Lotion; protected *without* by perfect daily care; made and kept lovely always by these simple means.

Frances Hemming.

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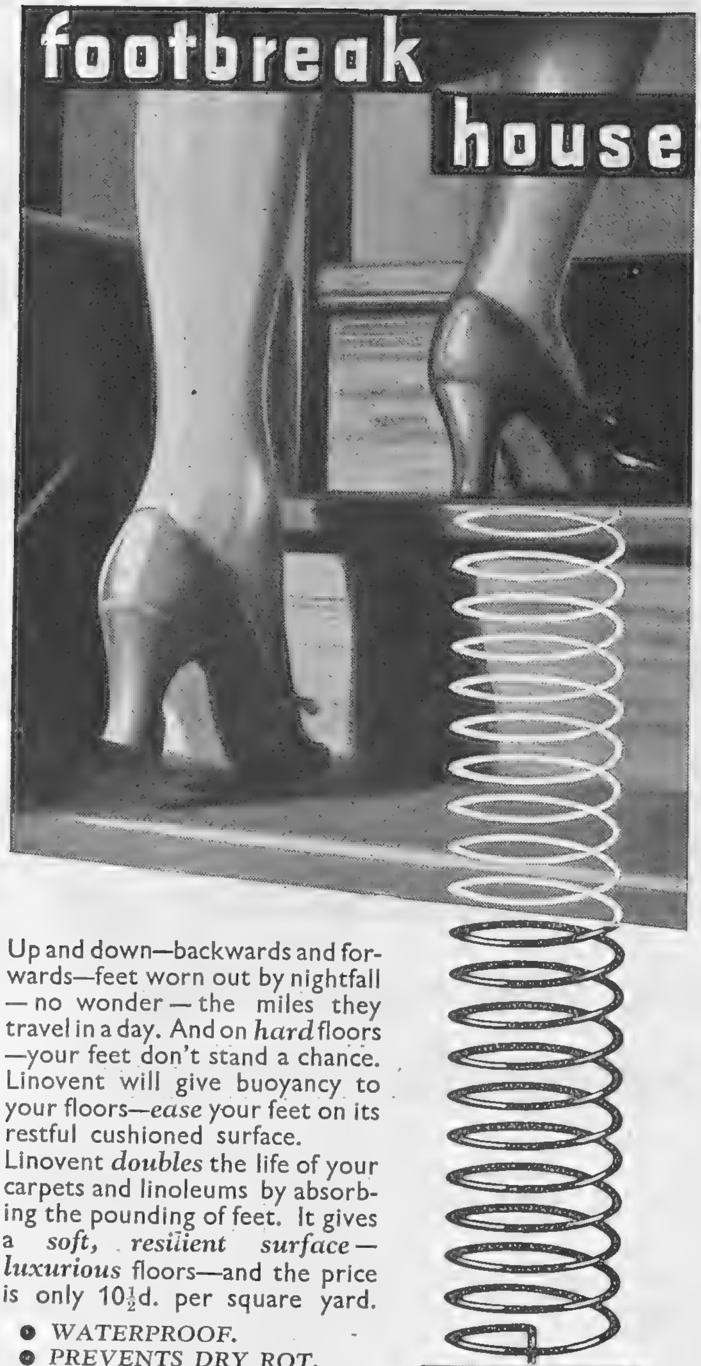

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LINOVENT
AND WALK ON SPRINGS

M.C.8

that had been inside the envelope. Romany saw that it enclosed another envelope; a letter for someone. Was she crazy, that she thought for one moment it was addressed to herself?

Clearly she was. Alicia remarked, with leisurely dignity, "Ah, a letter for Zeke, I suppose he must have it. Romanie, child, will you order yourself tea, while I go to his house?"

Romany ordered the tea, and sat down to wait for it. It was very quiet, on the big verandah, now that Alicia had gone, and no footstep stirred in the house. It was getting dark, too, with the sudden gloom that falls about six o'clock in equatorial lands; a gloom this evening doubled by the unusual aspect of sea and sky. Romany could hear the faint chuff, chuff of the launch going seaward again; evidently her crew were anxious to get back to Port Sheba.

What was that?

From Zeke's house came a sudden howl, like a wild beast in anger. Who could have made such a sound? Not Alicia. Not any woman. A man, a furious savage man, driven beyond all self-control, might thus have bellowed forth his rage. But there was no such man on the island. There were only the still, cowed native labourers, and—Zeke.

Zeke!

In that moment Romany stopped thinking. Simply, instinctively, she acted.

It was all but dark now. A dusky coloured raincoat, a dark handkerchief over one's fair curls. Tennis shoes, that made no sound. Now out, quick, quick!

Under the wall of Zeke's house. Crouching like an animal, hidden by the dark sky and the dusky clothes, listening. Someone was talking. Was it Zeke?

"What did she say? Tell me again. I'm half-crazy. She said that they had not killed——"

"The pig!" cut in Alicia sharply.

"The pig. Not killed the pig!"

"Yes. Keep hold of yourself, Zeke. What does it matter? The wedding feast's to-morrow." Suddenly Alicia laughed.

"Pigs can always be killed. Shall be, too," she said. She laughed again. Romany, breathing hard, crouched closer to the wall.

"Where's Romany?" asked Zeke. His voice was harsh and strained. Romany was quite sure now that it was he who had uttered that savage cry.

"She's having tea at the house," said Alicia. "At least——"

There was a sudden silence. And Romany, anticipating what was to come, sprang up, doubled like a hare across the lawn and fled to her bedroom. She tossed raincoat, handkerchief and shoes away, flung herself on the bed, and was lying there quietly by the time that the bulkier Alicia had reached the house.

"Are you there, Romanie?" came the Queen's sweet voice, outside.

"Yes," answered the girl. "Resting and thinking."

"Did you have your tea?"

"Yes, thank you."

"Ah well, rest and think as much as you like, child. To-morrow is your great day."

"What about the weather?" asked Romany. She knew Alicia to be weatherwise.

"Ah, you are anxious. Don't trouble. If there is storm, it's twenty-four hours ahead. We'll have the missionary safe here by afternoon, and the wind won't spoil your feast. For we will have a feast, Romanie, such a feast for you and Zeke. And all the labourers will have theirs; it'll be a glad day for them, as for us."

She came across in the dark to Romany's bed, lightly kissed her, and was gone.

Romany, after Alicia had left, lay still as the dead. One word kept racing through her brain; the word she had heard Zeke and Alicia laughingly use, when she was crouching underneath the window of Zeke's house.

"*Pig. . . .*"

Hadn't she read, in some book of Pacific travel, that "pig," (*Continued on page* 124)

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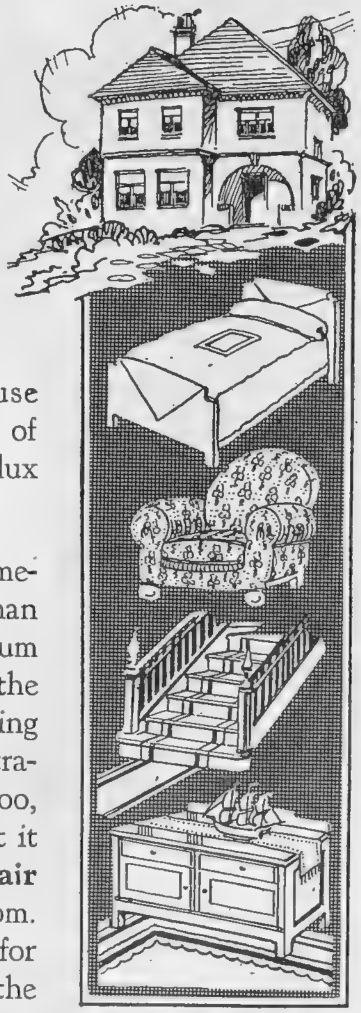

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E.I.H.

among Melanesian tribes, was used, occasionally, as a synonym for "man"? Especially when it was a case of killing. . . .

Who was the man who had not been killed, whom they meant to kill if necessary?

"No," said Romany to herself, suddenly sitting up in bed. "That's impossible. It couldn't be. Remember how you cheated yourself with dreams—at first. Don't go back to it. That way, my good girl, lies madness. And we're not going to go mad. We want all our brains to get out of this mess."

She concentrated her mind, deliberately, on one thing. How was she to escape the marriage, planned for to-morrow? She did not argue with herself now, as to whether she really wished to marry Zeke or not, whether she was not being hypnotised into it. That enlightening five minutes under Zeke's window had changed the world. She knew him and Alicia for what they were: throw-backs, Sheba savages in silks and tailored clothing. There were half-castes white in soul, though dark in colour. Alicia and Zeke were not of these; their souls were black.

SHE decided to feign headache to-morrow. That would allow her to keep away from Zeke, hide the sudden change in her feelings. It would give her a chance to make plans. What about running off with the launch, when the missionary came? She could drive a launch, well enough to serve. Or—she could appeal to the missionary himself. Surely——

Like the cold touch of a snake, an unpleasant recollection crept into her mind. She had heard of an ex-missionary degraded from his office because of drink, who lived on an island nearer to Alicia's island than Port Sheba. If that was the man——

But even if it was, drink did not turn a decent fellow into a fiend. Surely he'd help her. He must.

On this semi-consoling thought, she turned and slept.

ZEKE and Alicia were down at the jetty, watching the launch come in. The sea was a sheet of steel, copper-damascened where, in the west, the angry clouds of sunset towered.

"If that's not the launch," said Alicia, tapping her foot impatiently, "he'll be too late."

"It's the launch all right," Zeke told her. He was standing as still as the palms, very tall, very broad-shouldered, long arms folded across his chest.

"I've hardly seen her to-day," said Alicia. "She had a headache—so she said. Probably sulks. You were wise to keep away."

"I can wait," answered Zeke, somewhat grimly. "All the same," he added, "I've been damned anxious, gran, since we got that news."

"This is my island," was Alicia's oblique reply. "And my people, body and soul. Nothing could have happened. Nothing will."

"Well, nothing can now, for there's the launch."

"Got the champagne, dearie? You can't prime him properly on whisky. He might be on one of his water waggon bouts, but he can't resist champagne, and once he's half drunk, he'll do anything."

"Got everything, arranged everything. We'll have the wedding at eight. Did you tell her?"

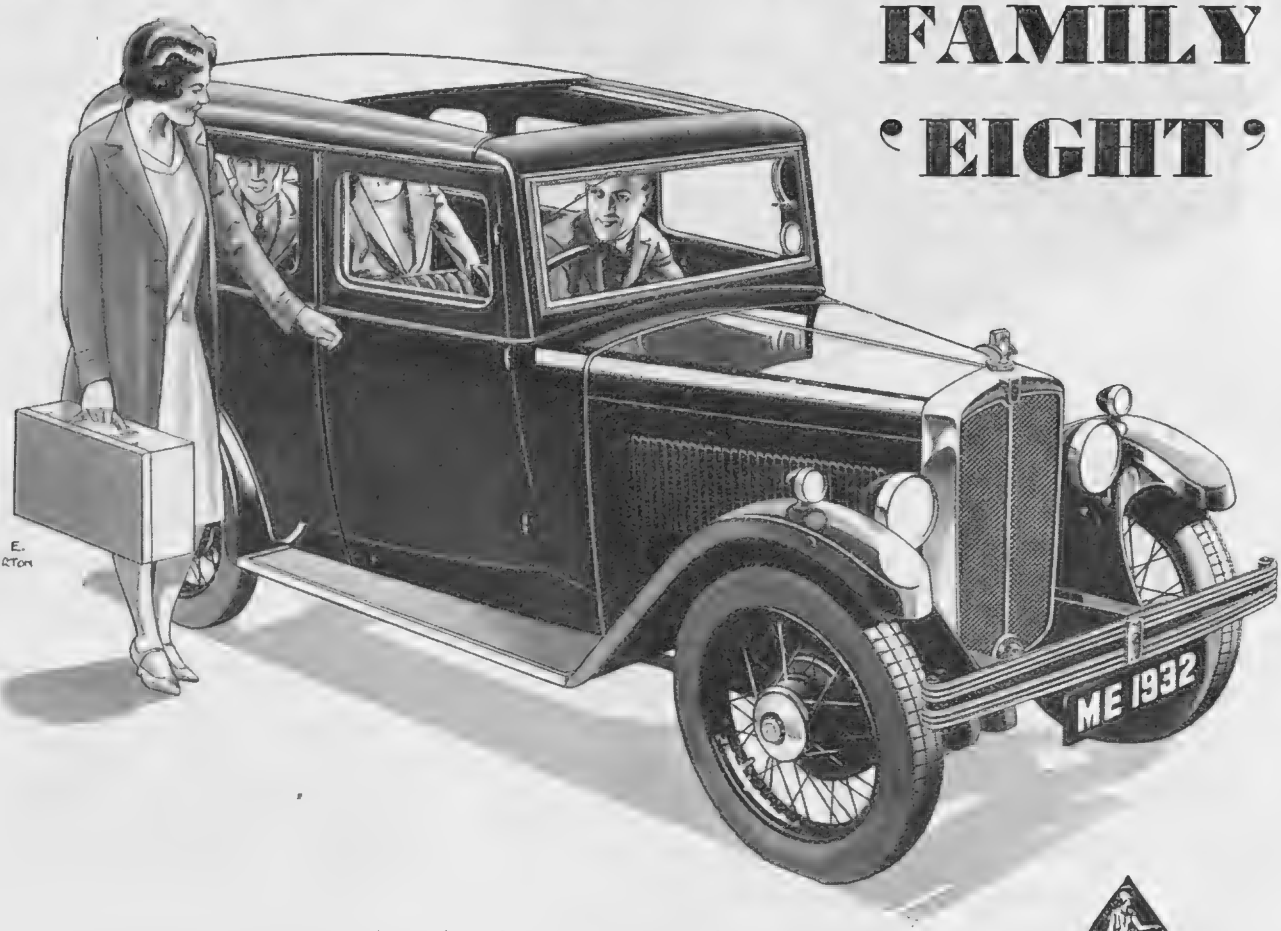
"Yes. She said hardly anything. Zeke, I suppose you know the law?"

"Of course. No question of undue influence, gran. If she doesn't marry me willingly at once, she will—eventually."

Alicia looked at him sidewise.

Romany had risen, dressed herself in the white wedding gown Alicia had helped her to make, arranged the long lace veil above her forehead, and pinned a spray of orange blossom at her breast. She did not want to awaken the suspicions of Alicia and Zeke a moment earlier than could be helped. Two plans struggled for supremacy in her anxious mind. Would it be best to throw herself on the compassion of the missionary, or to slip down to the jetty (*Continued on page 126*)

Real room for four in the FAMILY 'EIGHT'



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in the dark, and take the launch out alone? Something she must do; the idea of marrying Zeke was, now and for ever, impossible.

She decided that she would try both. It was scarcely six o'clock. The missionary's boat was even now nosing in to the wharf. She would try her best to see him alone, and if that failed, or if she could do nothing with him, she would take the launch out, storm or no storm, danger or no danger. Better to drown cleanly out there beyond the reef than be the wife of a Sheba savage, who howled like a head-hunter and talked of killing men. . . . Who was the man?

"No," said Romany, pressing her hand over her eyes. "No!" The old pain had come back again, tearing her as a vulture tears a lamb. She took her hand away from her eyes. Through tears unfallen, she saw the dusky palms, the fading shore, felt once again the awful wrench that came each time she realised that not on this shore, not on that, not on any shore or in any forest or on any sea of all the world, was Frank.

Somebody began talking on the verandah outside. A boy came padding quickly. There was a loud explosion of corks. Glasses clinked. The voices came again.

"Just one for me," said Alicia. "Fill his glass, Zeke. Yes, of course you will, you must. Not drink champagne at a wedding! Toss it off, and wish her luck."

A strange voice spoke, after an interval. "Thanks, thanks. Splendid stuff. No, really. Well, if you insist, but——"

"Fill it up," said Alicia's voice, imperiously.

Romany understood, and her last hope faded.

Nevertheless, she was determined upon action. The threatened storm had begun.

"I don't care," said Romany, peering into the dark and the rain. "It's not a hurricane; they don't have hurricanes in the equatorial belt. It's only a storm, and anyhow, I'd rather die in it than stay here."

How the wind was rising! how dark, almost in a minute, it had become! There was a young palm behind the house; its low-growing frond, storm-driven, beat wildly on the iron roof. Romany, although it was new to her, recognised that sinister sound. Frank used to speak of it. Frank——

Thought stopped. The world stopped. Romany's own heart stopped, then plunged furiously forward.

"God," her lips said, soundlessly. "God, it's he!"

Like a fleeting ghost, in the depths of the storm-beaten panes, she had seen the face of Ireland.

Not for one moment did she think herself deceived. Her hand was on the latch while she yet whispered the names of God and love. She swung the lattice open, let in the wind and the rain, saw the lamp blow out, and felt, in a storm of bliss that seemed to sweep her very life away, Frank's arms about her, Frank's living lips on hers. Not dead, not dead!

They fell apart. They caught one another again. Whispering questions, answers, love words, clinging to each other as if the gale outside were striving to blow them apart, they stood together in the darkened room, under the shadow of threatened death, trying to tell and hear, in a few minutes, all that had passed since Ireland sailed away.

". . . It was the other man they killed, fellow who went with me. He'd borrowed my watch, and they found it on the body, or what was left of the body; the natives don't leave much. So everyone thought——"

"But you?"

"Natives copped me. Kept me in a village for months."

"Were they——"

"Oh, quite decent; wanted me for a mascot or something, wouldn't let me go. I couldn't get away—not until about two weeks ago. Then I heard—Romany, it isn't true—it can't be——" His lips on hers again.

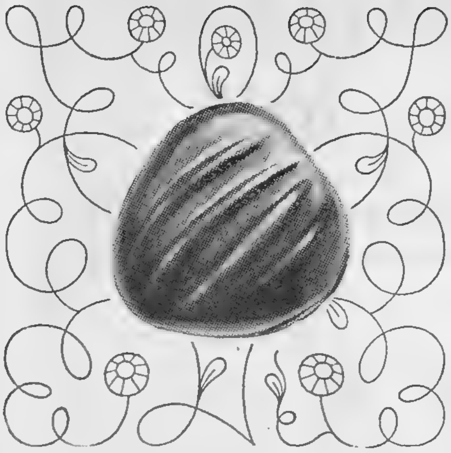
She drew away. "Frank, they'll kill you! Did you hear——"

"What do you think? Suppose I came to look at the

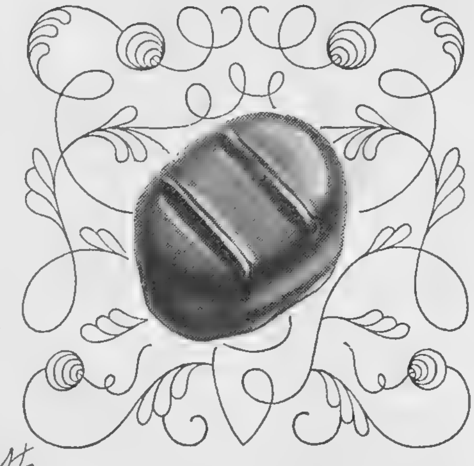
(*Continued on page* 128)

THE EXPERTS' CHOICE

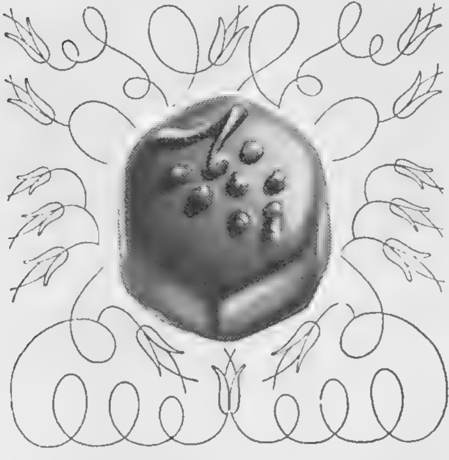
At Bournville there are committees of expert tasters continually sitting in judgment on the new chocolates produced experimentally for Cadburys Assortments. Every 'candidate' is subjected to the most searching tests. On this page are illustrated a few of those who 'passed with honours.'



FRAISE DE MELBA. *One of the joys of Cadburys 'Carnival' Assortment.*



LOGANBERRY CUP. *A distinguished member of Cadburys 'Mayfair' Assortment.*



ALMOND CREME AND RAISIN CUP. *A leading light of Cadburys 'Golden East' Assortment.*

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plantation? Of course, I made for Port Sheba the moment I got away and heard you were here. I wrote to you, and then I caught hold of a rumour—seemed too mad to be true—Romany, before God, did you mean to marry this——"

"Oh, don't waste time—think of something, quick! What does that matter? It was like suicide, I didn't care. . . . Frank, there's not a soul on the island wouldn't do anything to back up those two. He could set a hundred natives on you. How did you come? Has he seen you?"

Frank was astonishingly cool.

"No, sweet," he answered, his arm round her. "You may be sure of that. I couldn't get a boat in time; I only found out that this blighter of a sky pilot was leaving, just as he put off. He was busy with the engine and saw nothing else, and I simply nipped into the dingy he had towing astern, pulled a tarpaulin over me, and got here. I waited till it was quite dark before I got out, and that's all."

"Do you understand? Do you know he and Alicia are each as mad as the other to have me marry him, for the sake of the family, and they'd kill——"

Ireland closed his hand on her arm.

"Hush," he whispered. Somebody was in the next room, breathing heavily, talking to himself as if he fancied himself quite alone.

"Cham," the voice said. "Can't refuse cham. Toomush? Le me see f'ler who shays too mush. Naw a bit. Perfeckly sober." The unseen speaker let himself down with a thud on a chair. There was a faint rustling of paper. "Dearly bluvd brerren," the voice resumed. "We're garrered togerrer——"

Romany stole on tiptoe to the communicating door; opened it and peeped through a crack.

"He's beginning the service," she whispered. "He thinks Zeke and I are there."

She felt Frank's hand upon her arm again. This time it closed like a vice.

"By God, Ronny," he said, "I've an idea." He laughed a little, softly.

"See the launch boys peering in at the window? They're this devil dodger's own chaps. They'll see what's going on, or bust. Romany, have you pluck to do anything I say?"

"Anything," she answered, turning white.

"Got a torch?" She gave it to him. Holding it in one hand and standing at her looking-glass, he quickly brushed his hair—oh, the brown head that she remembered, that she had thought low in death!—straightened his clothing, even retied his tie. "More like a bridegroom now," he whispered.

"A—what?"

"Pull yourself together, chicken. I know something of this chap. When he's got about six drinks aboard, he can't see for nuts. He'll marry you and me like a shot, and there are the two witnesses, with their eyes bursting out of their blessed heads."

"Zeke will kill you, and maybe me too!"

"Maybe! . . . I know that bird. He won't kill people unless—unless there's something to be got by it. You understand. . . . We'll take the wind out of his sails before he finds out. Carry on!"

She followed him into the lighted sitting-room. The clock on the sideboard stood at half-past seven. Only half an hour until the time set for the wedding; until they would expect to see her, recovered from her headache, smiling, snowily dressed and veiled, standing beside Zeke in Queen Alicia's big drawing-room. . . .

The "silenced" missionary, Bates by name, looked up from his book. Those bemused eyes, that once had glowed with faith and fervour, as they ranged over the bowed heads of a hundred worshippers, were dim and stupid now. Bates at his best was not observant; in this moment he saw only the expected bride, and a man standing beside her. Tottering he rose to his feet and began the marriage service over again.

Romany, strangely (*Continued on page* 130)

THE FOLLY
of
HARSH LAXATIVES
— and the remedy —
by a physician

It is strikingly true that drastic methods of treatment—rarely needed—are vastly inferior to gently-persuasive methods which place no strain upon bodily organs, nor cause functional upheaval.

The great majority of people almost always fail to apply those facts to their own needs when suffering from that commonest complaint of all, Constipation.

Strangely enough, drastic treatment for day-to-day relief seems to be their practice: and here lies trouble, real disappointment, a tired intestine, and finally a species of drug-habit! In non-medical language, harsh laxatives are as whip strokes of ever-increasing force to a tired horse. Harsh laxatives (and most laxatives are harsh) anger the bowel, and call for ever-larger doses: and that is the wrong way to seek relief. The right way is rather by decreasing doses. The tired bowel must have a rest until it recovers its normal tone, function and regular activity.

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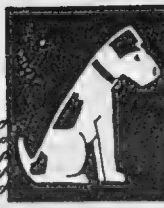

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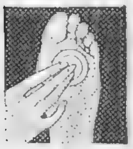

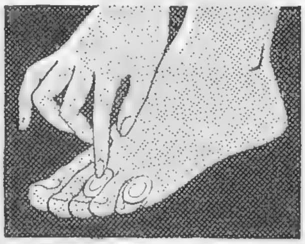

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calm, stood up by Frank. She comprehended, in part, his daring plan. She knew that Zeke would shoot her unarmed lover like a dog, if he caught the pair in time; that her own life as well might be forfeit, if he did not. This troubled her a little. Something else did trouble, however.

"Will it hold?" she whispered, as Bates ploughed stumblingly through the preliminary address.

Frank understood at once. "On my word as an R.M.," he whispered in reply, "it will. Irregular, but the law is very kind to that sort of——Ready? he's coming to it."

"Ezekiel," droned Bates, "wilt thou——"

"Francis," corrected Ireland. As he expected, Bates took the correction mechanically. "Francis," he repeated, "Wilt thou . . ."

Frank answered clearly; touched Romany significantly when her turn came. She corrected Bates again, and again he accepted the altered name. Rapidly growing more intoxicated, he pronounced them man and wife, and sank back into his chair. And Romany, looking at the glitter of Frank's seal ring upon her finger, knew that at last the skies had fallen, the heavens opened, for her.

There was no time to think of that, or of anything. Quickly as possible Frank hurried her back into the bedroom.

"Have you got a Burberry?" he demanded. "Got a hat, a dark one? Put 'em on. Hit her up, angel; come along."

They stepped out of the window, into the heart of the storm.

IT was ten minutes to eight. Zeke, parting his hair, and refraining with difficulty from soaking it in the jessamine oil that he loved, saw in the glass over his shoulder that which made him drop his comb, and swing round, as if the Sheba head-hunters had been after him.

"What's the matter?" he shouted.

Alicia, ghastly, green, was standing behind him. Her brown hands clawed the air.

"Romany's gone," she cried.

"Where's Bates? Don't have hysterics, or I'll cuff your head off."

"Drunk, asleep in the parlour."

"The launch? Quick."

"I don't know."

Even Alicia was frightened by the look in his eyes.

Instantly he forgot her. There was something else to think of, to do. A Browning pistol lay handy in a drawer of the dressing table. Alicia, twisting her long nails between her teeth, saw him put it in his pocket, and turn towards the door. Going out, he remembered her again.

"Stay here," he ordered. Watch. If they haven't taken the launch, they're caught."

It was full midnight when he returned, and Alicia, instantly, saw that matters were as bad as they could be. "He hasn't killed him," ran her thoughts, "but he hasn't found him either."

"What have you done?" she asked.

The launch is at the wharf; no one's in it, and no one's seen anything. Is Bates still drunk?"

"Yes."

"Throw a bucket of water over him."

Alicia did not dare to disobey.

"Another," ordered Zeke. The broken missionary woke up, shifted in his damp chair, stared up at Zeke.

"Where'sh yer wife?" he asked thickly. "Married ye to her all ri'." Where'sh the money?"

Zeke kicked the half-conscious figure and tore out of the room.

Not till dawn did Alicia see him again. The storm was gone.

Zeke drew Alicia out on to the verandah.

"Look there," he said, handing her a glass.

On the farthest of the tiny islets, seated side by side with their backs against a coconut palm, were Romany and Ireland. The powerful glass showed their forms in detail. They looked like drowned creatures newly cast ashore. But their arms were round each other.

(*Continued on page 132*)

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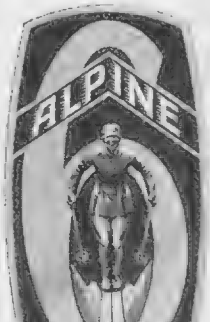

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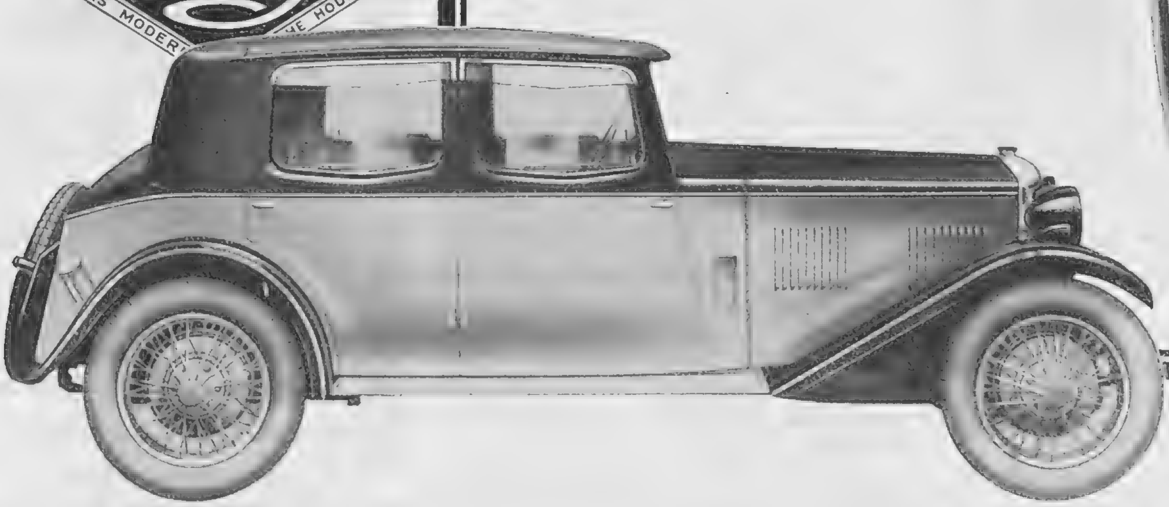

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Model No. 383.—This attractive two-piece modelled in faced wool georgette. Note the wrap-over following a graceful curve ending in the universal flared hemline. Fur fabric is used on the pointed revers; unusual cuffs and smart strapping at back. The matching frock has box pleats following the lines of the bodice and dainty embroidered collar and cuffs. Original is carried out in the new green, and we have a few other pleasing colours.

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Wind Among the Palms

Zeke stood looking at them, so long and so silently that Alicia began to fear.

"Zeke, dearie, sweetie," she said, gliding close to him, "give it to me."

"Give what?" he said, staring. She slipped a snaky hand into his pocket.

"The pistol," she breathed. He did not seem to hear her. In a moment he had collapsed, fallen into himself like a ruin and was lying on the floor. She heard him sobbing.

"It's over," he said. "All over."

On Manly Beach, beyond Sydney, children, clad in bright-coloured bathers, were playing.

"Come out to the surf," one small boy dared another. "My Mum's there; see her splashing. I always go out to my Mum. Where's yours?"

The other, a handsome little creature, with fair tousled hair, pointed to two figures further down the beach.

"Dad's come on holday, and so's Mum, and I'm out of school, and we all play togever. But Mum won't come out to the deep."

"Why won't she come?"

"She never does. Dad says it's a long story. He says Mum came once, in a big storm, and she was very flightened, but she came all the same, and now she won't go not no more."

"Did you see her go?"

"No. I fink I was asleep in my bed somewhere. Dad says, 'You're a lucky young man that she did.' Come and play sandcastles."

END

A Good Man Nowadays

(*Continued from page 47*)

doing with yourself?" he asked in a voice so solicitous that had Maribel possessed the embryo of a sense of humour she must have laughed.

But she hadn't.

"Good heavens," she exclaimed, "must I account for every minute of my time?"

"Of course not. No, of course not," answered Maggie, shifting uneasily on his feet. "I only meant I thought I saw you from the water just now. I had a splendid swim. Did me a world of good."

"I was there for a minute."

"I thought I saw you." When she said nothing, he had to go on. "You're all right, aren't you, darling?"

"Of course I'm all right. Why shouldn't I be?"

"It's only—well, you were awfully queer this morning when I brought you out that little drink."

"I didn't want it."

"But———"

"Oh, for goodness' sake let me alone!" cried Maribel in exasperation, and began to take her evening clothes out of the cupboard. The little major stood, uncertain what to do; then he went back to the basin.

Maribel collected her things and dropped them on the settee below the shuttered port, which gave on to the promenade deck. Suddenly a noise at the shutter caught her attention, and as she watched a folded scrap of paper was pushed through and dropped. She stooped automatically and gathered it, as soft steps retreated and, distantly but distinctly, someone whistled the first notes of a too-well-remembered song. Rex! It must be, and it was. She opened the note.

"Keep me the supper dance and the last two, without fail (underlined). Love, Rex."

The rash boy! Maggie might so easily have seen his little note. She tucked it safely away and dressed with care. Presently, fatally, she began to hum a tune. The major, taking it as his cue, tried again.

"Maribel, darling, don't be cross with me."

Maribel, with only her dress itself to slip on, stopped humming.

"I'm not cross."

(*Continued on page 134*)

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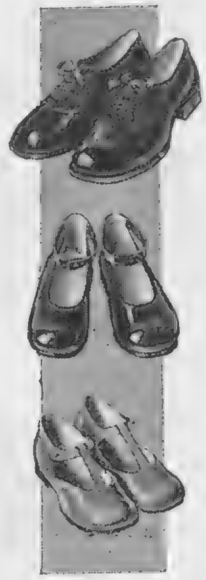

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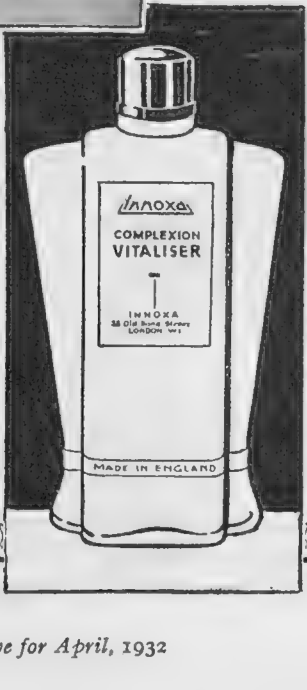

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"I'm so glad. Give me a little kiss, darling, just to show me you aren't cross any longer."

Her thoughts interrupted, Maribel was taken by surprise.

"You'll mess me up," she answered awkwardly, and her hand went to her breast, where the note was.

"I'll be so careful," said Maggie, advancing in devotion.

An absurd mixture of panic and exasperation seized Maribel.

"Won't you *ever* let me alone?" she cried, backing away from him. "If you only knew how I hate you."

Her words had surprised them equally. There was a second's pause before Maggie, looking more astounded than anything else, turned and went out without a word.

THE dance was to be held on the promenade deck, to music by the West Faringdon jazz band. Maribel, dressed at last, slipped out into a lane of bunting, at the far end of which a dais for the musicians had been set. An aura of gaiety new to the voyage hung over the scene before her and Maribel paused, part in surprise, part in sudden apprehension at the thought of Maggie. But Maggie was nowhere to be seen. Instead, as she at length advanced, Rex came to meet her, a glass in either hand. This little drink she did not refuse.

"How lovely you look," he had time to say, before they reached the others; and to add, "Did you get my note?"

"Yes," she answered, her hand moving upward before she could check it in a gesture he observed.

The little drink, and Rex beside her, supremely handsome in his short red mess coat and smooth overalls, carried her swiftly towards the border of such recklessness as Maribel Mumford was capable of. She held her detached carelessness through dinner, too, though Maggie at her side never addressed her once. Every now and then she would smile across at Rex, who was always ready to smile back. Even the laughter her husband's sallies drew was barely edged with contempt.

The ladies trooped out; Maribel passed Maggie's turned back without a qualm. Soon afterwards, the music struck up and she found herself out on the deck, fingering an absurd programme decorated with the West Faringdon crest. Every dance was booked before she even thought of Maggie. But when she looked round for him, he was not to be seen. She gave herself up to pleasure with a shrug.

Rex danced once or twice, early on, for the look of the thing. There were plenty of men, thank heaven, and he could stand near the door of the smoking-room and watch Maribel, smiling as much to himself as to her when she looked at him over a red shoulder. Occasionally he glanced into the smoking-room, where Maggie had, it seemed, set himself to entertain Jimmy Flint and a few more subalterns. They were close to the bar and sounded happy.

As the supper-dance struck up, Rex was at her elbow, and swung her out without a word.

Their steps fitted, their bodies too. They gave themselves up to the rhythm until the music ceased and left them before each other, half-smiling.

"Come on, quick," he exclaimed.

Hand in hand they slipped to the deck side, along and up the ladder to the boat-deck and there stood a second breathless before they kissed and clung beneath the magnificent stars. Now at last the air was cooler; it stirred Maribel's hair gently as her head lay against his shoulder.

A little eddy moved her to lean back and look up at him. His eyes met hers, travelled slowly downward and stopped. Easily he disengaged a hand, lightly he took his own note from the top of her dress. Maribel gave a little gasp and stood away from him.

"I'll keep that in memory of to-night," he said, and watched her in the darkness. The little gasp had (*Continued on page* 136)

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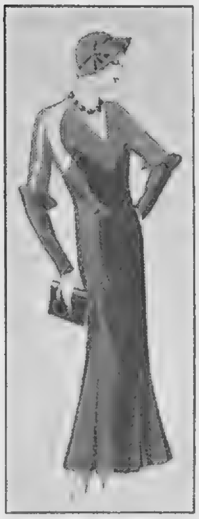

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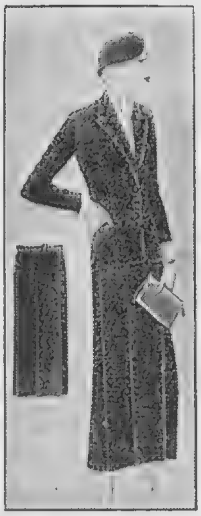

"good sport"
perfection of cut and skilled workmanship are combined in this costume of flecked black suiting. the trim single-breasted coat is fastened by four buttons and lined with satin. the skirt is tailored with flat pleats, while its hip yoke is topped by a narrow buckled belt. also obtainable in other suitings.
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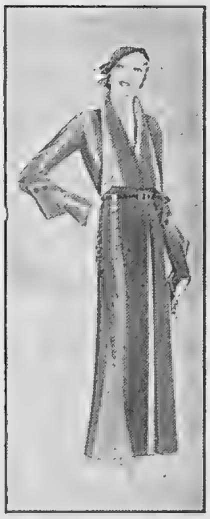

"heatherstone"
a smart coat in tweed shows trimmed pockets, while self material set on the angle and held in place by buttons makes for a cuff-like appearance. at the natural waistline we have set a leather belt in matching tone. lined throughout, of course, and to be had in several mixtures
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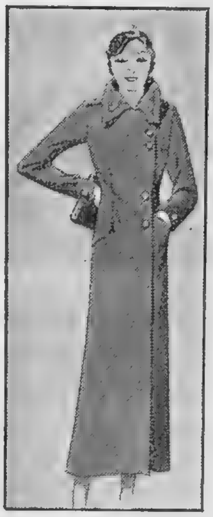

"on parade"
the new coat is double-breasted, with shoulder epaulettes finished with the same silvered metal buttons that give the side fastening and a trim little half-belt at the back. a new cerulean blue frieze with collar of gazelle. lined throughout.
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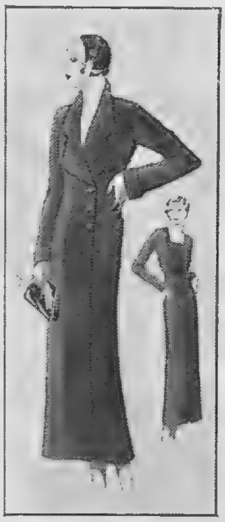
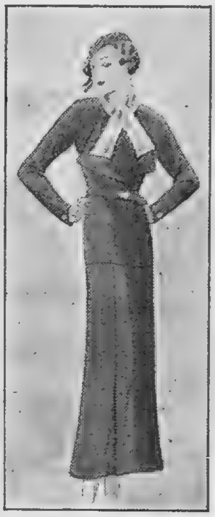
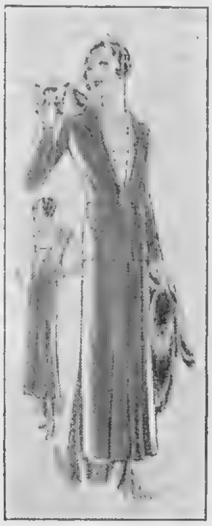


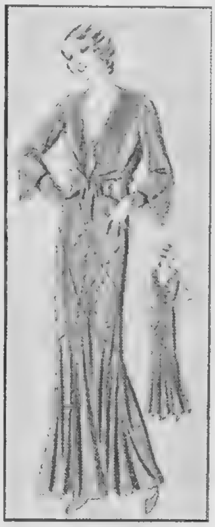
"the park"
an ideal suggestion for the early spring is a two-piece that is finely tailored in a novelty woollen weave. note the semi fitting cut of the coat that is trimmed with metal buttons and the square neck of the frock that is both new and distinctive. may be copied in many new shades.
cash 6 gns. **18/-** monthly



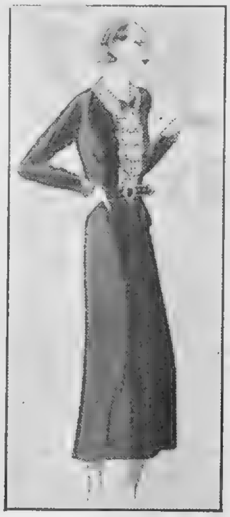
"modern times"
in one of the new novelty woollens this costume may be copied to your measurements in the season's smartest colours. the scarf collar of the coat is of softest summer ermine dyed lapin. the skirt has panel pleats at both centre front and centre back.
cash 7 gns. **21/-** monthly



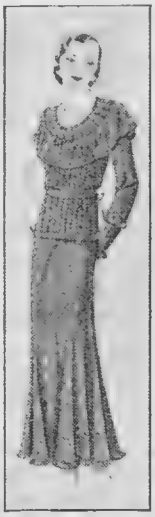
"comme il faut"
a trim three-piece suit for the first spring days is very smart in a new green novelty woollen with the completing sleeveless blouse in beige or white suede crepe. may be copied in a wide colour range.
cash 3 gns. **9/-** monthly



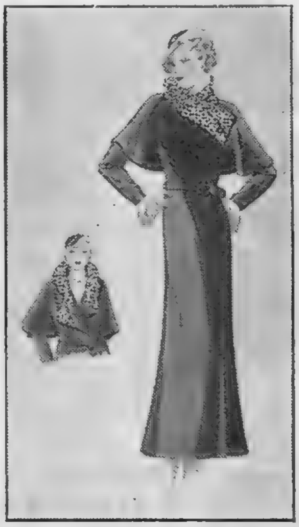
"overture"
evening gown cut on lines very flattering to the figure which is fuller than the average. the slightly moulded bodice has been simply cut and the diagonal lines and low placed soft folds of the skirt stress the slim hipped appearance. short jackets are exceedingly smart, besides giving a slender waisted look. silk to tone is used for the slip underneath. in black or colours.
cash 5½ gns. **16/6** monthly



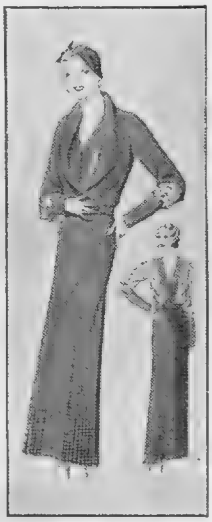
"walk this way"
the street frock that will be smart for early spring wear, could not be better chosen than in wool mousse, as depicted here, with its delightful gilet vest and cuffs to match in printed crepe in contrasting shades. the tunic line, belted at the waist, is most attractive too. in many of the new season's shades.
cash 4 gns. **12/-** monthly



"la jeune fille"
a frock which is both artistic and practical, carried out in british printed art silk crepe with self-trimmings of tiny pleated frills on the hem, hipline and cape collar. vertical pin tucks are cleverly used on the neck and sleeve. can be had in several colours.
cash 4 gns. **12/-** monthly



"till to-morrow"
in sympathy with the revival of period gowns we have fashioned this coat of a novelty black coating with most becoming shoulder cape and belted it high at the waistline. caressingly soft is the collar of leopard coney which can be fastened in a most intriguing way. can also be copied in one or two other shades. lined throughout.
cash 9 gns. **27/-** monthly



"madame's choice"
your good taste will be evident in this woollen frock in a novelty weave, complemented by a popular short jacket. the bodice of the frock is silk print, trimmed with the woollen material. the brevity of the jacket is smartness in itself. select colours to choose from.
cash 8 gns. **24/-** monthly

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pleased him. When now she said nothing, he thought good to continue, to tell her his plan, his little scheme for clearing the coast, for ensuring that her husband Maggie should be put drunkenly to bed in the subalterns' quarters. Jimmy Flint would see to that, while he and she. . . . But she seemed to be saying nothing, nor moving either. He paused, uncertain.

He need not have been, for his answer from Maribel could never have been in doubt. The little gasp had been of genuine shock, of cold surprise and awakening. Such a climax to a moment's madness was so utterly unforeseen, so alien to her range of ideas. She, a married woman! When he did pause, she said in a voice he had never dreamed she could use:

" I think you must be mad. Take me down from here at once ! "

He could think of no reply whatever and dumbly followed her. But as they reached the dancing-floor he hung back.

" Come with me," she said, and he followed half a pace behind her.

It was the interval. The deck was empty, save for a few couples leaning over the rail and smoking; the band had disappeared. But a group stood by the smoking-room door; they seemed to be amused at sounds from within. Maribel walked up to them, and when they saw who she was and how she looked, they fell back.

" Is my husband in there ? " she asked, and a loud laugh—Maggie's laugh—answered before they could speak.

She turned to a subaltern she knew.

" Ask my husband to come out, please."

" Oh, I say," said the subaltern.

" Fetch him out ! "

The subaltern disappeared and took silence with him into the smoking-room. No one outside it spoke or moved, only the bandsmen, who were taking their places on the daïs again ready for the next number.

WITH a clatter and a lurch, Maggie stood in the doorway, advanced a step or two and stopped, facing his wife. Subalterns, Jimmy Flint at their head, surged out behind him, then they also halted and were still. For another moment there was no sound, as the little major stood there swaying, and then a bandsman let slip the lightest of tootles on a saxophone. At what he heard or at what he saw, Maggie began to laugh, softly first, next louder, then in free and mighty gusts, gusts that echoed down the deck and over the sea. People already strolling back to the sound of the returning bandsmen quickened their pace.

Maribel, before those peals, before the look half-revealed behind the drunken glaze, shrank back and stretched a hand behind her. But no Rex was there, and still the other looked and laughed and laughed and laughed, and still people hurried towards them.

Then suddenly Maribel herself laughed—laughed out, loud and clear, and as she laughed she swung with coolest ease across to Maggie.

" Maggie, old thing," she cried, " You're tight ! " And she tucked his arm into hers, turned and, still laughing, walked with him through the way they made for her, down the deck and in by the door that led to the cabins.

The regimental jazz band of the West Faringdons chose that moment to disinter another tune from its archives—a tune quite ten years old, a tune with a swing to it, a tune that should have been dead, but wasn't. Tapping time to it, Mrs. Hammersley asked Major Rees, Mrs. Rees asked Colonel Hammersley, what its name was. And they, after conclave with the bandmaster, returned to announce in self-satisfied duet:

" A Good Man Nowadays is Hard to Find."

Mrs. Hammersley comically raised her eyebrows and, chuckling, sought the glance of Mrs. Rees. But Mrs. Rees was smiling into the middle distance. Colonel Hammersley and Major Rees watched them, looking a trifle foolish.

END

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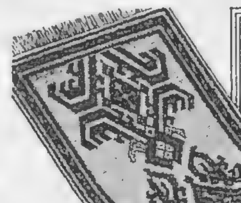

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3 ft. Low Dressing Table	10	10	0
3-drawer Chest	7	10	0
3 ft. Bedstead	6	15	0
4 ft. 6 in. Bedstead	7	10	0
Gentleman's Wardrobe	10	15	0
Pedestal with drawer and cupboard below	4	17	6
3-drawer Pedestal	5	0	0
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The Children's SALON

Désirée Picton-Seymour who, although only eight years old, competes with distinction in our art contests

NEWS of the MONTH

WILL all Saloners who have not yet paid their subscriptions kindly do so as soon as possible? Except for those who joined in the previous November, subscriptions are due in January each year, and when we don't get them punctually a good deal of extra trouble is involved hunting up the miscreants! And, of course, our Hospital Cot Fund suffers.

* * *

CONGRATULATIONS to Diana Seth-Smith, A.C.S. 1225, who has passed the first three Royal Drawing Society's examinations with Honours, securing also the only prize given in the highest division in which she passed, and to Seymour Harris, A.C.S. 697, who has secured the London Matriculation Certificate at the age of fourteen.

* * *

MISS BEEMAN has just informed me that Alexandra Day has now been definitely fixed to take place on Wednesday, June 8th, and she is hoping for a record collection. Will all Saloners who can help kindly make certain of keeping the day free? Our depot did remarkably well last year, collecting nearly £100, and if we can get enough early morning helpers—from eight to eleven are the important hours—there is no reason why we shouldn't make more than one hundred—all out!

* * *

MOST Saloners will have realised by now that when their criticisms do not appear in the paper they are sent through the post. Our ever-increasing membership has necessitated this, as there are now hundreds of criticisms to be dealt with each month. Whenever space permits, however, as many as possible will be included in the pages.

The Children's Salon
COUPON

The Children's Salon
COUPON

Competition Results

Award of Prizes, January 15

Graduates' Circle

Art Competition.—Do-As-You-Like. Prize 10s. Awarded to G. E. M. Moss, G.C.S. 5843. Hon. Mention: Joyce Bidder, G.C.S. 4356; J. L. Northeast, G.C.S. 5889.

Literature Competition.—A Dinner Party on Some Festive Occasion. Prize 10s. Divided between Doris Seth-Smith, G.C.S. 5625, and Alice White, G.C.S. 5876. Hon. Mention: Trixie Ford, G.C.S. 5739; E. Hallis, G.C.S. 5366.

Needlework Competition.—Do-As-You-Like. Prize 10s. Awarded to Pleasance Warren, G.C.S. 4949. Hon. Mention: Annie K. Arding, G.C.S. 4211; Leonie Blakeley, G.C.S. 5854; Winifred K. Mitchell, G.C.S. 5857.

Members' Circle

Art Competition.—A Still Life Study. Prize 10s. Awarded to Rena Recaldin, M.C.S. 3276. Hon. Mention: Ursula A. C. Moss, M.C.S. 3080; Barbara Stallibrass, M.C.S. 3316; Veronica M. Ward, M.C.S. 3690.

Literature Competition.—A Short Story. Prize 10s. Divided between Lorna Lloyd, M.C.S. 3288, and Jean Fletcher, M.C.S. 3319. Hon. Mention: Jean Menzies, M.C.S. 3282.

Associates' Circle

Art Competition.—A Design for a Dance Programme. Prize 5s. Awarded to Violet Dennis, A.C.S. 1311. Hon. Mention: Peter Recaldin, A.C.S. 1227.

Literature Competition.—A Short Story. Prize 5s. Awarded to Evangeline Weir, A.C.S. 1516. Hon. Mention: Joan Guillaume, A.C.S. 1436; Clare Ackroyd, A.C.S. 1190.

Handicraft Competition

First prize, 15s., Joyce Bidder, G.C.S. 4356. Second prize, 7s. 6d., Heather Woods, M.C.S. 3283. Hon. Mention: Mabel Sanders, G.C.S. 4583.

Award of Prizes, February 1

Graduates' Circle

Art Competition.—A Still Life Study. Prize 10s. Awarded to Jack L. Northeast, G.C.S. 5889. Hon. Mention: Isobel McClure, G.C.S. 5878; M. Naylor, G.C.S. 5335.

Literature Competition.—A Short Poem. Prize 10s. Divided between Gladys Cumpstey, G.C.S. 4573, and D. Reilly, G.C.S. 3055. Hon. Mention: Janet Roche, G.C.S. 4267; Hilda Barrow, G.C.S. 4557.

Needlework Competition.—Anything in Wool. Prize 10s. Divided between Elsye Harris, G.C.S. 4401, and Theodora Fuller, G.C.S. 4998. Consolation prize 5s. Ada Brabham, G.C.S. 5966. Hon. Mention: Jean C. H. Crawford, G.C.S. 4242, Amy G. Haydon, G.C.S. 4316; Joan Wyatt, G.C.S. 5730.

Members' Circle

Art Competition.—Design for a Poster Advertising a Beauty Cream. Prize 10s. Awarded to Peggy B. Tansley, M.C.S. 3270. Hon. Mention: Rena Recaldin, M.C.S. 3276; Nora Reed, M.C.S. 3211.

Literature Competition.—A Short Poem. Prize 10s. Awarded to Nancy Bacon, M.C.S. 3253. Hon. Mention: Stella Bull, M.C.S. 3302.

Associates' Circle

Art Competition.—A Still Life Study. Prize 5s. Awarded to Diana Seth-Smith, A.C.S. 1225. Hon. Mention: Peter Recaldin, A.C.S. 1227; Stephanie Weir, A.C.S. 1517; Rachel Cunningham, A.C.S. 1472.

Literature Competition.—A List of Words from BRITANNIA AND EVE. Prize 5s. Awarded to Jean Weir, A.C.S. 1462. Hon. Mention: Olive Dockree, A.C.S. 1433; Mary Green, A.C.S. 1519.

Future Competitions

April—May

Graduates' Circle (over 20)

Art Competitions.—Prizes 10s. No. I. Closing date, April 18th. A Portrait Study. No. II. Closing date, May 2nd. A Design for a Garden Catalogue. No. III. Closing date, May 16th. A Still Life Study.

Literature Competitions.—Prizes 10s. No. I. Closing date, April 18th. A Lyric. No. II. Closing date, May 2nd. Do-As-You-Like. No. III. Closing date, May 16th. A Letter to a Friend Announcing Your Engagement.

Needlework Competition.—Prizes 10s. No. I. Closing date, April 18th. A Traycloth. No. II. Closing date, May 2nd. Anything White. No. III. Closing date, May 16th. A Pincushion.

Members' Circle (over 15)

Art Competitions.—Prizes 10s. No. I. Closing date April 18th. A Design for a Poster Advertising Soap. No. II. Closing date, May 2nd. Do-As-You-Like. No. III. Closing date, May 16th. An Illustration to Any Well-known Poem.

Literature Competitions.—Prizes 10s. No. I. Closing date, April 18th. A Short Poem. No. II. Closing date, May 2nd. A Paper on—Why I Think Games Important—or the reverse. No. III. Closing date, May 16th. Review a Recent Book.

Needlework Competition.—Prize 10s. Closing date, May 16th. Anything White.

Associates' Circle (under 15)

Art Competitions.—Prizes 5s. No. I. Closing date, April 18th. A Design for a Wall Paper. No. II. Closing date, May 2nd. Do-As-You-Like. No. III. Closing date, May 16th. A Pencil Sketch of a Tree

Literature Competitions.—Prizes 5s. No. I. Closing date, April 18th. A Short Story. No. II. Closing date, May 2nd. A Paper entitled "Naming the Puppy." No. III. Closing date, May 16th. Do-As-You-Like.

Open to All: Age Taken Specially into Account

Snapshot Competition.—First prize 10s. Second prize 5s. Subject left to competitor. Closing date, May 2nd.

CORRESPONDENCE and CRITICISMS (*January 15th*)

E. Hallis.—To comply with the wording of the competition, concentration should have been upon the party itself. Still, it is all very interesting, and the straightforward method exactly right for the peculiar circumstances.

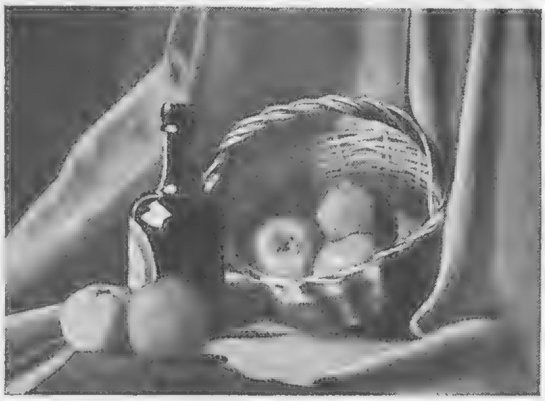
Olive Dwyer.—Charmingly imagined. It would make a pretty children's play. Why not tackle it again on those lines?

Joyce Bidder.—The handicraft entry reaches a high standard both technically and artistically. I think you might develop a new type of "toy" on these lines!

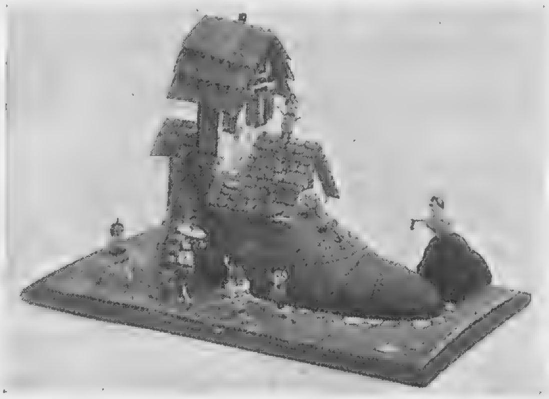
Marjorie Naylor.—The tubs are seen too individually, and thus assume an importance which robs the chief figure of its due significance. As composition excellent. The near arm wants further consideration.

Veronica Price Harris.—The figure is a good deal too large for the size of the card. As a little miniature it would have been quite suitable; also the features need more emphasis.

Nellie Hopwood.—There is fine, stylish work in your pastel transcript, but also some inconsistencies of drawing, making it difficult to connect the lit with the obscured parts. The colour and style are excellent. An impressive bit of work needing a little reconsideration.



A fine "Still Life" from the talented brush of Isobel McClure, G.C.S. 5878. It gained an Hon. Mention in the February 1st Graduates' Art Competition



No mere photograph can depict the charm and cunning of Joyce Bidder's "Old Woman who Lived in a Shoe," the prize-winning entry in the Handicraft Competition

For Girls, Boys and Grown-ups interested in Art, Literature, Needlework, Handicraft, etc.

and Competition Circles

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May W. Harrison.—Very strong, bright work, needing softer transitions from light to shadow. A little careful damping and blotting of hard edges would do much. The hands need some help.

W. J. Austin.—There is romantic charm in your Don Quixote drawings. Not much character in the knight's figure, and the hard green trees hurt the excellent mystical castle drawing. You must get more into the human element if you are doing a set.

J. L. Northeast.—A charming big simple effect which does not quite come off. So much depends upon the liquid effect of the moving water and reflections, but it needs an effort to see it so. Otherwise of a Japanese beauty.

I. B. McClure.—Much that is strong and excellent in your Chinese costume, with figure sufficiently indicated for show purposes. The double effect of gold might be better indicated, but on the whole this is effective and accurate work, with excellent feeling for broad light.

Competition Rules

1. The name and number of competitor must be written on all Art, Literature, and Snapshot entries, and firmly attached in the case of those of Needlework and Handicraft.

2. The work submitted must be the unaided effort of the competitor.

3. No professionals may compete, and all work must be original unless the competition specifies otherwise.

4. Art and Handicraft entries will be returned if required, provided labels and postage are sent. Except where specially requested, Needlework entries are retained by the Salon for sale on behalf of the Cots Endowment Fund.

5. Prizes must be applied for.

6. Competitions and Correspondence must be addressed to "Levana," The Children's Salon, 346, Strand, W.C.2.

Kitty Earp.—Well drawn, bright and strong, but hard as nails. A first-rate lay in, but over-explicit and lacking in Nature's little subtle mysteries. Very promising work.

Maureen Twells.—Rather muddled technique; not bad in colour effect, but needing more construction and definition. Here and there quite good, but, as a whole, too little studied.

Pamela Searight.—A pleasant colour scheme rather horizontally arranged and needing more complementary colour relief in all the objects. The applied whites would be much more effective if left.

Veronica M. Ward.—Excellent feeling for true light effect in a complex and difficult group. An admirably careful work with enough adventure to make it interesting. Needs some careful accentuation.

Betty Weir.—A well-planned group of a certain distinction. One would expect more cold lights and warm shadow on the foliage. Attractive in its large simplicity and force.

Olive Dockree.—You are making sound progress. The handling here is much better than in anything previously sent in. The story as a whole would grip better without such a tragic finale.

Lorna Lloyd.—If you can manage the dialogue between the two men after they get the news upon more realistic lines, this will be a very good story indeed. It must be entirely free from the earlier flippancy, at least, in effect.

G. Bertelsman.—This has its inexperienced moments, but it promises very well. The end is rather tame in treatment, and the detail all through wants careful editing. Still, no one could be making better progress than you are.

Diana Seth-Smith.—A clever suggestion, but length of limbs is a bit over-exaggerated—the dancer's right arm in particular. A good way to work out a design, but in the finished thing you should avoid a cut-out.

Jean Weir.—Some explanation of the reason why the thief did not get away while the girls were telephoning should be given. Advanced work, in every way, for your age. The design for the programme is well planned, but, necessarily, lacks experience in handling. This will come if you work regularly.

Dorothy Higgins.—With better lettering this would have been a very effective design. Look at some good alphabets and make careful copies. You will find it very interesting.

Stella Bull.—You have a good grip of the first essentials of story-telling, but this plot has some weak moments which it would require greater experience to conceal. Still, you are progressing splendidly.

Mabel Sanders.—Very neatly executed and a pretty idea. You maintain a very high standard and are only beaten this time by something exceptional.

Barbara Stallibrass.—Rather weak in draughtsmanship, the form of the smaller item is not revealed with complete understanding. Otherwise fine colour and a decided advance.

Peggy Watt.—Your chocolate box design is neatly composed, but a tone over the whites is desirable. Also, these flowers might have been more true to their type without sacrificing balance and good design.

Lily Kutner.—Too much like a barber's model, although well constructed and modelled. For the present it would be better practice to sketch from the living model.

Jessie Wilkes.—A little too brief. Such an occasion would provide plenty of interesting points. This closes down too abruptly, but is well done as far as it goes.

Patricia Gorges.—The plot is a little beyond your powers at present, but a good deal of it is quite well managed. It moves swiftly, and the interest grips. Overhaul your work more carefully. You should do well presently.

Violet Dennis.—This is more suitable for a small handbill or poster than a programme, which needs to be simpler. Still, the design is not bad, and the detail is cleverly managed. Your figures would have had more significance if dropped a couple of inches.

Irene McCoy.—The method is appropriate—perhaps a little too dry, but much better this than the other thing. A rather better climax would make this clever sketch twice as good.

Barbara J. Heaver.—A pretty little story, but such unusual luck is a little difficult to believe in. Another time tackle a "plot" which you feel might really happen.

Joan Guillaume.—A more original plot might have been secured, but otherwise this is attractively written, and the old theme gains a new strength by this fresh treatment, I agree.

Marie C. Hutchinson.—A fine story could be made from this. You have skilfully avoided exaggeration, but a more realistically poignant touch is needed to heighten the interest and grip the reader.

Trixie Ford.—A good way of treating the subject and you might have "let yourself go" over it, even further. You have a great opportunity. Cut the salary down. This is too big a figure.

C. S. Stamper.—Your work shows considerable promise. Style is a bit wanting, but all this accurate observation is full of interest.

Amy G. Haydon.—On the whole, I think if wood is painted at all it must be all over. Otherwise the pattern and style of this are very pleasing. The needlework entry is charming in every way.

Ursula Moss.—Remarkable for the strength of its modelling, but the hard outlines should have been avoided with this method of indicating tone.

Alice White.—A most attractive interpretation of the subject, tender and delicate in its treatment without degeneration into sentimentality. I wish you could compete more regularly.

Doris Seth-Smith.—This was worth saying. If it were said more often and more loudly, it might put an end to such "entertainment." Very well done, but it might have been more caustically expressed.

Rena Recaldin.—The method is admirable. You have seen this complicated detail in exactly the right manner. Only stronger draughtsmanship is necessary to make this first class.

Bridget Hill.—A story of this type must move much more rapidly. The opening is too detailed. Get the Americans quickly to the Castle and into the "plot." Keep a more wary eye open for little inaccuracies of detail.

Jean Menzies.—You are making good progress, but your natural ability needs some discipline. Read a little "high-brow" stuff in conjunction with more up-to-date matter and strike a better balance. Avoid needless spelling slips.

Stephanie Weir.—Very well designed, but weak in drawing. Sketch from life, keeping your eye open for correct proportions and significant detail. You should do well.

Peter Recaldin.—One of the best things you have done. The design is full of ingenuity, and as pattern is interesting and cleverly balanced.

Molly Roberts.—This begins well enough, but the end is too precipitate. It would be quite sufficient to suggest that this state of affairs might possibly result.

Sybil Stallibrass.—A finer linen and smaller design would have been better for an item of this size, but otherwise the stitchery and style are very pleasing.

Zenobia Forster-Brown.—As an exercise this sketch was well worth while. It is a thoroughly sound if not very artistic suggestion. Such studies are invaluable practice.

Clare Ackroyd.—The amusing end greatly helps the story. If this light touch ran right through, the incredible would be much more acceptable. Read H. H. Munro's stories. They will help you.

Barbara Barker.—Very well tackled for your age. Proportions seem accurate, and the sketch is full of backbone. Use a much softer pencil, which will help you to give artistic value to accents.

Veronica M. Ward.—Much that is excellent, particularly the theme. A better end is, however, essential.

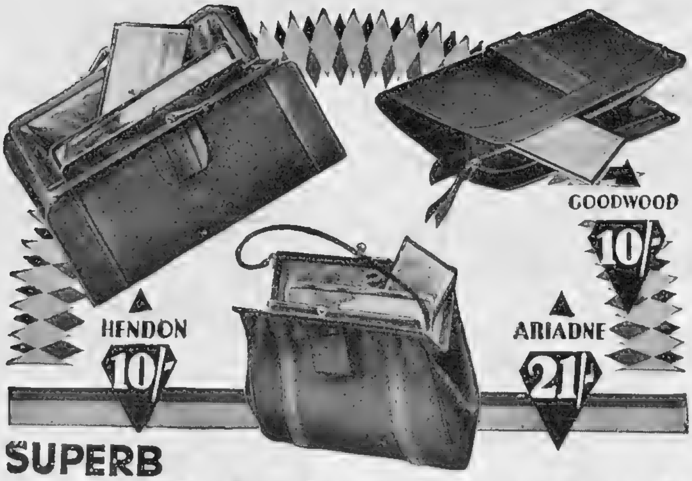
"Kaim of Cawthorpe"—but just plain "Bertie" in the Pets' Club—is doing very well at shows. Owner: Sheila McLeod, G.C.S. 5855

M. Joyce Lambert's "Dido" is very contented since she joined the Club. All pets are eligible for membership. Annual subscription 6d., which goes to the Salon Cots Endowment Fund

THE nourishing properties of cocoa are so well known that as a food beverage it is a prime favourite, and presented in tablet form ready for immediate use, sugar and milk being included, at 1d. for two breakfast cups, we cannot do other than expect wide popularity for it.

The new Oxade Cocoa Tablets are in line with the present need of economy. A penny packet makes two cups of delicious cocoa, and a man can carry it in his pocket, or a lady in her handbag. A great feature of this cocoa is that no milk or sugar is required, so that it can be made wherever boiling water is available.

Oxade Cocoa is also recommended for use in making Chocolate Cakes.



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"HENDON" A particularly smart, useful pochette in best Morocco Leather. This bag, made with strong British Frame, is art silk lined throughout, with divided centre division. Fitted with large mirror in pocket and expanding handle at back. Size 10" x 6½". **Price 10/-**

"ARIADNE" Smart new top-frame best Morocco bag, lined finest quality Persian suede. Has strong British frame with centre division: centre division divided half lined white kid. Is decorated with smart uncrushable cording. Size 8½" × 7½". **Price 21/-**

"GOODWOOD" An attractively designed pochette in best Morocco. British Lightning Zip Fastener, art silk lining throughout. This model is made with two useful outside pockets and is fitted with a framed purse and large mirror. The "GOODWOOD" has a thumb strap on front and a neat yoke decoration. Size 10" x 6½". **Price 10/-**

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Stocked Everywhere. If any difficulty in obtaining we will send you name of nearest stockist of "Shillacraft" bags. Write—

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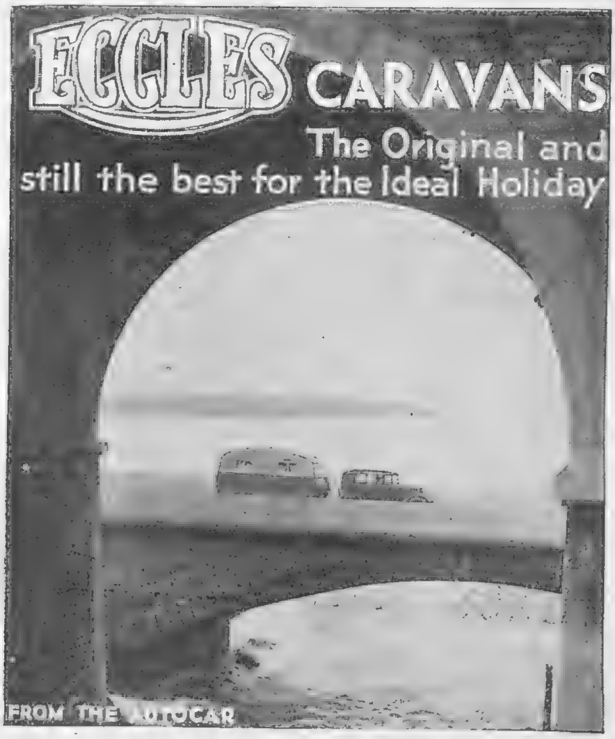

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New Lightweight 14 ft.
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£165

Comprehensive equipment. Write for literature, DEPT. E.

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Our *Literary* Competition *Circle*

COMPETITIONS, principally of a literary character, are set monthly in this page. The Competition Circle is an offshoot of The Children's Salon, and has been formed primarily to enable those members of the Salon whose amateur status has been lost by acceptance of their work professionally to continue to enter for competitions of this type.

These Competitions are open to anyone outside the Salon, of either sex, who cares to join the Competition Circle, membership of which is secured on the payment of 1s. annually (to be sent with first entry) which will go to the Hospital Cots Fund of the Salon.

All entries should be addressed to LEVANA, The Competition Circle, "BRITANNIA & EVE," 346, Strand, W.C.2.

RULES.

1. The Competition Coupons herewith must be attached to entries, members being allowed to enter for all the competitions, if they please, with the one coupon.

2. A pseudonym can be used, but members' names and addresses must be written on each separate entry.

HUNDRED AND TWENTY-EIGHTH SERIES.

Entries for the following competitions must reach the offices of BRITANNIA AND EVE *not later than first post, April 15th.*

COMPETITION I.—A prize of one guinea for the best sonnet.

COMPETITION II.—A prize of half-a-guinea for the best short poem suitable for singing on a "hike."

Literary Competition Circle
COUPON—April 15

HUNDRED AND TWENTY-NINTH SERIES

Entries for the following competitions must reach the offices of BRITANNIA AND EVE *not later than first post, April 29th.*

COMPETITION I.—A prize of one guinea for the best short poem on a topical matter.

COMPETITION II.—A prize of half-a-guinea for the best epitaph suitable for inscription on the tomb of a great actor.

Literary Competition Circle
COUPON—April 29

Results of 122nd Series

COMPETITION I.—A prize of one guinea for the best short story.

Divided between H. M. Hancock and Marjorie Murray.

Hon. mention: B. Paul, M. Asher, Gertrude Pitt, Trixie Ford, F. A. Edinborough, "C. G."

COMPETITION II.—A prize of half-a-guinea for the six best reasons for being hopeful or the reverse in 1932.

Awarded to Julia Binfield.

Hon. mention: May W. Harrison, May Belben, "P. E. N.," "J. A. B.," H. M. Hancock, "Radio," M. Scott Morris, A. M. Waters, J. H. G. Gibbs, M. W. Burns, Trixie Ford, "A. S. T."

Results of 123rd Series

COMPETITION I.—A prize of one guinea for the best short poem.

Awarded to D. Avril.

Hon. mention: Doreen Hamby, A. M. Waters, F. Peel, May W. Harrison, "Hannah May," "J. A. B.," M. Walthew, "C. E. W.," May Belben, Mabel Asher, "M. D.," R. A. Webster, B. Paul, Eileen Burningham, James Beaumont, J. H. G. Gibbs, Kathleen Bishop, Audrey Bouskill, Hilda Liddell, Irene Doxford, Dorothy Swift, "V. B. C.," M. A. Jones.

COMPETITION II.—A prize of half-a-guinea for the best dissertation in verse of mothers seeing their sons off to school.

Awarded to J. H. G. Gibbs.

Hon. mention: Constance A. May, Betty Edwards, Trixie Ford, F. A. Edinborough, May W. Harrison.

Instructions for knitting the model illustrated, and also another jumper in similar style, but with a higher neck line, are given in Helps to Knitters No. 289, price 3d. post free, together with free samples of wool, from Dept. 53, Patons & Baldwins Ltd., Alloa, Scotland, or Halifax, England.

This photograph proves how extremely dainty the hand-knitted woollies of 1932 can be. In this " Norma " design a feminine note is struck in the graceful frill, and the chic effect is only achieved by the use of " Leonora " wool—a very finely spun mixture wool which knits into a light " tweedy " fabric. " Leonora " caters for every taste in colour. Spring-like pastel shades are perhaps most suitable for the essentially feminine design illustrated, but there are brighter hues for those who prefer them.

PATONS & BALDWINS KNITTING WOOLS

Before Breakfast, Drink Hot Water and Lemon

Flush Stomach and Intestines of Excess Acid and Gassy Waste Matter

The whole country is taking to drinking hot water and lemon juice every morning. It is one of the wisest health practices ever established. It washes out the stomach and intestinal tract and makes us internally clean.

Most of us are only half ourselves, only 50 per cent. efficient because of a foul condition of the intestines. Due to our sedentary habits and unnatural eating, our intestines become slow and sluggish and fail to move out the waste matter in time. It putrefies within us and sets up toxins or poisons that are absorbed by the system and cause a state of auto-intoxication or self-poisoning. This results in acidity, acid-indigestion, bad breath, coated tongue, sick headaches, irritability, lassitude and sleepnessness.

Any person who is not feeling up to par should begin drinking hot water with the juice of half a lemon every morning upon arising. It is well to add to this a tablespoonful of Kutnow's Saline Powder, for this improves the action of both the water and lemon juice. Kutnow's Powder is a famous, natural saline-alkaline aperient that has been used for years to reduce acidity and combat putrefaction in the gastro-intestinal canal. It makes a delightful effervescent drink that anyone will relish.

Get about four ounces from your chemist and take it regularly every morning for a week. See what a difference in your physical condition even in so short a time. Mark the better appetite you have and the improved digestion. Note the new strength and energy you feel. It's really marvellous the difference when one is internally clean.

Just ask your chemist for Kutnow's Powder. Four ounces is enough to make a conclusive test.

LOVELY LASHES

the first step to BEAUTY

Beauty begins with beautiful eyes. And beautiful eyes begin with beautiful lashes . . . Long, dark, silky lashes that sweep the cheeks and add charm, grace and allurement. Such a prized possession is easily obtained with LASHTONE, the only scientific lash tonic on the market. An application of LASHTONE each night before retiring and your lashes begin to grow longer and lovelier. Remember: LASHTONE is *not* an eyeblack, but *naturally* and *permanently* darkens the lashes. It is harmless even to the most sensitive eyes and can be used with equal success for the eyebrows as well. Ask your Chemist for LASHTONE.

Lashtone

From all leading Stores: Boots', Timothy White's, Taylor's and all high-class Chemists, Beauty Parlours, etc. Price 2/6, or Sample tube 1/-, direct from Brydges (London) Ltd., Dept. J, Imperial House, Regent Street, W.1.

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First have your feet examined by a qualified Foot Expert. This Foot Test is FREE. It costs you nothing to learn how you can have lasting foot comfort. No obligation to buy—call now!

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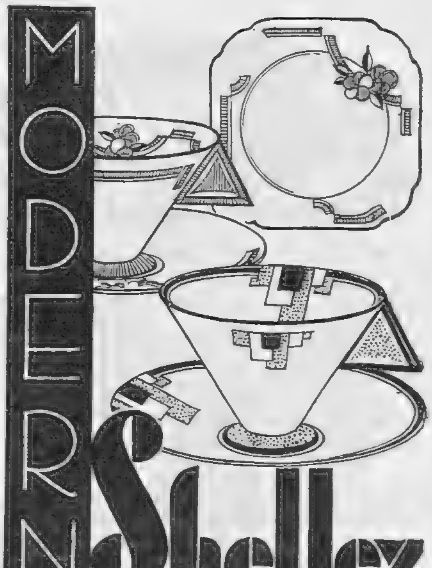
DEPOTS THROUGHOUT THE COUNTRY

For Free book, "The Feet and Their Care" and address of your nearest Depot, write Dr. Scholl's Foot Comfort Service, 93, Regent Street, London, W.1.



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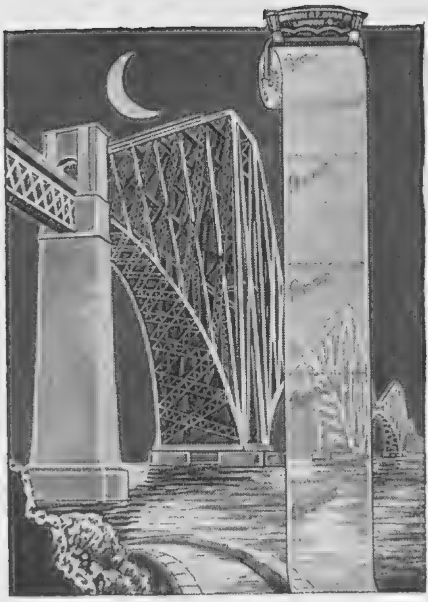

The FORTH BRIDGE 350 feet high
A Roll of BRONCO—430 feet

1932 is a year when the utmost value must be got out of every penny we spend—even in such a small matter as the toilet roll.

To bring home the tremendous value in a BRONCO roll, we show it unrolled against the famous FORTH BRIDGE—in length it beats the depth of the bridge (350 ft.) by nearly 100 feet!

Bronco
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430 feet of a super toilet paper! Smooth, thin, strong, antiseptic, soft as silk! Approximately 800 sheets! (the so-called "cheap" rolls contain only about 300!)

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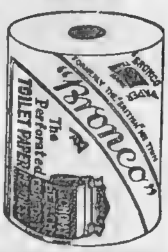

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REAL SCOTCH UNDERWEAR AND WOVEN TO SHAPE REINFORCED WHERE WEAR IS HEAVIEST

IF ANY DIFFICULTY IN OBTAINING WRITE TO
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Help is urgently needed to meet the cost of the New Wing, which comprises a Radiological Department and accommodation—now provided for the first time—for "middle-income" patients who can contribute towards their cost.

Please send a donation or subscription to the Secretary.

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(FREE)
FULHAM ROAD, LONDON, S.W.3.
Bankers: Coutts & Co., 440, Strand. *Secretary: J. Courtney Buchanan, C.B.E.*

Suggestions for a Modest Wine Cellar.

(Continued from page 63)

½ dozen Hock (Liebfraumilch) at 60s.—£1 10s.
½ dozen Moselle (Berncasteler) at 60s.—£1 10s.
½ dozen Château Coutet at 80s.—£2.

Champagne is an accepted wine for festive occasions, and it is perhaps well to have a few bottles in store. There is little advantage in buying a Vintage Champagne, since if a reputable brand is bought, the difference is only of importance to a connoisseur. We could add to our list, therefore:

½ dozen Champagne at 126s.—£3 3s.
1 dozen ½ bottles at 136s.—£3 8s.

This brings our total to £22 19s. The balance could be spent on:

½ dozen Tawny Port at 60s.—£1 10s.
½ dozen Crusted Port at 84s.—£2 2s.
½ Dozen Dry Sherry (Amontillado) at 72s.—£1 16s.
½ dozen Brown Sherry at 80s.—£2.

This list disposes of the suggested £30. It is a practical and representative list, but does not include spirits and liqueurs. Cocktails are already giving way to Dry Sherry as an aperitif (it ought never to have been displaced in England) while Port, brown Sherry, or perhaps Liqueur Brandy or Benedictine give the soundest finish to a dinner. A good liqueur Brandy can be bought for 25s. and a bottle of Benedictine for 17s. 6d.

A vintage wine is made exclusively from the vine harvest of what the experts think will prove a good year. Non-vintage wines are generally blends of different years mixed so as to give a good average standard of quality. The best recent years for Claret have been 1923, 1924 and 1926. The Clarets of 1926 are now ready for drinking and are highly recommended. The white wines of Bordeaux are not generally quoted as vintage wines except in the case of very choice growths.

There are several excellent Empire wines to be had at a moderate price, of which Big Tree is a sound choice.

The best recent Burgundy years are 1923 and 1926, while the 1921 Hock vintage is considered the finest for a generation. 1923 and 1925 were fairly good, and great things are expected of 1929. This wine, when a little older, is expected to rival even 1921.

Continuous warmth, even warmth and, above all, inexpensive warmth, are the ideals of every householder, and these, plus the important factor of much labour saved, are incorporated in the Cozy Stoves. These are well-finished off in several different surfaces, none of which require laborious cleaning; they may be used either open or closed according to the amount of heat required and they have the advantage of being able to consume kitchen waste. They are exceptionally economical and easy to run and, as our American cousins would say, "easy to look at."

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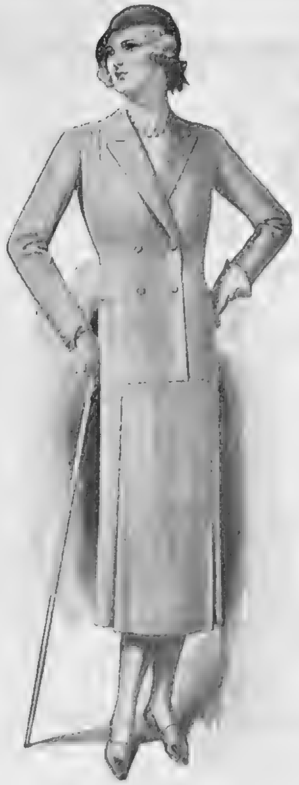
NEW SPRING

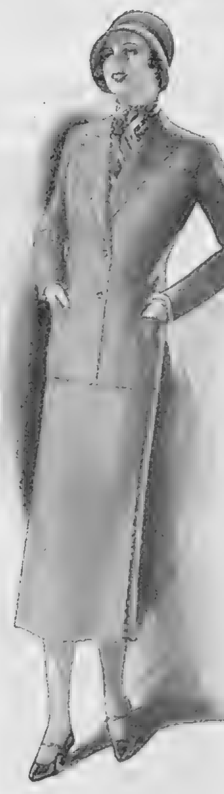
TAILOR-MADES



D.B. "REGENT."

The Double-breasted tailor-made has an enormous following among well-dressed women. Illustrated it is seen carried out in fawny grey suiting with an overcheck of green, although many other delightful materials are available.

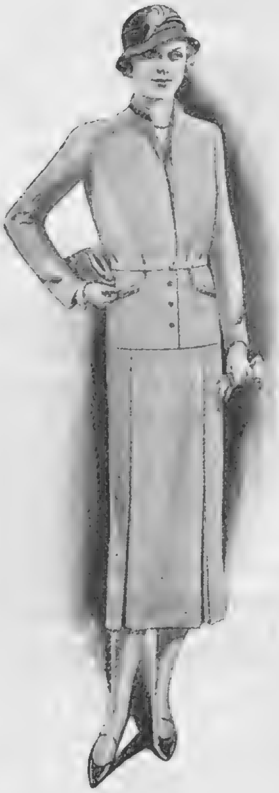
Ready to wear - - £7 17 6
Made to measure - £8 18 6



S.B. "REGENT."

Fine Saxonies and plain woollens are ideal materials for this model, the latter fabrics making up well in bright colourings. The slim hip line and skirt in which one large pleat gives the appearance of a wide wrap are points of interest.

Ready to wear - - £7 17 6
Made to measure - £8 18 6



"SEATON."

This is the useful type of suit that every woman requires. It is right for town or country. The coat, which is of the new shortness, is tucked upwards from the waist above the belt, and the skirt pleats open to show the contrasting border. Beige Cumberland tweed with a copper and brown border, green with a bluish mauve border, or sand shade bordered in a deeper tone are suggested colourings.

Ready to wear - - £8 18 6
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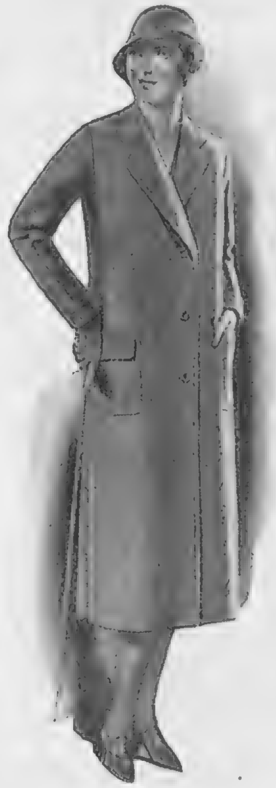

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Character is expressed in every detail, its well-defined lines, perfect balance and distinguished appearance making it a most desirable coat for Town or Country wear.

Ready to wear or made to measure. From **5 guineas.**

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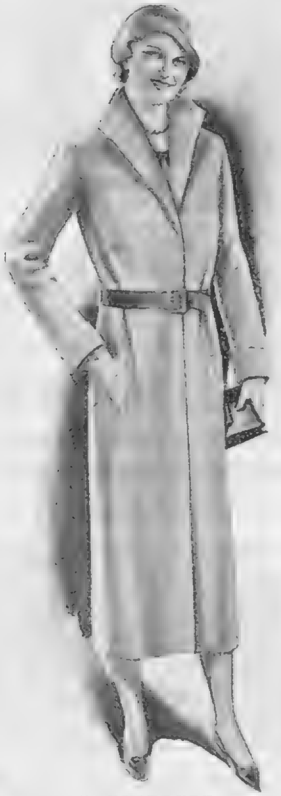

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In Harris and Shetland Homespuns and other tweeds.

From **7 guineas.**

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PRICE

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Striped Jumper 27/6
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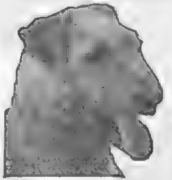

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BENBOW'S DOG MIXTURE.

In Bottles from 2/6

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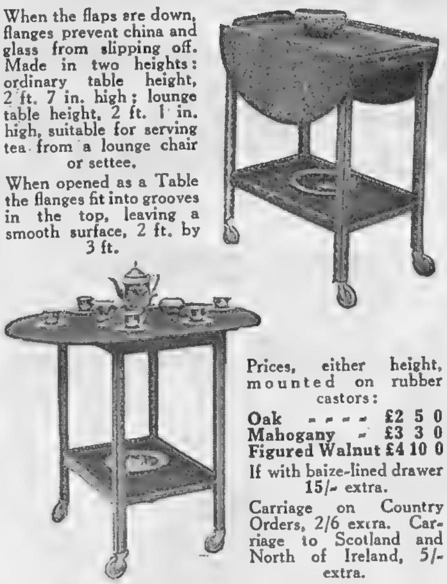
When the flaps are down, flanges prevent china and glass from slipping off. Made in two heights: ordinary table height, 2 ft. 7 in. high; lounge table height, 2 ft. 1 in. high, suitable for serving tea from a lounge chair or settee.

When opened as a Table the flanges fit into grooves in the top, leaving a smooth surface, 2 ft. by 3 ft.



Prices, either height, mounted on rubber castors:

Oak - - - -	**£2 5 0**
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Figured Walnut	**£4 10 0**

If with baize-lined drawer 15/- extra.

Carriage on Country Orders, 2/6 extra. Carriage to Scotland and North of Ireland, 5/- extra.

Write for our Booklet, "The Charm of Style"

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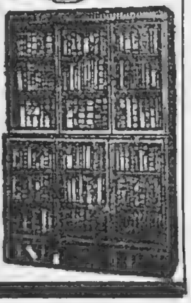

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Let me tell you free

Some of your past experiences, future prospects, financial possibilities and other confidential matters as indicated by Astrology, the most ancient science known to History. Your prospects of life, happiness in marriage, friends, enemies, success in all undertakings, legacies, speculation and many other vital questions can be revealed by the great science of Astrology.

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Be sure to send your birth date, with name and address distinctly written by yourself. If you wish you may enclose 1/- Postal Order to cover cost of this notice, mailing, etc. There will be no delay; you will hear from me at once. This offer may not be made again, so act now. Address ROXROY, Dept. 24, Emmastraat 42, The Hague, Holland. Postage to Holland 2½d.

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VAPEX
(REG. TRADE MARK)
INHALANT

Most colds can be stopped easily in their early stages. Just a drop or two of "Vapex" on the handkerchief inhaled from time to time during the day cleanses the breathing passages. If the disease germs are destroyed before they have time to permeate the system the cold cannot develop and the body quickly regains its full vitality.

The popular belief that "a cold will run its course whatever you do" has been responsible for very many avoidable deaths from Influenza, Pneumonia, Bronchitis, etc.

Always have "Vapex" in your home. Be ready for the first slight symptoms of an oncoming cold—the warmth of the palms, the "rustiness" of the throat, the hot head, the "below par" feeling. Used at that early stage "Vapex" acts like magic, gently stimulating the respiratory system to increased resistance. Your cold will soon be a thing of the past.

Of Chemists 2/- and 3/-

THOMAS KERFOOT & Co. Ltd.

V.71

The Permanent "Way" With West Electrics

NOT the old, costly 6 months' "Permanent" which only a hairdresser can re-set without frizziness and which after all leaves the ever-growing hair straight. BUT at the cost of 1/- and a few minutes' time daily

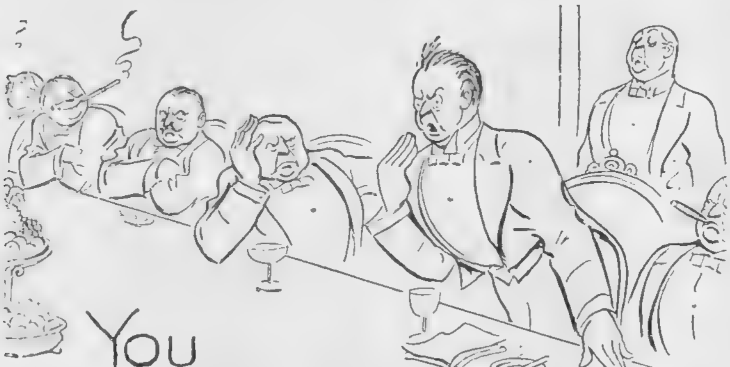
LET WEST ELECTRICS KEEP
***ALL* YOUR HAIR WAVED *ALL* THE TIME**

Made of satin finish, magnetic, electrified steel, they quicken the growth and cannot cut or burn the hair. Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded. A permanent investment—they last a lifetime. West Electrics are sold by good Drapers, Hairdressers, etc. If your shop is sold out, send 1/- direct for full standard card of 4 (state whether curlers or wavers required) to: WEST ELECTRIC HAIR CURLER CO. (of England), LIMITED (Dept. 54), 8, Kirby Street, Hatton Garden, London, E.C.1.

WEST ELECTRIC
Curlers & Wavers
FOR
long, bobbed & growing hair
1/- the card of four
Made in England.

West Electric Hair Nets, to preserve the new hair line, are also excellent value, 2d. All colours, cap and fringe shapes.

Visit our Hair Fashion Show at Stand 213, Ideal Home Exhibition.



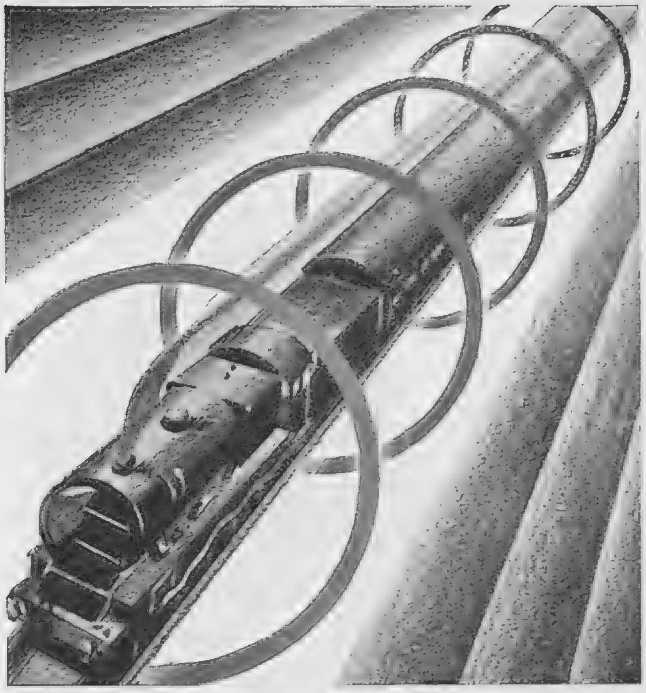
YOU MAY GET HUSKINESS IN THE THROAT AT THE MOST AWKWARD TIMES

To prevent this take an "Allenburys" Glycerine and Black Currant Pastille occasionally between smokes and let it dissolve slowly in the mouth. Containing pure glycerine and the luscious fruit juice of ripe black currants, they are delightfully soothing.

Allenburys
Glycerine & Black Currant **PASTILLES**

Your Chemist Stocks them

2 oz. 8d., 4 oz. 1'3, 8 oz. 2'3, 1 lb. 4'3



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L M S

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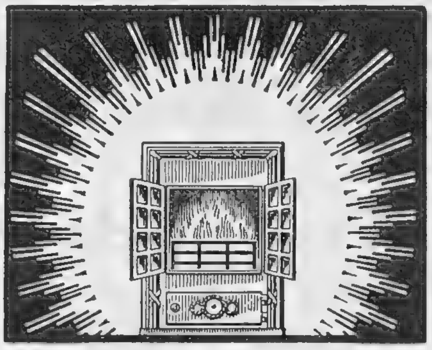
Write for Booklet B.2, **INTOURIST Ltd., Bush House, Aldwych, London, W.C.2,** or see your own travel agent.

Travel in Soviet RUSSIA



The "Cozy" for Comfort

See how you can have warmer rooms day and night with less labour and smaller coal bills. Call at

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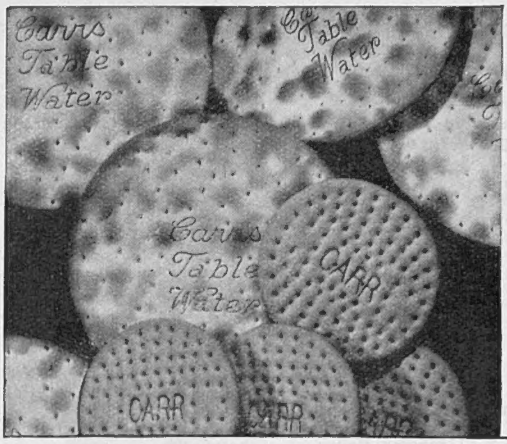
Obtainable from all leading Hairdressers and Stores or direct from the Sole Agent



BY APPOINTMENT

CARR'S TABLE WATER BISCUITS
CARR'S CELERY BISCUITS

CARR'S TABLE WATER BISCUITS. The Perfect Water Biscuits. No other kind is half so crisp, so thin, so appetising.

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OF CARLISLE
ENGLAND

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When the digestive powers are weak or impaired the 'Allenburys' Diet is pre-eminently suitable as a basis of feeding. It replaces with advantage milk and milk dishes commonly employed in sickness and convalescence. Made from selected whole wheat and fresh creamy milk with added Vitamin D, it is just what you require.

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EASY TO MAKE PLEASANT TO TAKE

Send 3d. in stamps for ¼ lb. trial sample of the 'Allenburys' Diet.

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YOU'LL DO IT BETTER

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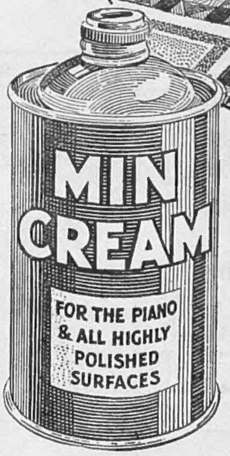


AND MORE EASILY WITH
MIN
THE HALF MINUTE POLISH

"MIN" keeps white enamel paint spotless. A few brisk rubs quickly remove all blemishes and give a high, glossy finish. Try "MIN" also for polishing your Piano, Glazed Tiles, and Porcelain Enamel.

Tins 6d. and 1/-

If your dealer does not stock, please write to: **Chiswick Products Ltd., Chiswick, W.4**

WHY REMAIN GREY?

How Society men and women guard against the social and business handicap of Grey Hair is revealed in a dainty little Boudoir Book just published.

It discloses the secret by which you can grow glossy, abundant, and silken hair, and—most important of all—preserve it from the greying and disfiguring touch of time.

Remarkable results follow this method.

Right from the first your hair becomes less and less grey.

No matter how long the greyness has existed, the lost colour is restored.

The Folly of Dyes.

Dyes and artificial hair paints are, of course, strictly tabooed by men and women of refinement. This is not only good taste, but good sense as well. Dyed hair is always conspicuous. It literally shouts the embarrassing information that its colour came out of a bottle. Further, dye ruins the hair's structure and health, rots it away and causes it to fall out.

There is only one satisfactory method of curing greyness and hair loss of colour. This is to re-create, naturally, your hair's real colour from root to tip. You will find how to do this between the gold and ivorine covers of the book mentioned above.

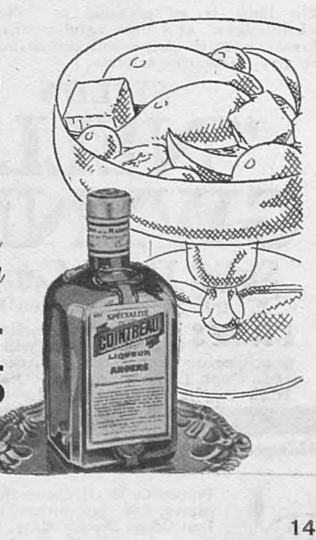
BOOK OF HAIR-HEALTH AND BEAUTY FREE.

Should you be troubled with white, grey, greying, faded or otherwise discoloured hair, you should write to-day to the **Facktative Co. (Suite 8)**, 66, Victoria Street, Westminster, London, S.W.1, for a copy of their book describing how to cure grey or faded hair without the use of dyes or stains.

Just mention your address and a copy of this book will reach you by return, gratis and post free, in plain sealed envelope, free from observation.

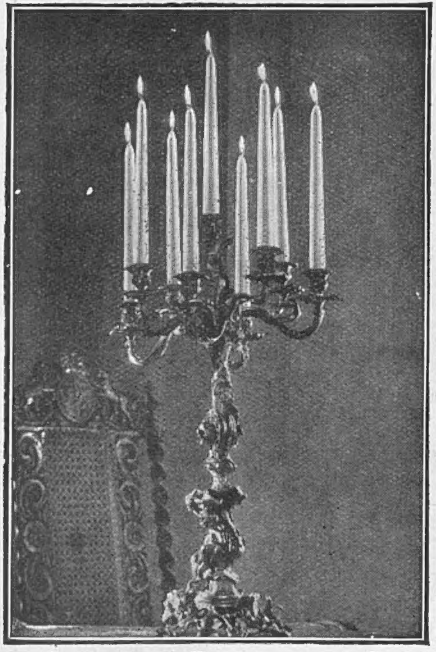
Fruit Salads

can be made doubly delicious by the addition of a little COINTREAU A teaspoonful for each person is almost enough



COINTREAU
Extra Dry for England
THE DELICIOUS WHITE LIQUEUR IN THE SQUARE AMBER BOTTLE

"NELL GWYNN" CANDLES ARE FASHIONABLE



FOR DECORATION

FOR THE DINING TABLE

No light is so pleasing as "Nell Gwynn" Candlelight, and the candles themselves are lovely, both in shape and colour, adding charm to any decorative scheme.

FIELD'S
"NELL GWYNN"
Solid Dyed Candles
IN 36 ART COLOURS

FREE: An illustrated "Nell Gwynn" Candle booklet will be sent post free on request to J. C. & J. Field, Ltd., Dept. L, London, S.E.1. Established 1642 in the reign of Charles the First.

Aldwych

Index to Advertisers

APRIL, 1932.

All correspondence relating to the Advertisements in "Britannia & Eve" should be addressed to: The Advertisement Manager, Britannia & Eve, 346 Strand, W.C.2.

	Page
A	
Allenburys Diet	147
Allenburys Pastilles	145
Aluminium Castings Co., Ltd.	8
Arden, Elizabeth	92
Aristoc Stockings	103
Austin Motor Co., Ltd.	101
B	
Baker, Wm., & Co.	144
Benbow's	144
Berlei (U.K.), Ltd.	134
Bird's Custard	Cover iv
Boulton & Paul, Ltd.	137
Bratt Colbran Radiators	Cover iii
Bronco	142
C	
Cadbury's Chocolates	127
Cancer Hospital	142
Carr's Biscuits	147
Celebes Storage Co.	136
Celes	120
Charnaux Patent Corset Co., Ltd.	5
Cointreau	147
CombUnit Furniture	133
Cooper, McDougall & Robertson, Ltd.	130
Corot	1, 135
Cozy Stove Co., Ltd.	146
Craven "A"	7
Cyclax	121
D	
Darnley's, Ltd.	105
De Reszke	123
Dunlop	89
Durward, Kenneth, Ltd.	143
E	
Eccles Caravans	140
Electrolux, Ltd.	112, 124
F	
Facktative Co.	147
Field's "Nell Gwynn" Solid Dyed Candles	148
G	
Gelty Distributing Co.	96
Genasprin	Cover ii
Gibbs Dentifrice	100
Glaxo	128
Gorringes	10
Gypsia	119
H	
Haig, John, & Co., Ltd.	97
Halford's Curry Powder	142
Hamptons	137
Hartley's Jam	128
Harvey Nichols & Co., Ltd.	3
Hawico	142
Heinz Baked Beans	136
Hillman Motor Car Co., Ltd.	107
Hindes "Tinglow" Brush	114
Horlick's Malted Milk	113
Hotel de Londres, Antwerp	119
Houbigant	95
I	
Icilma	Cover ii
Innoxa (England), Ltd.	133
Intourist, Ltd.	146
K	
Kestos	90
Kotex	114
Kutnow's Powder	141
L	
Larola	Cover iii
Lashtone	141
Lillywhites	5
Linovent	122
L.M.S. Rly.	145
Lux Toilet Soap	6
M	
Magnesia-Oil (Musterole Brand)	128
Mansion Polish	11
Mappin & Webb, Ltd.	110
Marshall & Snelgrove	4
Meltonian Shoe Cream	119
Min Cream	147
Moirée, Ltd.	132
Morris Motors, Ltd.	125
Musterole	137
N	
North British Golf Ball	108
O	
Ovaltine	12
Ovaltine Rusks	104
P	
Paris Academy of Dressmaking	128
Patons & Baldwins, Ltd.	141
Player's Navy Cut Cigarettes	Cover iii
Pond's Extract Co.	115
R	
Richardson, Lt.-Col.	144
Riley Cars	131
Roussel of Paris	111
Rowland's Macassar Oil	96
Roxroy	144
S	
Sands, Richard, & Co.	144
Scholl's, Dr.	130, 141
Serventi, R.	146
Shackleton, Mrs.	144
Shell	93
Shelley China	141
"Shillacraft"	140
Smartwear, Ltd.	142
Smith & Wellstood, Ltd.	Cover ii
Spriggs, Wm., & Co., Ltd.	144
Swedish Travel Bureau	130
T	
Tangee	102
Tengol	10
Thierry	10
"Tinglow" Hair Brush	114
Treasure Cot Co., Ltd.	132
Twilfit Corsets	106
V	
Vapex	144
Vauxhall Cadet	117
Vita-Weat	109
W	
West Electric Hair Curler Co.	145
W-5 Brand Tablets	96
Wincarnis Wine Jelly	126
Woodrow	8
Woollands	9
Wright's Coal Tar Soap	129

SUBSCRIPTION RATES

Britannia & Eve

Published Monthly at 1/-	Three Months	Six Months	Twelve Months
Inland & Abroad	4/6	8/9	17/6
Canada	3/6	7/-	14/-

ORDER FORM

To The Publisher of
BRITANNIA & EVE,
346, Strand, London,
W.C.2

Please send me BRITANNIA & EVE Monthly for............months commencing with the......................issue, for which I enclose ....

Name ....

Address ....

Date..1932

Printed by W. H. Smith and Son, Ltd., The Arden Press, Stamford Street, London, S.E.1, and published monthly by the proprietors, British National Newspapers, Ltd., 346, Strand, London, W.C.2. Advertisement Offices, 346, Strand, London, W.C.2. Entered as second class matter June 20th, 1929, at the Post Office, Boston, Mass., under the Act of March 3rd, 1879. Sec. 397. P.L. & R. Registered for transmission by Canadian Magazine Post. Subscription rates: Inland and abroad, 17s. 6d. per annum; 8s. 9d. for six months, single copies 1s. 6d.; and for Canada 14s. per annum; 7s. for six months. Sole Agents for South Africa: Central News Agency, Ltd. Sole Agents for Australia and New Zealand: Messrs. Gordon and Gotch, Ltd. Sole Agents for United States of America: The International News Co., Ltd.

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PLAYER'S "MEDIUM" NAVY CUT

GENEROUS

IN THE QUALITY AND THE QUANTITY THEY GIVE TO SMOKERS.

PLAYER'S

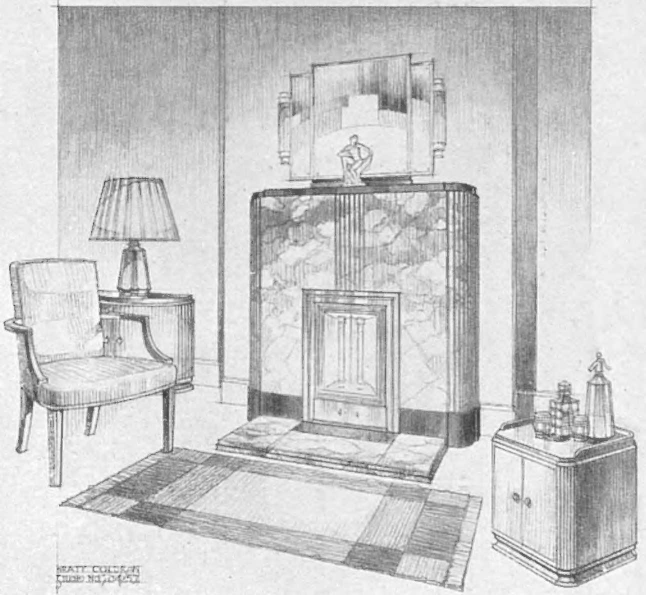
10 for 6D.
20 for 11½D.

The Full Value Cigarette

PLAYER'S NAVY CUT

N.C.C 97

COAL FIRE OR FOR THE ELECTRIC AT WILL
DINING ROOM



THE FIRE SHEWN CAN BE CONVERTED TO COAL IN A FEW MOMENTS

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ELECTRIC RADIATORS

BRATT COLBRAN & CO. & THE HEAPED FIRE CO. LTD. 10, MORTIMER ST. W.1

Larola
Larola
Larola
BEETHAM

Use BEETHAM'S *Larola*

for your Face and Hands

Sensitive Skins can be saved from soreness and roughness with the aid of a little forethought and—Larola. Apply it at all times and you can face the most changeable weather with confidence and the certainty of an unharmed complexion. Larola prevents irritation, leaves the skin soft and smooth and keeps face and hands in wonderful condition. It is also ideal as a powder base and general skin tonic at all seasons. Get a bottle to-day—your chemist sells it

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CHELTENHAM, ENGLAND.

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"BIRD'S with Rhubarb!"
BIRD'S CUSTARD
"is so nutritious"